

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. X.

OCTOBER, 1820.

VOL. II.

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LONDON :

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.—SHAKSPEARE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us a letter (which we must decline inserting in its entire state) on some late foolishness of *The Examiner*, in regard to the Duke of Wellington. The subject, as it seems to us, is scarcely worth notice; yet, as it has been brought before us, we are tempted to condense the argument contained in this communication. The writer, we hope, will excuse the liberty we take with his language. His ideas we shall generally retain—softening the acrimony of their expression:—Who shall answer for it, he asks, that the hootings of Alderman Wood's mob will be considered, a hundred years hence, to have disgraced the Duke of Wellington? Is it not rather probable, that the words of the Queen's first advocate, bearing testimony to the genius and to the renown of this commander, may, before half that period is elapsed, be thought sufficient of themselves to outweigh the Alderman's mob, Cobbet's Register, Hone's wood-cuts, Waddington's wall-bills, and the Examiner's philosophy? The editor of this last-mentioned Journal is very confident that the Duke is down, never more to rise; and he calls on a literary friend of his to triumph over the fallen; but in his triumph to be *compassionate*! There is, however, reason to believe, that the gentleman referred to, is too shrewd a judge to exult on such grounds. He is likely to estimate both Wood and his mob for what they are worth. To tell him that his triumph is associated with the Alderman's, is to mock him; and to bid him be magnanimous in his joy, because they, who think the Queen the honour of England, consider Wellington its dishonour, is to treat him impertinently. It is only the editor of the *Examiner*, with his happy knack of imposing on himself, who can believe that the battle of Waterloo, and the campaigns of Spain, will appear smeared on the page of history by the mud scattered from the wheels of the Queen's carriage, and caught in the hands of the public, in night-caps and butcher's aprons, who crowded Parliament-street,—

And gave the Beauty of the day a voice!*

England, in my humble opinion, has a greater interest in Wellington's fame, as a general, than in Mr. Hunt's, either as poet or editor; and therefore I am happy that the Duke has something, in the way of approbation and congratulation, to set-off against the Examiner's censure and pity. Mr. Brougham has celebrated him as the first captain of the age; and this he has done in the course of a series of eloquent exertions which must co-exist with the memory of the present age—as must Wellington's victories, terminating in the glittering pinnacle of England's military glory. It is not a volume of the *Examiner*, in boards, that will hide this splendid elevation from the eyes of posterity: nor, if testimony should hereafter be quoted from the present day, will Mr. Hunt's be thought worth opposing to that of the historian of the battle of Waterloo—the author of *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolks*—whose literary triumphs are the only events of the present time that will bear comparison with the military ones of Wellington. It is rather too

* This, as applied in the original, is a very fine line: new and happy. He who wrote it is inexcusable in writing what he often does.

much for patience, to find Mr. Hunt, in the teeth of all this, shouting victory and clapping his hands. "Rubbing the poor itch of his opinion, he makes himself a scab." Had such persons, amongst his contemporaries, as Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Brougham, treated the Duke's talents with disdain, one might have been led to tremble for his reputation with posterity—nor, in that case, would the encomiums of the Examiner (were his Grace honoured with them) be thought of material import in telling the other way.

The power of many of the passages in the fragment *Sabrina*, we are eager to acknowledge; yet the complication of style, the indistinctness of idea, and violence of imagery, which characterize it, would, we are sure, render it both unpopular and unintelligible were we to publish the poem.

The wit of *Nosereddin* we do not deny, but cannot find out. Is it a riddle, or an allegory, or a parody, or a hoax, or real history? Does it relate to the Queen's case, or to the longitude? Is it political, or ethical, or nonsensical? Is it meant to make us laugh or cry? We put these questions in all humility, and real sincerity—after having twice carefully read the paper in question from beginning to end.

We really like *Maria's* verses very much: though we are afraid she will not believe us when she finds they are not inserted in the Magazine. The fact is this, however: they are smart, fanciful, ingenious, and pleasing—but they are not *correct*. They are calculated to delight friends—yet they might be sharply criticized by the public. We could *tell* her their faults—but to *write* them we have no inclination. She is wrong about Mr. K.; and her error in regard to him is of more consequence than any that belongs to her poetry. All this is trying her *fidelity* very hard; but it is at the same time paying a compliment (a sincere one) to her good sense and good-nature.

F.'s hint about mathematical subjects will be recollected, if ever the opportunity of inserting respectable contributions of this nature should occur.

Sir Simon Humdrum was a good fellow; but we have some fears that he would not cut a very good figure in the London Magazine. He was, however, altogether a remarkable person—and some of his peculiarities, as stated by his biographer, seem to us so curious, that we are tempted to make free with them from the MS.

Though not born with teeth, he made excellent use of them when they came.

In process of time he succeeded to his father's estate.

Being rich and stout, he was looked at by the ladies.

His usual salutation to each of them was—"How do you do, Ma'am?"

He thought religion a serious subject.

He once paid a visit to his Aunt in the country.

He was in the daily habit of eating, drinking, and sleeping, till he departed this life; and, after that event, he was never known, either to eat, or drink, or sleep.

Such are some of the more remarkable particulars of *Sir Simon Humdrum's* interesting existence—a detailed history of which has been sent us by a kind friend. The epitaph on his tombstone, we are informed by our correspondent, runs as follows:—

When Sir Simon Humdrum died,
Sev'ral laughed, and sev'ral cried!
Yet none for him shew'd grief or scorn—
The same was done when he was born!

THE LONDONER (promised in our last) writes us word that he has taken a trip to Paris for a few weeks—and that he must be excused sending the Extracts till his return. He tells us that the French critics praised the *Vampire*, as one of the finest productions of Lord Byron's pen; but that they think little of Don Juan, and wonder so much fuss should have been made in England, about the wickedness of so dull a work! The Parisians are terribly scandalized by the inquiry into the Queen's conduct; and observe that the business is altogether *English*—they having an idea that, in regard to conjugal disputes, we are in the habit of conducting ourselves in a way at once ridiculous, and disgusting. The *Milords d'Angleterre*, exclaim our neighbours, with astonishment—all in full assembly, occupied in questioning Mahomet as to his jigs, and Majocchi as to his peepings, and Made-moiselle Dumont as to her letters! And all this too for the benefit of *public morals*,—solely for the benefit of public morals,—the King being a pattern of purity, and the *Milords* all immaculate! Our Parisian critics, we learn, treat this pretence as excessively hypocritical, and, more than any other feature of the case, odious. They ask if there is not a noble-hearted man in the British ministry, to look down, with the lightening eye of disdain, the servile schemes of his colleagues; and to speak out, as the representative of the old English character, at the council-board of the English sovereign? As foreigners, they take greater liberty of speech than we durst permit ourselves on this subject: they demand if George IV. has, from his youth downwards, shown that habitual regard to the correctness of manners, and that sincere persuasion of the value of good example in elevated station, that could alone cover the unseemliness of the present investigation, by throwing over it the semblance of conscientious motive? If, in this respect, his conduct and character present a marked contrast to his father's,—what (ask our neighbours) can be the result of the present dispute between him and his wife, but public disgust and disaffection? Every manly disposition becomes enlisted against the attempt to give licentiousness the advantages due to a solicitude for virtue; and to enable private wrongs to attain their consummation under the pretext of a public interest. The weaker and the outraged party becomes, properly, in such a case, the object of popular defence: and if impartiality be lost sight of, and violence be done to the nicety of decorum, and even to the delicacy of morals, in the popular enthusiasm thus excited,—for such injury to the national respectability, and for such corruption of the national feeling, *they* are responsible, whose spite and whose servility have reduced the country to its present dilemma.—It must either permit its name to be employed in a cause which it nauseates, and suffer malice, licentiousness, and hypocrisy, to act under the mask of austere morality,—or it must be contented to make slight of very distasteful circumstances, and treat with levity many very suspicious facts. This is a sad necessity; but it is one to which the nation has been reduced—that is to say, in the opinion of bystanders—and we must confess we are very much of the same way of thinking. Whether the English manners and national character will ever recover from the shock they have now received, is doubtful; and the blow given to them may be a fatal one to the Monarchy.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o X.

OCTOBER, 1820.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet——methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place

and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books

not to say, that your outside sheets, and

waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion.

So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old

Basket Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, no where is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that

respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtesy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! when thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but had'st a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves—

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls

of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane, the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings, is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variaelectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith.* I am no Herculean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the

law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him†—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C—, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C—. Your caputs and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without enquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-

* There is something to me repugnant, at any time, in written hand. The text never seems determinate. Print settles it. I had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute—till, in evil hour, I was shown the original written copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the Library of Trinity, kept like some treasure to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them, after the latter cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and those fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the work-shop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture, till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another Galatea.

† Violence or injustice certainly none, Mr. Elia. But you will acknowledge, that the charming unsuspectingness of our friend has sometimes laid him open to attacks, which, though savouring (we hope) more of waggery than malice—such is our unfeigned respect for G. D.—might, we think, much better have been omitted. Such was that silly joke of L—, who, at the time the question of the Scotch Novels was first agitated, gravely assured our friend—who as gravely went about repeating it in all companies—that Lord Castlereagh had acknowledged himself to be the author of *Waverley*!—*Note—not by Elia.*

sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend *M.'s* in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at *M.'s*—Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were “certainly not to return from the country before that day week”) and disappointed a second time enquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name, (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another *Sosia*, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprized—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths”—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the “House of pure Emanuel,” as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at * * *, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with

board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. * * * would take no immediate notice, but, after supper, when the school was called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with “Lord, keep thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar’s wish,”—and the like;—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity,—but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter’s demands at least.

And D. has been under-working for himself ever since;—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is inobtrusive like his own,—and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature, to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And, therefore, his verses are properly, what he terms them, *crotchets*; voluntaries; odes to Liberty, and Spring; effusions; little tributes, and offerings, left behind him, upon tables and window-seats, at parting from friends’ houses; and from all the inns of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines, in fashion in this excitement-craving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy natural mind, and cheerful innocent tone of conversation.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scar-

borow, or Harrowgate. The Cam, and the Isis, are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus." On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about

with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

ELIA.

Aug. 5th, 1820.

From my rooms facing the Bodleian.

OLD STORIES.

No. II.

GUIDO, THE WITLESS.

HE is still there! Still is he to be seen in the miller's orchard! His feet wet with the morning dew; his brow furred with the evening mist; his hair clotted with the rain of night. He is ever there,—pacing amongst the fruit trees. The peasants call to him when they go forth, and point to him when they return. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter; in sultriness and in frost; in drouth and in damp; in storm and in calm,—still is Guido there. The stars shift in the heavens, but Guido shifts not. He is still to be seen, smiling to himself, in the miller's orchard!

The owlet shrieks over his head in the dark;
With a shout of wild mockery Guido replies;
But he smiles to himself when the earliest lark
Is heard in the heights of the morning skies.

The miller's cottage stands in a small and narrow valley; and near it are the dark waters of the snow-swollen Aarve. The noisy impetuous current is chafed by the broken arches of a bridge; and savagely the waves roar and dance around the ferry-boat, which, slowly and slaughteringly, labours across the stream. Patiently it comes with its freight, many times a day, by the help of the bleached cord. In the cord there is a knot: it hath been broken; and, as it dashes on the water, and rebounds into the air, casting spray against the sunbeam,—Guido laughs from the orchard-wall. Then the peasants in the boat shudder, and pray for the souls of her that is dead and of him that yet lives.

They drop their beads when they hear his
strange laughter,
And look to the Cross standing high o'er
the ford;

They pray for the soul of the old miller's
daughter,
And for Guido, the witless, the son of a
lord.

Proudly rise those castle-towers, but a sad heart is within its walls, and tearful eyes look over its broad moat. The aged lady stretches forth her arms to heaven, and her pale and reverend face is ever to be seen at the small window fronting the miller's orchard. Sorrow shines in that countenance with a spectral light: grief flourishes there, while the sun shines bright in the blue heavens. The breeze, as it passes the lady's turret, howls lowly of misery. There the clouds love to throw their shadows; but the raven will not fly across,—it turns, with a hoarse scream, to the neighbouring pine wood. The large clock sounds the quarters, and strikes the hours, over the aged lady's head: the tick of the moments drops heavily amidst the silence that surrounds her: the leaden image, which stands, amidst dark ever-greens, in the garden beneath, is the lady's only companion: she is fixed, and cold as it is; as heedless of time and season: but, alas, her heart is conscious of the woe that has befallen the hope of her house, the joy of her maternal pride!

For Guido's youth was a morning of spring,
Till a cloud came across with perishing
blight:

His panoply shone in the justs, at the ring;
And lordly of soul was young Guido, the
knight.

Why hath Guido left the hall of his ancestors; the seat of his house's power:—why hath he ceased to preside over his fair domains; to tower over the young men, his companions, as the eagle towers over the creeping fowls; to make the maidens sigh, feeling tender wishes in their hearts?

Why doth his eye no longer kindle
in the brightness of his fortunes,—
braving the day with a fiery glance,—
as the white plumes of his helmet
shake and spread in the light wind?
Why doth his step no more rise with
disdainful spring from the ground;—
why are the voices of his cheerful
hounds all mute; the neighing of his
noble steed never more heard; where
is his gallant train of friends, his
standard-bearers, his horns-men, his
huntsmen, his falcon-holders? Why
does the peasant no more hear the
stormy tumult of the chase, sweeping,
like a thunder-cloud, over the green
fields; and no more listen to the
sound of music and the dancers'
tread, streaming through the high
windows of the castle? Why is the
heart of Guido's lady-mother broken;
—and why does he, with sunken
haggard cheeks, his hair laden with
snow-flakes, his limbs graceless and
heavy, still for ever pace, to and fro,
amidst the fruit-trees of the miller's
orchard? Hark, he sings,—and as
he sings he smiles!—

She's gone—for ever gone from me—
Yet none hath seen her bier!
But is there not worse misery?
Oh yes, for I am here!

The waters now run cold o'er that breast
Which life and love made warm;
And the hands once kiss'd, and fondly
press'd,

Move with the weeds in the storm:

And the beautiful face, on which I gaz'd,
Is swell'n by the bloating wave;
And the ooze and the slime streak the hair
that I prais'd—

But she is not in her grave!

Still the sun shines out, and the world goes
round,

And nature is fair to see;

But the fairest things are not long to be
found;—

Alas, she's gone from me!

The stars still shine with a quiet light,
And each appears in its place—

But I have lost a star more bright
Than rises on heaven's face!

She's gone for ever;—gone from me!

Yet none hath seen her bier!

But is there not worse misery?

Oh yes, for I am here!

THE PARROT OF THE VISITANDINES.

BEFORE the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, when the way to the East Indies lay by the Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea, there was a convent of nuns established at a place called Nevers, in France,—the which felt itself blessed above other like holy houses in the possession of a beautiful parrot. The fair bird had come, by land and water, even from those far distant countries where Alexander the Great went to reap glory under a hot sun, but where the natives, alas, know little or nothing of the mysteries of the Catholic religion—where lions and elephants abound, but confessors are wholly wanting: nor is there in these tropical parts any Pope. The parrot had passed through many dangers and hardships; having travelled in a caravan through Persia, where the people eat pillaw, pray to the sun, and commonly practise polygamy: afterwards he embarked on the shores of the Black Sea, where insects abound in great numbers, and near to which are the Tartars of the Crimea: furthermore, he visited the countries of the Nile, which are watered periodically by the rise of that river, and

where there are said to be Mamelukes. Passing through the straits of Abydos, where Leander perished in a sinful attempt, he stemmed the current of the Gut of Gibraltar, where the English have a strong settlement, and Hercules in former times raised two huge and lofty pillars, to prove that he was sorely fatigued with travel. Arrived at the egress or mouth of the Gut, the parrot, like our first father and mother, when they were justly expelled from Paradise, had the world before him to choose a dwelling place: nor, under such circumstances, is it strange that he should have pitched upon the goodly kingdom of France; after which that he should proceed to Nevers, on the Loire, and take up his abode with the Visitandine Nuns, was to be expected—and even so, gentle reader, it turned out.

At Nevers, then, in a nunnery, lived this fair bird,—whom, aptly for his colour, the devout sisterhood named *Green-back*. He was indeed a brilliant, vivacious, nimble, and talkative creature; worthy to be placed with the sisters, both because of his gentleness and his chattering.

Hitherto he had discoursed in strange languages ; but, by the care of the tender-hearted nuns, he soon became master of the French tongue, and, in so good a school, his memory, as you must needs think, was wholly stored with the most pious and courteous phrases. He would cleverly draw blood with his hooked bill, or his sharp claws, from the hand that molested him, exclaiming "*Mercy of God!*"—" *Work of Redemption!*"—" *May the Virgin take pity on you!*" &c. —and he would hang, —his head downmost,—by his feet, from the top of his cage, till he had gone clean through the *Paternoster*—so that he was esteemed a very prodigy of a parrot, and many came to the convent, not only from the town of Nevers, but also from the adjacent country, entreating a sight of this beautiful Indian bird.

As for the nuns of the Visitandines, there were few of them who did not cherish the parrot in their hearts next after their confessors ; and some even were supposed to give *Green-back* the preference : nor did the bird fail to share with the fathers the sweet syrups, rich cakes, and luscious sweet-meats, which these religious maids prepared to solace their spiritual comforters. But in one thing the parrot was more favoured than the holy men ; for he was openly kissed and caressed of the young nuns, who took him without scruple to their tender bosoms, nestling him to rest where the monks durst only look, and that not without jealousy of their glances being marked by the severe lady abbess—for in a nunnery there needs to be much watchfulness on this head exercised by the superior.

Thus, from day to day, the parrot grew in favour with the sisterhood ; nor were there but a few, whom age and disappointment of their youthful wishes had made sour and crabbed of disposition, who did not doat upon *Green-back* ; and happy was the she who could take him to her dormitory-cell, there to rest till the morning, and to amuse her with his gentle tricks, and his pious phrases : in the midst of which he would oftentimes whistle loud and shrill, so as to make the nuns laugh, each in her separate chamber, though engaged in vesper-prayers. So might you hear in this

convent the laugh go along the whole range of dormitory-cells,—each nun laughing to herself, before her crucifix, because that *Green-back* was making merry with his loud whistling, when, by the rules of the order, no sound should be discernible in the convent, but the low muttering of the inmates at their secret devotions. And the severe lady-abbess would laugh even louder than the others, when the parrot whistled at prayers ; nor could she exactly count her beads for laughing : and when this happened in the chapel, and was seen of all, then the nuns would laugh still more because of the laughter of the lady-abbess—which, when the bird observed, he was sure to whistle with piercing shrillness, and then he would fall to screaming with all his might ; after which, dropping his voice to a deep serious tone, he would utter the *Domine robiscum!* with so much unction, that the sisterhood would straightway be recalled to the solemnity of the occasion. Thus did this delightful parrot amuse and edify the holy nuns of the Visitandines at Nevers, in France.

But with increase of fame too often comes addition to care ; and sorrows grow out of the surfeits of enjoyment. The sisterhood was now happy in the bird, and the bird passed his time in a grateful leisure, assisting at the meals, the devotions, and the toilettes of a hundred religious maids. In the mean while, however, the voice of renown was not mute ; and so much was said in praise of this wonderful parrot,—of his Latin prayers, mystical colloquies, *benedictes*, and pious responses,—his taste for sweetmeats, his fond tricks, his innocent caressings,—that not a nun in France but longed for *Green-back*, in order to satisfy herself of the truth of his accomplishments. Then requests were made to the Visitandines from all quarters, entreating them, by their sisterly bowels, as the phrase was, not to hide their candle under a bushel—giving for an example the dove of Noah's ark, who was permitted to leave his abode, yet returned again thereto, bearing in his mouth goodly fruit of his travels. And so they concluded, that the parrot of the Nevers' convent be allowed to visit other holy Catholic houses, where pious women

dwelt—providing only that he should never be suffered to go amongst the monks, lest he might chance to be turned from those innocent habits that fitted him for familiarity with holy sisterhoods.

Much perplexity was amongst the Visitandine Nuns, when these multiplied invitations came to hand. Young sister Mary said, she would sooner part with her breviary than with the gentle parrot; but, in fine, it was agreed upon, in full chapter, that *Green-back* should be sent to Nantes for fifteen days, there to pay a visit to the abbess Scraphine, and then to return to his Visitandine mistresses, who were now to be left to say their prayers in sad quiet, and doleful gravity. Many were the tears shed at parting on both sides: even the old portress wept, and the lay-sisters were moved. The sacristain was charged to convey the dear parrot to the boat in which he was to descend the Loire; and there, having given him her benediction, she left him with his fellow-travellers.

These happened to be three dragoons, a midwife, two Gascons, and a friar of the order of Saint Dominick. The poor bird found himself, as we may say, in a strange land, though upon the water. He knew not what to think of the conversation of his companions, it being interlarded with phrases which he had never heard before; but it appeared to him to bode no good; and their noisy tones, and boisterous manners, ill accorded with the mild accents of the nuns of the Visitandines, and the soft carriage of these holy maids. For a long season he held his peace in bashfulness and timidity, drooping his head, and turning his ear slauntingly towards the melancholy sound of the water, rushing by the side of the vessel in which they were all embarked. The noise of the travellers, however, increased; and the parrot was constrained to listen to words which were not those of the Evangelist. Instead of the pious ejaculations, texts of Scripture, and gentle godly sentences of the tender vestals whom he had so lately left, he had now the swearing of the sailors, the carousing of the dragoons, the cabalistic language of the friar and the midwife, and the loud asseverations, backed with oaths, of the

Gascons! Then Father Lubin, observing that the bird was in a deep reverie, and nevertheless handsome of plumage, bethought him of adding to the merriment of the party: so, in a tone but little monastical, he interrogated the silent creature, who, hearing himself thus addressed,—smoothed down his feathers, and extended his beak in an humble attitude; afterwards, heaving a devout and tremulous sigh, such as that for which he had been so much and so often praised by the affectionate nuns, he meekly replied, “*Ave, Sister!*”—“*Peace be with you!*”

You may guess whether the Gascons and the midwife, the dragoons and the friar, did not laugh at this! Their merriment shook the sides of the vessel, and the peasants, who passed on the banks, thought that so jovial a freight seldom came that way. The parrot perceiving that he had made a mistake, and finding that he was not now rewarded by applause and sweetmeats as usual, bethought him of his *Pater-noster*, which he rapidly repeated, hanging by his claws with his head downwards. At this the jeers and the laughter increased ten-fold, and sore was the consternation of the affrighted bird: but, being proud of heart and nimble of faculty, he quickly set about imitating the phrases which flew about him, so that, before the end of the voyage, which endured three days, he had learnt to utter mortal oaths instead of immortal truths; curses instead of collects; and loose jests instead of the litany! Nay, it was observed, that he took great delight in these his new and evil acquirements; and waxed more talkative as his talk became more corrupt.

“Sister, he is come—he is in the parlour, in the abbess’s great arm chair!” screamed the nuns to each other in an ecstasy, at Nantes: and forthwith they all rushed to see and salute the dear stranger. “Where is this bird of grace? the comfort of our Visitandine Sisters! the companion of their holy retirement! the innocent partner of their beds! this bird so famous for his pious responses, his gentle manners, his pleasant tricks, his tender carriage, and his fondness for sweetmeats!—Where is he?”

But when the so much desired

creature opened upon them with a profane and licentious jargon ; making use, to salute them, of the cant terms of the midwife, the blasphemy of the dragoons, the swearing of the sailors, the ribaldry of the friar, and, the insolence of the Gascons,—the sisters of Nantes were indeed confounded,—and much did they marvel at the great profligacy of the Visitan-dine Nuns ! The parrot was said to be possessed by an evil spirit ; and,

having been heard to call the abbess opprobrious names, and to asperse the chastity of old sister Lucrece, he was condemned to die as a heretic and sorcerer, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect, on the luckless bird—who had thus too good cause given him for regretting his fond mistresses of Nevers : nor had they less reason to deplore that they ever permitted their favourite to quit their pious protection.

TABLE-TALK.

No. IV.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

It was a fine impertinence of the younger Pliny, to try to persuade Tacitus, in one of his epistles, that the diffuse style was better than the concise. “Such a one,” says he, “aims at the throat of his adversary: now I like to strike him wherever I can.” I may be thought guilty of a like piece of officiousness in the remarks here offered on several of the most prominent of our parliamentary speakers. In general, to suggest advice, or hazard criticism, is to recommend it to others to do something, which we know they either will not or cannot do : or it is to desire them either to please us, or do nothing. The present article may be considered as a marginal note or explanatory addition to a former one, on nearly the same subject—like one of Lord Castlereagh’s long parentheses : but I hope there will be more in it. It is a subject of which I wish to make clear work as I go ; for it is one to which, if I can once get rid of it, I am not likely to recur.

The haughty tone of invective which I have already ascribed to Lord Chatham, was very different from that didactic style of parliamentary oratory which has since been imported from northern colleges and lecture-rooms. Of this school Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Brougham may be reckoned at the head.

This method consists, not so much in taking a side, as in stating a question. The speaker takes upon him to be the judge rather than the advocate ; and if he had the authority of a judge, or could direct the decision, as well as sum up the evidence, it would be

all very well. An orator of this stamp does not seat himself on the Opposition side of the House to urge or to reply to particular points, but in a Professor’s chair of Humanity, to read a lecture to the tyros of the Treasury-Bench, on the elementary principles, and all the possible bearings, the objections and answers, the difficulties and the solutions of every question in philosophy, jurisprudence, politics, and political economy,—on war, peace, “domestic treason, foreign levy,” colonial produce, copy-right of authors, prison discipline, the hulks, the corn-bill, the penitentiary, prostitutes, and pick-pockets. Nothing comes amiss to him that can puzzle himself or *pose* his hearers ; and he lets out all his knowledge indiscriminately, whether it makes for or against him, with deliberate impartiality and scrupulous exactness. Such persons might be called *Orators of the Human Mind*. They are a little out of their place, it must be owned, in the House of Commons. The object there is,—not to put the majority in possession of the common grounds of judging, as in a class of students—(these are taken for granted as already known)—but to carry a point, to gain a verdict for yourself or for truth, by throwing the weight of eloquence and argument into the scale against interest, prejudice, or sophistry. There are retainers enough on the other side to manage for the crown, who are ready to take all advantages without your volunteering to place yourself in their power, or to put excuses in their mouths, to help them out at a dead-lift. If they were candid, if they

were disinterested, if they were not hostilely disposed, it might be a feasible scheme to consider a debate as an amicable communication of doubts and lights, as a comparison of strength or a confession of weakness: but why hint a doubt, or start a difficulty needlessly in your own path, which will be eagerly caught at, and made use of in the most insulting manner to defeat a host of real proofs, and overturn the most legitimate conclusions? Why tamper with your own cause? Why play at fast and loose with your object? Why restore the weapons into your enemies' hands, which you have just wrested from them? Why "make a wanton" of a First Minister of State? It is either vanity, weakness, or indifference to do so. You might as well in confidence tell an adversary where you mean to strike him, point out to him your own weak sides, or wait in courtesy for the blow. Gamesters do not show one another their hands: neither should politicians, who understand what they are about—that is, knaves *will* not, and honest men *ought* not. Others will find out the rotten parts of a question: do you stick to the sound.—Knowledge is said to be power: but knowledge, applied as we have seen it, neutralises itself. Mere knowledge, to be effectual, must act *in vacuo*: but the House of Commons is by no means a vacuum, an empty receiver for abstract truth and airy speculation. There is the resistance, the refrangibility of dense prejudice and crooked policy: you must concentrate, you must enforce, you must urge to glowing sympathy: and enthusiasm, zeal, perfect conviction on your part, is the only principle that can be brought into play against the cool calculations or gross incentives of selfishness and servility on the opposite side. A middle line of conduct does not excite respect, but contempt. They do not think you sincere, but lukewarm. They give you credit for affectation or timidity, but none for heartiness in a cause, or fidelity to a party. They have more hopes of you than fears. By everlasting subtle distinctions, and hesitating, qualified, retracting dissent from measures you would be thought most to reprobate, you do more harm than good. In theory there are infinite shades of difference, but in practice the question must be decided one way or other:

either the Ayes or the Noes must have it. In all such cases, those who are not for us are against us. In political controversy, as in a battle, there are but two sides to chuse between; and those who create a diversion in favour of established abuses by settling up a third, fanciful, impracticable standard of perfection of their own, in the most critical circumstances, betray the cause they pretend to espouse with such overweening delicacy. For my own part, I hate a fellow who picks a hole in his own coat, who finds a flaw in his own argument, who treats his enemies as if they might become friends, or his friends as if they might become enemies. I hate your shuffling, *shilly-shally* proceedings, and diagonal side-long movements between right and wrong. Fling yourself into the gap at once—either into the arms, or at the heads of Ministers!—

I remember hearing, with some pain and uneasiness, Sir James Macintosh's maiden speech on the Genoa business. It was a great, but an ineffectual effort. The mass of information, of ingenuity, and reasoning, was very prodigious; but the whole was misdirected, no impression whatever was made. It was like an inaugural dissertation on the general principles of ethics, on the laws of nature and nations, on ancient and modern history—a laboured treatise *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. There were all the rules of moral arithmetic, all the items in a profligate political account; but the bill was not properly cast up, the case was not distinctly made out, the counsel got no damages for his client. Nothing was gained by his motion, nor could there be. When he had brought his heaviest artillery to bear with probable success upon a certain point, he stopped short like a scientific demonstrator (not like a skilful engineer) to show how it might be turned against himself. When he had wound up the charge of treachery or oppression to a climax, he gratuitously suggested a possible plea of necessity, accident, or some other topic, to break the force of his inference; or he anticipated the answers that might be made to it, as if he was afraid he should not be thought to know all that could be said on both sides of the question. This enlarged knowledge of good and evil may be very necessary to a philosopher, but

it is very prejudicial to an orator. No man can play the whole game in this manner, blow hot and cold in a breath, or take an entire debate into his own hands, and wield it which way he pleases. He will find his own load enough for his own shoulders to bear. The exceptions, if you chuse to go into them, multiply faster than the rules: the various complications of the subject distract, instead of convincing: you do your adversary's work for him; the battle is lost without a blow being struck; and a speech of this sceptical kind requires and receives no answer. It falls by its own weight, and buries any body but the Minister under its ruins—or it is left, not a triumphal arch, but a splendid mausoleum of the learning, genius, and eloquence of the speaker.—The Cock-pit of St. Stephen's does not relish this scholastic refinement, this method of holding an argument with a man's self: a little bear-garden, cut-and-thrust work would be much better understood. Sir James has of late improved his tact and knowledge of the House. He has taken up Sir Samuel Romilly's department of questions relating to the amelioration of the penal code and general humanity, and I have no doubt Government will leave him in quiet possession of it. They concede these sort of questions as an amiable diversion, or friendly *bonus*, to the indefatigable spirit of Opposition.

Mr. Brougham is, I conceive, another instance of this analytical style of debating, which "plays round the head, but does not reach the heart." There is a want of warmth, of *momentum*, of impulse in his speeches. He loses himself in an infinity of details, as his learned and honourable friend does in a wide sea of speculation. He goes picking up a number of curious pebbles on the shore, and at the outlets of a question—but he does not "roll all his strength and all his sharpness up into one ball," to throw at and crush his enemies beneath his feet. He enters into statistics, he calls for documents, he examines accounts. This method is slow, perplexing, circuitous, and not sure. While the evidence is collecting, the question is lost. While one thing is substantiating, another goes out of your mind. These little detached multifarious particulars, which require such industry and sagacity in

the speaker to bring them forward, have no clue in the minds of the hearers to connect them together. There is no substratum of prejudice, no cement of interest. They do not grow out of the soil of common feeling and experience, but are set in it; nor do they bear the fruits of conviction. Mr. Brougham can follow the ramifications of an intricate subject, but he is not so well acquainted with the springs of the human mind. He finds himself at the end of his speech,—in the last sentence of it,—just where he was at the beginning, or in any other given part of it. He has not acquired any additional *impetus*, is not projected forward with any new degree of warmth or vigour. He was cold, correct, smart, pointed at first, and he continues so still. A repetition of blows, however, is of no use, unless they are struck in the same place: a change of position is not progression. As Sir James Mackintosh's speeches are a decomposition of the moral principles of society, so Mr. Brougham's are an ingenious taking in pieces of its physical mechanism. While they are at work with their experiments, their antagonists are putting in motion the passions, the fears, and antipathies of mankind, and blowing their schemes of reform above the moon.

Talent alone, then, is not sufficient to support a successful Opposition. There is talent on the other side too, of some sort or other; and, in addition, there is another weight, that of influence, which requires a counterpoise. This can be nothing else but fixed principle, but naked honesty, but undisguised enthusiasm. That is the expansive force that must shatter the strongholds of corruption if ever they are shattered, that must make them totter, if ever they are made to totter, about the heads of their possessors. Desire to expose a ministry, and you will do it—if it be, like ours, vulnerable all over. Desire to make a display of yourself, and you will do it, if you have a decent stock of acquirements. Mr. Brougham has a great quantity of combustible materials constantly passing through his hands, but he has not the warmth in his own heart to "kindle them into a flame of sacred vehemence." He is not a good hater. He is not an impassioned lover of the popular cause. He is not a Radical orator: he is not a Back-bone debater. He wants nerve,

he wants impetuosity. He may divide on a question, but he will never carry it. His circumspection, which he thinks his strength, is in reality his weakness. He makes paltry excuses; unmanly concessions. His political warfare is not a *bellum inter-cinum*. He commits no mortal offences. He has not yet cut off his retreat. In a word, he trims too much between all parties. A person who does this too long, loses the confidence, loses the cordiality of all parties; loses his character; and when he has once lost that, there is nothing to stand in his way to office and the first honours of the State!*—

He who is not indifferent himself will find out, from his own feelings, what it is that interests others in a cause. An honest man is an orator by nature. The late Mr. Whitbread was an honest man, and a true parliamentary speaker. He had no artifices, no tricks, no reserve about him. He spoke point-blank what he thought, and his heart was in his broad, honest, English face. He had as much activity of mind as Mr. Brougham, and paid the same attention to business as that gentleman does; but it was with him a matter of feeling, and had nothing of a professional look. His objects were open and direct; and he had a sufficient stock of natural good sense and practical information, not to be made the dupe of sophistry and chicanery. He was always in his place, and ready to do his duty. If a falsehood was stated, he contradicted it instantly in a few plain words: if an act of injustice was palliated, it excited his contempt; if it was justified, it roused his indignation: he retorted a mean insinuation with manly spirit, and never shrunk from a frank avowal of his sentiments. He presented a petition or complaint against some particular grievance better than any one else I ever saw. His manner seemed neither to implicate him in the truth of the charge, nor to signify a wish to disclaim it beforehand. He was merely the organ through which any alleged abuse of power might meet the public ear, and be either answered or redressed, according to the merits of the case upon inquiry.

In short, he was the representative of the spontaneous, unsophisticated sense of the English people on public men and public measures. Any plain, well-meaning man, on hearing him speak, would say, "That is just what I think;" or from observing his manner, would say, "That is just what I feel." He was not otherwise a powerful debater or an accomplished speaker. He could not master a general view of any subject, or get up a set speech with effect. One or two that I heard him make (particularly one on the Princess of Wales and the situation of her affairs in 1813, in which he grew pathetic) were complete failures. He could pull down better than he could build up. The irritation of constant contradiction was necessary to his full possession of himself:—give him "ample scope and verge enough," and he lost his way. He stuck close to the skirts of Ministry, but he was not qualified to originate or bring to a triumphant conclusion any great political movement. His enthusiasm ran away with his judgement, and was not backed by equal powers of reasoning or imagination. He was a sanguine, high-spirited man, but not a man of genius, or a deep thinker; and his fortitude failed him, when the last fatal blow was given to himself and his party. He could not have drawn up so able a political statement as Mr. Brougham; but he would have more personal adherents in the House of Commons, for he was himself the adherent of a cause.

Mr. Tierney is certainly a better speaker and a cleverer man. But he can never make a leader for want of earnestness. He has no Quixotic enthusiasm in himself; much less any to spare for his followers. He cares nothing (or seems to care nothing) about a question; but he is impatient of absurdity, and has a thorough contempt for the understandings of his opponents. Sharpened by his spleen, nothing escapes his acuteness. He makes fine sport for the spectators. He takes up Lord Castlereagh's blunders, and Mr. Vansittart's no-meannings; and retorts them on their heads in the finest style of execution imaginable. It is like being present on a

* We must not be understood as at all participating in these sentiments: this may indeed be owing to our infirmity of judgment; and certainly the general ability of the article tells against any difference of opinion.—Ed.

Shrove-Tuesday, and seeing a set of mischievous unfeeling boys throwing at a brace of cocks, and breaking their shins. Mr. Tierney always brings down his man: but beyond this you feel no confidence in him; you take no interest in his movements but as he is instrumental in annoying other people. He (to all appearance) has no great point to carry himself, and no wish to be thought to have any important principle at stake. He is by much too sincere for a hypocrite, but is not enough in earnest for a parliamentary leader. For others to sympathise with you, you must first sympathise with them. When Mr. Whitbread got up to speak, you felt an interest in what he was going to say, in the success of his arguments: when you hear that Mr. Tierney is on his legs, you feel that you shall be amused with an admirable display of dexterity and talent, but are nearly indifferent as to the result. You look on as at an exhibition of extraordinary skill in fencing or prize-fighting.

Of all those who have for some years past aspired by turns to be leaders of opposition, Mr. Ponsonby was the person who had the fewest pretensions. He was a literal arguer. He affected great sagacity and judgment, and referred every thing, in a summary way, to the principles of common sense, and the reason of the case. He abounded in truisms, which seldom go far in deciding disputable points. He generally reduced the whole range of the debate into the narrow compass of a self-evident proposition:—to make sure of his object, he began by taking the question for granted, and necessarily failed when he came to the particular application. He was not aware of the maxim, that he who proves too much, proves nothing. His turn of observation was legal, not acute: his manner was dry, but his blows were not hard: his features were flat on his face, and his arguments did not stand out from the question. He might have been a tolerable special-pleader, but he was a bad orator, and, I think, a worse politician. Any one who argues on strict logical grounds must be prepared to go all lengths, or he will be sure to be defeated at every step he takes: but this gentleman's principles were of a very cautious and temporising cast. I have seen him, more than

once, give himself great air over those who took more general views of the subject; and he was very fastidious in the choice of associates, with whom he would condescend to act.

Mr. Ponsonby's style of speaking was neither instructive nor entertaining. In this respect, it was the reverse of Mr. Grattan's, which was both. To see the latter make one of his promised motions on Catholic Emancipation, was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions, both bodily and mental, which could possibly be witnessed. You saw a little oddly-compacted figure of a man, with a large head and features,—such as they give to pasteboard masks, or stick upon the shoulders of Punch in the puppet-show,—rolling about like a Mandarin—sawing the air with his whole body from head to foot, sweeping the floor with a roll of parchment, which he held in one hand, and throwing his legs and arms about like the branches of trees tossed by the wind:—every now and then striking the table with impatient vehemence, and, in a sharp, slow, nasal, guttural tone, drawing out, with due emphasis and discretion, a set of little smart antithetical sentences,—all ready-cut and dry, polished and pointed;—that seemed as if they “would lengthen out in succession to the crack of doom.” Alliterations were tacked to alliterations,—inference was dove-tailed into inference,—and the whole derived new brilliance and piquancy from the contrast it presented to the uncouthness of the speaker, and the monotony of his delivery. His were compositions that would have done equally well to be said or sung. The rhyme was placed at the beginning instead of the end of each line; he sharpened the sense on the sound, and clenched an argument by corresponding letters of the alphabet. It must be confessed, that there was something meretricious, as well as alluring, in this style. After the first surprise and startling effect is over, and the devoted champion of his country's cause goes on ringing the changes on “the Irish People and the Irish Parliament”—on “the Guinea and the Gallows,” as the ultimate resources of the English government,—on “ministerial mismanagement, and privileged profligacy,”—we begin to feel that there is nothing in these quaint and affected verbal co-

incidences more nearly allied to truth than falsehood:—there is a want of directness and simplicity in this warped and garbled style; and our attention is drawn off from the importance of the subject by a shower of epigrammatic conceits, and fanciful phraseology, in which the orator chuses to veil it. It is hardly enough to say, in defence of this jingle of words, (as well as of the overstrained hyperbolic tone of declamation which accompanies it) that “it is a custom of Ireland.”* The same objection may be made to it in point of taste that has been made to the old-fashioned, obsolete practice of cutting trees into the shape of arm-chairs and peacocks, or to that style of landscape-gardening, where

Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other—

and I am afraid that this objection cannot be got over, at least, on this side the water.†

The best Irish speaker I ever heard (indeed the best speaker without any exception whatever) is Mr. Plunkett; who followed Mr. Grattan in one of the debates on the Catholic question above alluded to. The contrast was not a little striking; and it was certainly in favour of Mr. Plunkett. His style of workmanship was more manly and more masterly. There were no little Gothic ornaments or fantastic excrescences to catch and break the attention: no quaintness, witticism, or conceit. Roubilliac, after being abroad, said, that “what he had seen there made his own work in Westminster Abbey look like tobacco-pipes.” You had something of the same sort of feeling with respect to Mr. Grattan’s artificial and frittered style, after hearing Mr. Plunkett’s defence of the same side the question. He went strait forward to his end

with a force equal to his rapidity. He removed all obstacles, as he advanced. He overturned Mr. Banks with his right-hand, and Mr. Charles Yorke with his left—the one on a chronological question of the Concordat, and the other as to the origin of the Corporation and Test Acts. One wonders how they ever got up again, or trusted themselves on a ground of matter-of-fact ever after. Mr. Secretary Peele did not offer to put himself in his way. No part of the subject could come amiss to him—history, law, constitutional principle, common feeling, local prejudices, general theory,—all was alike within his reach and his controul. Having settled one point, he passed on to another, carrying his hearers with him:—it was as if he knew all that could be said on the question, and was anxious to impart his knowledge without any desire of shining. There was no affectation, no effort, but equal ease and earnestness. Every thing was brought to bear that could answer his purpose, and there was nothing superfluous. His eloquence swept along like a river,

Without o’erflowing, full.

Every step told: every sentence went to account. I cannot say that there was any thing very profound or original in argument, imposing in imagination, or impassioned in sentiment, in any part of this address—but it was throughout impregnated with as much thought, imagination and passion as the House would be likely to understand or sympathise with. It acted like a loadstone to the feelings of the House; and the speaker raised their enthusiasm, and carried their convictions as far as he wished, or as it was practicable. The effect was extraordinary: the impression grew stronger from first to last. No one stirred the whole time, and, at the end, the lobbies were

* “Liberty is a custom of England,” said a Member of Congress; who seems also to be of opinion, that *it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.*

† I by no means wish to preclude Mr. Phillips from trying annually to naturalize his favourite mode of oratory at watering-places in this country, or in Evangelical Societies held at the Egyptian-hall, where it is not out of character. He may there assure his hearers, with great impunity, that Dr. Franklin’s orthodoxy was never called in question; and rank Moses and Mahomet together as true prophets, (by virtue of the first letter of their names) in opposition to the infidelity of Paine and Priestley, who go together for the same reason—

Like Juno’s swans, link’d and inseparable.

crowded with members going up stairs and saying, "Well, this is a speech worth going without one's dinner to hear," (Oh, unequivocal testimony of applause!) "there has been nothing like this since the time of Fox," &c. For myself, I never heard any other speech that I would have given three farthings to have made. It did not make the same figure in the newspapers the next day; for it was but indifferently reported, owing to the extreme fluency with which it was delivered. There was no boggling, no straggling, irrelevant matter;—you could not wait for him at the end of a long parenthesis, and go on with your report as if nothing had happened in the interval, as is sometimes the case,*—and besides, for the reason above given, it was a speech better calculated to strike in the hearing than the perusal; for though it was fully up to the tone of the House, the public mind can bear stronger meats. Another such speech would have decided the question, and made the difference of four votes by which it was lost. While the impression was fresh in the mind, it was not easy for any one, pretending to honesty, to look his neighbour in the face and vote against the motion. But Mr. Plunkett, in the mean time, sailed for Ireland. Any one who can speak as he can, and is a friend to his own, or any other country, ought not to let the present men retain their seats six months longer. Nothing but the will is wanting.—The ability, I will venture to say, is there.

And what shall I say of Lord Castlereagh—that spouter without beginning, middle, or end—who has not an idea in his head, nor a word to say for himself—who carries the House of Commons by his manner alone—who bows and smiles assent and dissent—who makes a dangling proposi-

tion of his person, and his himself a drooping figure of speech—what shall I say of this inanimate automaton? Nothing! For what can be said of him?

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.†

Neither have I any thing to say of the style of eloquence of Mr. Alderman Wood, or Mr. Waithman, or Sir W. Curtis—except that the latter always appears to me a very fit and lively representative of the good living, drinking, and eating of the city. This is but reasonable. The bodies of the city, not their minds, should be represented. A large turtle in the House (with a proxy to the minister) would answer the purpose just as well.

Mr. Wilberforce is a speaker whom it is difficult to class either with ministers or opposition. His character and his pretensions are altogether equivocal. He is a man of some ability, and, at one time, had considerable influence. He is what might be called "a sweet speaker:" his silver voice floats and glides up and down in the air, as if it was avoiding every occasion of offence, and dodging the question through its various avenues of reason and interest.

———— In many a winding bout
Of melting softness long drawn out.

There is a finical flexibility of purpose, and a cautious curiosity of research, that would put you in pain for him, if the want of proper self-respect did not take away all common fellow-feeling. His stratagems are so over-wrought that you wish them to fail: his evasions are so slippery and yet so palpable that you laugh in his face. Mr. Wilberforce is a man that has always two strings to his bow: as an orator, he is a kind of lay-preacher in parliament. He is at continual hawk and buzzard between

* The best speeches are the worst reported, the worst are made better than they are. They both find a convenient newspaper level.

† His Lordship is said to speak French with as little hesitation as he does his native tongue; and once made a speech in that language to the Congress for three hours without interruption. The sentiments, we may be sure, were not English. Or was it on that occasion that Prince Talleyrand made his observation, "that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts?" I cannot agree with Mr. Hobhouse in his compliment to the expression which Isabey has given to Lord Castlereagh's face in the *insulated* figure of him in the picture of the Congress. An old classical friend of Mr. Hobhouse's would have supplied a better interpretation of it. But I do not think the French artist has done his Lordship justice. His features are marked, but the expression is dormant.

character and conscience, between popularity and court-favour, between his loyalty and his religion, between this world and the next. Is not this something like trying to serve God and Mammon? He is anxious to stand fair with the reflecting part of the community, without giving umbrage to power. He is shocked at vice in low stations:

But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.

He would go with the popular cause as long as it was popular, and gave him more weight than he lost by it; but would desert it the instant it became obnoxious, and that an obstinate adherence to it was likely to deprive him of future opportunities of doing good. He had rather be on the right side than the wrong, if he loses nothing by it. His reputation costs him nothing; though he always takes care to save appearances. His virtues compound for his vices in a very amicable manner. His humanity is at the horizon, three thousand miles off,—his servility stays at home, at the beck of the minister. He unbinds the chains of Africa, and helps (we trust without meaning it) to rivet those of his own country, and of Europe. As a general truth,—(not meaning any undue application in the present instance,) it may be affirmed, that there is not a more insignificant as well as dangerous character crawling between heaven and earth, than that of the pretended patriot, and philanthropist, who has not courage to take the plain reward of vice or virtue—who crouches to authority, and yet dreads the censure of the world, who gives a sneaking casting vote on the side of conscience only when he can do it with impunity,—or else throws the weight of his reputation into the scale of his interest and the profligacy of others—who makes an affectation of principle a stalking-horse to his pitiful desire of distinction, and betrays a cause, sooner than commit himself.

“Out upon such half-faced fellowship.” We have another example of trumpety ambition in the person of Mr. C. Wynne; who, officious, indefatigable in his petty warfare with the abuses of power, is chiefly anxious

to stand well with those who sanction them. He interprets the text literally, *not to do evil that good may come*. He is so fearful of the imputation of the least wrong, that he will never do or let any one else do the greatest right. *Summum jus summa injuria*, has never entered his head. He is the dog in the political manger: a technical marplot. He takes a systematic delight in giving a lift to his enemies, and in hampering his friends. He is a regular whipper-in on the side of opposition, to all those who go but a hairs-breadth beyond his pragmatical notions of discretion and propriety. He sets up for a balance-master of the constitution, and, by insisting on its never deviating from its erect, perpendicular posture, is sure to have it overturned. He professes to be greatly scandalized at the abuses and corruptions in our ancient institutions, which are “as notorious as the sun at noon-day,” and would have them removed—but he is much more scandalized at those indiscreet persons who bring to light any of these notorious abuses, in order to have them remedied. He is more angry at those with whom he differs in the smallest iota than at those who differ from him *toto celo*: and is at mortal enmity with every antiministerial measure that is not so clogged with imbecility and objections as to be impracticable or absolutely unavailing. He is therefore a bad partisan, and does little mischief, only because he is little attended to. Indeed, his voice is against him.

I did not much like Sir Samuel Romilly's significant, oracular way of laying down the law in the House:—his self-important assumption of second-hand truths, and his impatience of contradiction, as if he gave his time to humanity there for *nothing*. He was too solemn a speaker: as Garrow was too flippant and fluent. The latter appeared to have nothing to do but to talk nonsense *by the yard*, for the pleasure of exposing himself or being exposed by others. He might be said to hold in his hand a general retainer for absurdity, and to hold his head up in the pillory of his own folly with a very unabashed and unblushing gaiety of demeanour. Lawyers, as a general rule, are the very worst speakers in the House: if there are a few nominal

exceptions, it is because they are not lawyers.

I do not recollect any other speaker of importance but Mr. Canning; and he requires a chapter by himself. Thus then I would try to estimate him.—The orator and the writer do not always belong to the same class of intellectual character; nor is it, I think, in general, fair to judge of the merit of popular harangues by reducing them to the standard of literary compositions. Something,—a great deal,—is to be given to the suddenness of the emergency, the want of preparation, the instantaneous and effectual, but passing appeal to individual characters, feelings, and events. The speaker has less time allowed him to enforce his purpose, and to produce the impression he aims at than the writer; and he is therefore entitled to produce it by less scrupulous, by more obvious and fugitive means. He must strike the iron while it is hot. The blow must be prompt and decisive. He must mould the convictions and purposes of his hearers while they are under the influence of passion and circumstances,—as the glass-blower moulds the vitreous fluid with his breath. If he can take the popular mind by surprise, and stamp on it, while warm, the impression desired, it is not to be demanded whether the same means would have been equally successful on cool reflection or after the most mature deliberation. That is not the question at issue. At a moment's notice, the expert debater is able to start some topic, some view of a subject, which answers the purpose of the moment. He can suggest a dextrous evasion of his adversaries' objections, he knows when to seize and take advantage of the impulse of popular feeling, he is master of the dazzling fence of argument, "the punto, the stoccado, the reverso," the shifts, and quirks, and palpable topics of debate; he can wield these at pleasure, and employ them to advantage on the spur of the occasion—this is all that can be required of him; for it is all that is necessary, and all that he undertakes to do. That another could bring forward more weighty reasons, offer more wholesome advice, convey more sound and extensive information in an indefinite period, is nothing to the pur-

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pose; for all this wisdom and knowledge would be of no avail in the supposed circumstances; the critical opportunity for action would be lost, before any use could be made of it. The one thing needful in public speaking is not to say what is best, but the best that can be said in a given time, place, and circumstance. The great qualification therefore of a leader in debate (as of a leader in fight) is presence of mind: he who has not this, wants every thing, and he who has it, may be forgiven almost all other deficiencies. The current coin of his discourses may be light and worthless in itself; but if it is always kept bright and ready for immediate use, it will pass unquestioned; and the public voice will affix to his name the praise of a sharp-witted, able, fluent, and eloquent speaker. We "no further seek his merits to disclose, or scan his frailties in their brief abode,"—the popular ear and echo of popular applause. What he says may be trite, pert, shallow, contradictory, false, unfounded, and sophistical; but it was what was wanted for the occasion, and it told with those who heard it. Let it stop there, and all is well. The rest is forgotten; nor is it worth remembering.

But Mr. Canning has an ill habit of printing his speeches: and I doubt whether the same oratorical privileges can be extended to *printed* speeches; or to this gentleman's speeches in general, even though they should not be printed. Whether afterwards committed to the press or not, they have evidently, I think, been first committed, with great care, to paper or to memory. They have all the marks, and are chargeable with all the *malice prepense* of written compositions. They are not occasional effusions, but set harangues. They are elaborate *impromptus*; deeply concerted and highly polished pieces of extempore ingenuity. The repartee has been conceived many months before the luckless observation which gives ostensible birth to it; and an argument woven into a debate is sure to be the counterpart or fag-end of some worn-out sophism of several years' standing. Mr. Canning is not so properly an orator, as an author reciting his own compositions. He fore-

2 G

sees (without much of the spirit of prophecy) what will, may, or can be said on some well-conned subject; and gets up, by anticipation, a tissue of excellent good conceits, indifferent bad arguments, classical quotations, and showy similes, which he contrives, by a sort of rhetorical join-hand, to tack on to some straggling observation dropped by some Honourable Member;—and so goes on, with folded arms and sonorous voice, neither quickened nor retarded, neither elevated nor depressed by “the *hear him's* that now rise on the one side, or are now echoed from the other;”—never diverted into laughing gaiety, never hurried into uncontrollable passion—till he is regularly delivered in the course of the same number of hours of the labour of weeks or months. To those who are in the secret of the arts of debating, who are versed in the complicated tactics of parliamentary common-place, there is nothing very mysterious in the process, though it startles the uninitiated. The fluency, the monotony, the unimpressible, imposing style of his elocution,—“swinging slow with sullen roar,” like the alternate oscillation of a pendulum—afraid of being thrown off his balance—never trusting himself with the smallest inflection of tone or manner from the impulse of the moment,—all shew that the speaker relies on the tenaciousness of his memory, not on the quickness and fertility of his invention. Mr. Canning, I apprehend, never answered a speech: he answers, or affects to answer some observation in a speech, and then manufactures a long *tirade* out of his own “mother-wit and arts *well-known* before.” He *caps* an oration, as school-boys cap verses; and gets up his oracular responses, as Sidrophel and Whackum did theirs, by having met with his customers of old. From that time he has the debate entirely in his own hands, and exercises over it “sole sovereign sway and masterdom.” One of these spontaneous mechanical sallies of his resembles a *voluntary* played on a barrel-organ: it is a kind of Panharmonic display of wit and wisdom—such as Mr. Canning possesses! The amplest stores of his mind are unfolded to their inmost source—the classic lore, the historic page, the philosophic

doubt, the sage reply, the sprightly allusion, the delicate irony, the happy turning of a period or insinuation of a paragraph with senatorial dignity and Ovidian grace—are all here concocted, studied, revised, varnished over, till the sense aches at their glossy beauty and sickens at hopeless perfection. Our modern orator's thoughts have been declared by some to have all the elegance of the antique; I should say, they have only the fragility and smoothness of plaster-cast copies!

If I were compelled to characterize Mr. Canning's style by a single trait, I should say that he is a mere *parodist* in verse or prose, in reasoning or in wit. He transposes arguments as he does images, and makes sophistry of the one, and burlesque of the other. “What's serious, he turns to farce.” This is perhaps, not art in him, so much as nature. The specific levity of his mind causes it to subsist best in the rarified atmosphere of indifference and scorn: it attaches most interest and importance to the slight and worthless. There is a striking want of solidity and keeping in this person's character. The frivolous, the equivocal, is his delight—the element in which he speaks, and writes, and has his being, as an orator and poet. By applying to low and contemptible objects the language or ideas which have been appropriated to high and swelling contemplations, he reduces the latter to the same paltry level, or renders the former doubly ridiculous. On the same principle, or from not feeling the due force and weight of different things, as they affect either the imagination or the understanding, he brings the slenderest and most evanescent analogies to bear out the most important conclusions; establishes some fact in history by giving it the form of an idle interrogation, like a school boy declaiming on he knows not what; and thinks to overturn the fixed sentiment of a whole people by an interjection of surprize at what he knows to be unavoidable and unanswerable. There is none of the gravity of the statesman, of the enthusiasm of the patriot, the impatient zeal of the partizan, in Mr. Canning. We distinguish through the disguise of pompous declamation, or the affect-

tation of personal consequence, only the elegant trifler, the thoughtless epigrammatist, spreading "a windy fan of painted plumes," to catch the breath of popular applause, or to flutter in the tainted breeze of court-favour. "As those same plumes, so seems he vain and light,"—never applying his hand to useful action, or his mind to sober truth. A thing's being evident, is to him a reason for attempting to falsify it: its being right is a reason for straining every nerve to evade or defeat it at all events. It might appear, that with him inversion is the order of nature. "Trifles light as air, are" to his understanding, "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ:" and he winks and shunts his apprehension up to the most solemn and momentous truths as gross and vulgar errors. His political creed is of an entirely fanciful and fictitious texture—a kind of moral, religious, political, and sentimental *filligree-work*: or it is made up of monstrous pretexts, and idle shadows, and spurious theories, and mock-alarms. Hence his gravest reasonings have very much an air of concealed irony; and it might sometimes almost be suspected that, by his partial, loose, and unguarded sophisms, he meant to abandon the very cause he professes to magnify and extol.* It is indeed, his boast, his pride, his pleasure, "to make the worse appear the better reason;" which he does with the pertness of a school-boy, and the effrontery of a prostitute: he assumes indecent postures in the debate, confounds the sense of right and wrong by his licentious disregard of both, puts honesty out of countenance by the familiarity of his proposals, makes a jest of principle,—"takes the rose from the fair forehead of a virtuous cause, and plants a blister there."—

The House of Lords does not at present display much of the aristocracy of talent. The scene is by no means so amusing or dramatic here as in the House of Commons. Every speaker seems to claim his privilege of peerage in the awful attention of his

auditors, which is granted while there is any reasonable hope of a return: but it is not easy to hear Lord Grenville repeat the same thing regularly four times over, in different words—to listen to the Marquis of Wellesley who never lowers his voice for four hours from the time he begins, nor utters the commonest syllable in a tone below that in which Pierre curses the Senate.—Lord Holland might have other pretensions to alacrity of mind than an impediment of speech, and Lord Liverpool might introduce less of the *vis inertiae* of office into his official harangues than he does. Lord Ellenborough was great "in the extremity of an oath." Lord Eldon, "his face 'twixt tears and smiles contending," never loses his place or his temper. It is a pity to see Lord Erskine sit silent, who was once a popular and powerful speaker; and when he does get up to speak, you wish he had said nothing. This nobleman, the other day, on his return to Scotland after an absence of fifty years, made a striking speech on the instinctive and indissoluble attachment of all persons to the country where they are born,—which he considered as an innate and unerring principle of the human mind; and, in expatiating on the advantages of patriotism, argued, by way of illustration, that if it were not for this original dispensation of Providence, attaching, and, as it were, *rooting* every one to the spot where he was bred and born,—civil society could never have existed, nor mankind have been reclaimed from the barbarous and wandering way of life, to which they were in the first instance addicted! How these persons should become attached by habit to places where it appears, from their vagabond dispositions, they never stayed at all, is an oversight of the speaker which remains unexplained. On the same occasion, the learned Lord, in order to produce an effect, observed that when, advancing farther north, he should come to the old play ground near his father's mansion, where he used to play at ball when a child, his

* See his panegyric on the late King, his defence of the House of Commons, and his eulogy on the practical liberty of the English Constitution in his Liverpool Dinner Speech.

sensations would be of a most affecting description. This is possible; but his Lordship returned homewards the next day, thinking, no doubt, he had anticipated all the sentiment of the situation. This puts one in mind of the story one has heard of Tom Sheridan, who told his father he had

been down to the bottom of a coal-pit. "Then, you are a fool, Tom," said the father.—"Why so, Sir?"—"Because," said the other, "it would have answered all the same purpose to have said you had been down!"
T.

THE GARDEN.

SUGGESTED BY THE GERMAN OF BINDEMANN.

A Garden lies in solemn peace,
Where shadows fall from cypress trees;
Within its bounds life's noises cease;
The drowsy here may sleep at ease:
Morn, noon, and night, incessantly,
The Gardener toils, whom none can spy!
"A pensive, yet a happy place"—
The turf is green, the walks are still;
Here weed and flower, with equal grace,
Rest upon each little hill:
And when with life's long road opprest,
How sweet is this fair Garden's rest!
Vast are this Garden's planted grounds—
So it hath been, and so it must;
And countless are its mossy mounds,
Where precious seed lies deep in dust:
When they have ceased more seed to bring,
Then from the mounds the flowers shall spring!

THE CIDER CELLAR.

I read with much pleasure, in THE LONDON MAGAZINE, a delightful paper entitled, *Recollections of the South Sea House*. There was a fine antique air about it which became the subject: the characters were sketched with delicacy, and their foibles and good qualities drawn out in the truest spirit of humanity. I was carried back at once into the days when Steele, and Addison, and Garth, were flesh and blood like ourselves. Now they are mere names:—and names, indeed, of little power or interest, except with elderly gentlemen like myself, who still entertain a respect for what was venerable in childhood; and who do not readily consent to float up and down, backwards and forwards, on the varying tide of literary opinion.

There is something pleasant to me in the circumstance of an essay touching upon, or even being dated from, a particular spot in London. It identifies the writer, as it were, with the

town; and gives him an authority to discuss any thing metropolitan.—It is an advantageous record too of the place itself. For my own part, I never go by Will's, or the Grecian, without thinking of former times, when the wits and the learned were wont to assemble there; and, though the first has assumed a new-fangled appearance, and is called an "Hotel," I have, more than once, sat there invoking the spirits of those famous essayists, who have conferred on it immortality. I have even mixed in the bustle at Batson's, and eaten a steak at Dolly's, on the strength of their old reputations.—What a history would any one of those places furnish!—What quips, and cranks, and jests;—what learned debates and rich colloquies have been had there!—What wine has been spilt!—What ink!—Now, the Grecian and Will's are the mere haunts of lawyers. The learned and the witty have been

driven westward:—where sword-knots, and smiles, and ruffles were once seen, there is nothing now visible but the sallow visages of barristers and attorneys;—and the silence of the spot is broken only by the rustling of papers, or an occasional call for a pint of port!

Among the celebrated places of resort in London, there is one of which no notice has been hitherto taken, *THE CIDER CELLAR*. A few years ago I was in the habit of frequenting it; and it was, then, I was told, rather on the decline: still, however, it was a pleasant place, pleasantly frequented; and it is worthy of some notice, as well on account of its own accommodations, as of the merit of its company.

The Cider Cellar is situate in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden. It runs under ground, and is conspicuous at night for its bright lamp, which blazes before the entrance, and shows you the Cellar, yawning like a brilliant Tartarus, beneath. There is something very inviting, particularly in winter, in the aspect of the place. It has an air of warmth about it. There is a broad flight of stairs with quivering lights at the bottom,—and strong handsome ropes at the sides, to encourage and assist the timid in their descent, and to enable those whose heads are weaker than the ale to re-ascend in safety.—Thus much for the exterior. The inside (or the *Cellar*) consists of one room only,—rather spacious, but very low; entirely unornamented, and having about five tables, and a proper number of easy arm chairs, for the accommodation of the guests. It is open during the whole evening, till midnight, but it is not much frequented till nine or ten o'clock. At twelve the doors are shut against further in-comings,—and the landlord is punctual and inexorable. The delicacies to be met with there, are, a Welch rabbit, eggs poached and boiled, cider, porter, ale, and stronger liquors;—the eatables are good and very cheap, and the ale, the porter, and the cider excellent. This, at least, was the case a few years ago.

The frequenters of the Cider Cellar formerly consisted principally of Templars—men in the army—an occasional tradesman, who had left his shop and his wife, to enjoy an hour

of luxury with a cigar—a parson or two—a middle-aged single man, who seemed to have plenty of leisure on his hands—some beaux, who dropped in from the theatres about half past eleven—and two or three stray members of Parliament. There was even a Lord to be seen there now and then—though I never met him but twice.

The subjects discussed at the Cider Cellar were those which occur usually at Coffee-houses; but they were discussed more generally, and with less ceremony—each person taking his share in the debate, although he might not, perhaps, form one of the company which originally started the question. Politics, law, theatrical criticism, science, the belles lettres,—all were handled in a pleasant, and sometimes ingenious way; and catches and glees, and merry songs were sung, after midnight, with a joviality that would have excited the admiration of Mr. Justice Shallow himself.—

At the head of the principal table was (and I believe still is) a large arm-chair, which conferred on whosoever sat therein, the dignity of chairman during the evening. It was usually occupied by a short, stout, elderly gentleman, who looked like a clergyman. Whether he was so or not I will not pretend to say; but he wore a black coat and waistcoat, and powder in his hair: he had a broad ruddy face, a smiling bold eye, and never, to my knowledge (or seldom) ventured upon an oath. He was a talkative person; not very profound to be sure, but he had some stock of anecdote, which he dealt out very willingly and deliberately for the benefit of the company. He was even eloquent about trials at the Old Bailey, and discoursed of executions with much edifying nonchalance. I have seen the old man chirp over his third glass of brandy and water, in a way that did one's heart good. He usually limited himself to three glasses, but occasionally, when the cellar was full, and the company agreeable, he would say, "William! I think I must have a *lee-tle* drop more brandy to-night." He then would look at the clock, and button an additional button of his coat, as though he meant only to stay a short time longer:—if so, he sometimes deceived himself. This gentleman was as good, to the full, as a copy of Burn's Justice. I

have heard him discuss criminal law in the most undaunted manner with one actually in the commission. He would smile, and affect to expound in a lower tone of voice, and say, "*certainly*," and then dispute the very point: or he would appeal to one of the company in the most candid way, —and, after all, adhere to his own opinions with a resolution truly exemplary. He seemed as though he would have stuck to the established religion, or any other system, (if it had been worth his while) with the undeviating firmness of a partizan. He would have made a good subaltern, and would no more have seen beyond the vision of his leader than Ventidius.

Next to the clergyman might be seen a handsome gentleman-like man, with an Irish accent. He expatiated on most topics—but politics and law seemed his especial delight. He would say twice as much as any one of the company on either of those subjects, and sometimes he was almost eloquent. He was more of a rhetorician than skilled in logic; for, though he fenced pretty well in argument, he was ingenious rather than solid: his thoughts lay a good deal upon the surface, but he could collect them readily. He was one of those men who can say clever things upon a subject which another originates; he tossed about the ball of debate, rather than carried it further:—he never let it slip in order to bring it up again by some profound observation, which would give it a new course, or induce some one else to handle it in a different manner. He had, in short, nothing creative or speculative in his mind; but he was quick and decisive; and generally, except in matters of taste, on the right side of the question.

Opposite to the Irish gentleman, sat a portly person, with a striking intelligent countenance, a keen eye, an abrupt peculiarity of manner. He had not so much of anecdote as the clergyman, and he was less ingenious in debate than the Irishman; but he had a clearer, and stronger mind than either: he saw the truth wherever it was, and followed it—and he was not to be turned aside either by quibble, or ingenuity. I never knew a man who disdained ornament of all sorts so much. He saw how well he could work his way without it, and con-

cluded therefore, rashly, that it was contemptible, and useless. He was a great dealer in facts, and, within a certain limit, his intellect was perfect. He had not much taste for art or elegant literature, as may be supposed; but he had certainly a relish for wit, and he possessed a dry humour, approaching to sarcasm, which sat well upon him, and lighted up mirth in the eyes of his associates. He had one defect—namely, an address which, to strangers, appeared rude, and overbearing; but, he was much liked by those who knew him well; and, under a cold aspect, he had a heart that would have done honour to any exterior in the world. May he continue to smoke his cigar, and enjoy himself for these thousand years to come!

In company with this Achilles, came his Patroclus, a slighter and shorter man; good natured, and unassuming, though a little pertinacious at times; nice in his distinctions of palatable things; sometimes amused with, and sometimes shrinking from, the rubs of his companion; who, however, in matters where the senses were concerned referred to him as to an oracle, from whose sentence there could be no appeal.

Near the above-mentioned persons, frequently sat a tall, spare, elderly man, who looked like a merchant, or a stock-broker. He was well versed in figures and politics; and amused himself regularly with one pint of ale, and the newspaper, and vanished regularly at eleven o'clock. Cinderella had an hour more permitted to her,—but perhaps the gentleman was married. There was a certain coldness about him that did not become the room. On entering the place, most people, of course, calculated on leaving the frost behind them—but there he was ever, near the fire, stiff, unthawed, and silent—the male Niobe of the Cider Cellar. This man was evidently an economist; he never committed himself, nor fatigued others. If he had not wisdom, he was at least free from folly—He was not very pleasant; but I must say, in his behalf, that he never wasted either his speech or his ale.

What a contrast to the last mentioned was the weather-beaten, soldier-looking man, opposite to him! His voice was as deep and as rough as the blast of December, but there

was a plain good-nature about his countenance that pleased me. Whether he sipped his gin and water, or puffed away his cigar, he seemed to be thinking of past times.—Of India, perhaps—East or West—of marchings, and countermarchings—of the bivouack—of the battle—of the camp, or the winter quarters! Now and then he would rise from this dreaming of the mind, and ask the news of the day, or join in a catch, or sing a jovial song, or a mirthful one, with muscles of the most deadly placidity. He was a perfect contrast to the merchant, and yet both were serious, silent men—the first from constitution, I suspect—and the last from circumstances.

I could name many others, but these were the most prominent characters—the pillars of the Cellar. The rest may be spoken of *en masse*. Yet was there a little clever man, with a lively look, full of wicked mirth, and sincerely fond of the ale: another with a thoughtful, contemplative eye, that Plato might have worn; and a third, sensitive and serious, who I have heard turned out to be a poet, or something almost as bad: he did not become the Cellar, for he drank but little, and never smoked—yet he could prompt another to a joke now and then, and enjoy a pun as much as his fellows.

Besides these, there were shoals of beaux, and crowds of critics from the theatres—gentlemen who were paying their yearly visit to London, and lawyers soliciting bills in Parliament.

You might know the man of fashion, partly by his dress, but principally by a certain supercilious air, which led him to sneer at the subject in dispute, or perhaps the method of handling it, as vulgar and not to be endured. He never entered into the debate, for a metaphor would have puzzled him, and a paradox would have been considered as a personal affront. He came there merely to look at the natives; paid indolently for the liquor which he did not taste, and gave all the change to the waiter.

The critic was not so generous: he knew better the value of ale and argument. He could smile at a repartee, and cut a joke himself, or even make a retort. He knew the stature of every actor, mind and body,—his eye, his tone, his action. He read all

the new publications, and some of the old ones. If he referred to a newspaper, it was merely to see what books were announced, and what was to be seen the following evening at the theatre. He did not say much, for what he had principally to say must be in print the following morning, and it was enough to speak through the press. At a distance from him you might see some humble tradesmen, or young men of various callings, too modest themselves to speak, but listening with extended eyes, and mouths wide open,—full of smoke and admiration.

The Templars, and men from the Inns of Court, were pleasant, ingenious, facetious, or grave, as the subjects required. They were between the vulgarities of high and low life: they had neither the poverty of dress which marks the one, nor did they wear the thread-bare opinions which disgrace the other. They came there to enjoy themselves, and not to look either up or down on the company assembled.—The country solicitors were more busy with less right to be so. They had been all day within the pale of Saint Stephen's, until they seemed to have caught the infection, and come away full of the importance of debate. They talked in favour of the landed interests, and freely discussed the corn-laws,—quibbling, and coinciding, and differing, and laughing boisterously about every thing in its turn;—full of mirth, gleaned from the rustics, and of learning collected at their book societies, they put forth each, alternately—the wonder of one party, and the jest of the other. They had ingrafted London manners upon their country stock, till it was scarcely possible to distinguish either. The apple may thrive upon the stock of the crab, but the homely simplicities of rural life are of a different genus from the artificial politeness of the town.

And now I have little or nothing more to say. I have told what the Cider Cellar was—years ago. Now, perhaps, time, so fond of working changes, has wrought some alterations there. Perhaps the porter is less “up:” perhaps the cider is dispirited. Yet wherefore should I suspect it to be thus?—No; the current of conversation may be interrupted, but the ale, I doubt not,

flows as freely as ever. Cigars are as plentiful, and eggs as fresh as in the year 1812. If any thing has fallen off, it is, I suspect, the company: it may have become less numerous, or less good. Man, like other gregarious animals, is fond of shifting from spot

to spot.—If it be, indeed, that the cider cellar is deserted, let me recommend to you, Mr. Editor, and half a dozen of your lively colleagues, to meet there once a week, and I have little doubt but the place will flourish and soon be as pleasant as ever.

POMARIUS.

LICHTENBERG'S DESCRIPTIONS OF HOGARTH'S WORKS.

No. II.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate I.

Before I commence my explanation of this series of Plates, so replete with humour, wit, and knowledge of the human character, it will be proper to premise a few remarks upon the word Rake itself. We Germans usually translate it *Liederlicher*, and, indeed, every rake is *Ein Liederlicher*, (dissolute person) but it is not every *Liederlicher* that is a rake. For *Die Liederlichkeit* (dissoluteness) may, like poetry, be divided into separate classes,—and, what is rather extraordinary, the classes are pretty nearly the same in regard to each. The life of a rake may be said to belong to the *lyrical division*.—A genuine rake drinks, games, &c. : he talks of pills and potions, as school-boys talk of barley-sugar; he turns day into night, and night into day. He is continually engaged in an offensive war against lamps; and, in cudgeling or being cudged, with the watch. He ruins innocent creatures who love him, and fights with men whose honour he has injured. He throws away both money and money's-worth, whether it belong to himself or other people,—sometimes himself too into the bargain. In doing all this he seeks the acquisition of *honour*: it may therefore, by chance, happen, that he, after all, becomes a good and useful member of society: all that is wanted for this metamorphosis, is, that his notions of *honour* should change before he is himself worn-out or extinguished. But a dissolute scoundrel, on the contrary, has not the least notion of honour. The latter recounts but few of his adventures; he is careless of fame,—while all the actions of the former are principally undertaken to the intent that they

may be recorded in newspapers, and spoken of at routes. It is pretended that since the invention of brandy (the true *spiritus Brunonis*, or Brown's spirit) which enables people to purchase a transitory elevation above the rest of their fellow mortals, at a trifling expence, this class of blades of spirit has been considerably on the increase. Hogarth's rake, however, is not thorough-bred: there is a cross in him: he has a mixture of the scoundrel in his blood.

The father of our hero was a rich, miserly, old, curmudgeon, named Rakewell; an appellation which, in his case, can be deemed appropriate only by considering the word *rake* as the synonym of *scrape*. This name, along with all the wealth he had been all his life raking together, is now, at his death, turned over to his hopeful heir, Rakewell II.—the lad whom we behold in this Print with the milksop face. But the youth affixes a very different meaning to the name Rakewell; and the new signification will play the devil with the old treasures.

The moment which Hogarth has selected for representation in this first plate, is that eventful instant, soon after the death of the old man, when the young squire is admitted for the first time into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the deceased. This place is a compound of treasury, lumber room, counting-house, and archive-chamber. It is evident, that the person who has here buried so much wealth, has not been long buried himself, for preparations for the mourning are actively going forward. He is not yet buried, for the Upholsterer on the ladder is employed in hanging with black the room in which the body is

to lie in state; and another individual is kneeling to take the dimensions of the sable trappings in which the young heir intends to walk about in state. Upon a heavy old fashioned chair, that seems to be some ancient relique deposited in this sanctuary, is a bulky roll of black cloth, most probably intended for the Upholsterer on the ladder—as it is not likely that this light-hearted heir to thousands would mourn in such stuff. Thus the tomb, wherein the riches of nobles and the plunder of cities have been buried, without any distinction, as in a common church-yard, and have been sleeping in expectation of their release for the last half century; as well as the heir who has been anxiously looking forward to their resurrection, are both now about to be decorated with the trappings of woe. “Let the devil wear black,” says Shakespeare!

The signal for the release of the imprisoned has not been delayed: each coffin is already burst, each grave already opened. Gold and silver, and old iron, and bags containing thousands, peep from their dungeons, and hail the new seen day: documents on parchment, papers, inventories, bonds, mortgages, leases, and a long *et cætera*, roll down and are at the feet of their deliverer, flutter around his knees, and crawl beneath his tread! Even the guineas that have been slumbering next the ceiling, obey the mighty summons, and descend in a golden shower. Only some old wigs, shoes and boots, broken jugs, cups and bottles, a hat-box, a street-lantern, a great-coat of Dr. Johnson's cut, seem unwilling to come forward, as if already conscious of the untoward doom awaiting them.

Here then, now stands our hero, Thomas Rakewell,—with his youthful and healthy, yet somewhat vacant countenance. We should certainly be disposed to say, that he was by nature more of the *simpleton* than the *rascal*, did we see his face by itself; but the presence of two females alters the business very materially.—*Duo cum faciunt idem non est idem*. The history connected with their introduction, is as follows. The lad is just arrived from Oxford, where he has been doing all that is expressed at the Universities by the comprehensive term *studying*. The sound that

has awakened the parchment deeds, has also summoned hither this couple of *aprons*, both of which contain documents that may truly be called *opuscula academica*. One of them belongs to the mother, the other to the daughter. The former is filled with manuscripts of true love; the latter contains the fruits of over-belief—an embryo sketch that may in time become a Rakewell III. The studies of our young spark have been attended with serious consequences to the poor, and, (as we shall afterwards discover) good-hearted, honest, and faithful creature, who is standing weeping by the door. The unaffected grief of the girl is well expressed; but she is much too old, and might, and ought to have been handsomer: the analyzer of beauty, however, was by no means successful in depicting it. It must be observed, too, that she is *weeping*, in the truest sense of the word—not *crying*,—for here we perceive the deepest sorrow and affliction—seeking, but without much success, to relieve themselves by a few silent tears. Her face does not express childish grief, but a profound and heart-felt agony that lies heavy in her bosom. I said that she was weeping in the *real* sense of the word—and it is necessary to give this assurance, for, at times, the sex, as is well known, are skilful in employing tears of a different sort, intended not so much to relieve sorrow as to produce it. This however, is not the case here.

This female's name is Sarah Young; as may be seen by examining the extensive collection of love-letters, which the mother is holding in her apron. The romance must either have been very much spun out, or have been played off at a furious rate. We can read a direction to Oxford; the formula *dearest life* (a mere *præmissis præmittendis* instead of *Madam*); and lastly, the words *to marry you*. The artist has expressed the rest by blank paper—than which the words in the original had probably no more meaning. Thus we find that the graceless dog has been promising marriage; and we can also see a ring in the girl's hand. She is holding it up to him as a memento of his promise: but the days of promise-making are over, in consequence of which her arm has sunk in despondency

against her deserted—so faithlessly deserted side! The youth is, however, disposed to honour her notes with his purse, and he reaches out to her his *protest* accompanied with a handful of guineas. “I am sorry child,”—(not dearest life)—“that you are, as I perceive, in a certain situation: but that too, is, as you may perceive, the case with myself. Here is something for your trouble and kindness. There are many more young men to be found in Oxford—one does not know but—there, take the money, or I shall pay it to the overseers, and then you will get nothing.” We may easily suppose that some such words as these have issued from his open mouth. But his gold is rejected—by the daughter at least, that is certain. She no more attempts to take the money than the marble statue upon a monument holds out its hand for the fee, paid to the Verger who has been explaining it. The mother too, although not much of a statue, seems equally indifferent to it. Fists bent like hers, and seconded by such a countenance, take no money;—no more does such an elbow which may be said to be the very symbol of repulsion. “What, rascal,” exclaims she, “do you value the honour of my daughter at this rate;” a speech that, judging from her air, we may suppose to be accompanied with a storm of imprecations and prophetic denunciations, which, for this once, will be exactly fulfilled—how much to the benefit of virtue and morality let experience prove. This female has rings upon three out of the four of her fingers which are visible: she has put them on probably by way of dressing herself out for a visit, which she expected to turn out more advantageously than it has,—and also to shew that she and her daughter are not reduced to sink their claims in an acceptance of money.

The young gentleman is listening to her invectives with great *sang froid*; stretching out his arm like a direction post, and with as little feeling. But he who can forget what is due to honour, to love, and to innocence, is yet so considerate as to recollect what may facilitate the tailor's employment: he therefore carefully holds back his coat that it may not impede the measuring process. I have always heard that those tailors are the

worst workmen, who have the appearance of shoemakers: if the observation is correct, this fellow must be a bungler indeed, for he looks, every inch of him, like a cobbler. One perceives playing around his brow and lips, a something of theosophical apocalyptical light,—a *beatification* that rarely, I believe, visits the countenance of a tailor, although it may, by chance, wander *ultra crepidam*—among other professions than that of St. Crispin. This man is evidently of the elect few, who, after a discount of 50 per cent, had their bills discharged in this lumber-hole by the deceased; and our Thomas, who here dismisses his *dearest life*, nevertheless retains the theosophist, for the present, as his tradesman, out of filial respect!

Directly behind our hero, and in immediate contact with the coat which he is holding back, stands a table covered with documents, upon which are served up, two dishes—an inkstand, and a bag of guineas—both of which are well-known to a guest who avails himself of the opportunity afforded him by the little dispute upon the subject of honour and disgrace, which his host is now maintaining with his *dearest life*,—to help himself out of one of the best dishes—being not exactly certain whether he will be invited to partake of it. This consummately prudent visitor is, beyond all doubt, one of the most expressive heads that Hogarth ever drew. He is not, as Gilpin pretends, employed in taking an inventory of the treasures, and merely counting out the money: he is evidently related to Dame Justice—an attorney or something of that kind; for under his right arm he carries the green baize bag, which infallibly serves to denote this class of men. In this bag they carry about their papers, and it here serves to carry off something more solid than paper. How was it possible for Gilpin to imagine, that the owner of it was contented with only chinking the gold of another, and revelling in imagination on the *abstract idea* of wealth! The notion of itself is excellent, but too refined for our artist, who is more remarkable for the correctness and force, than for the delicacy of his feeling. No! the fellow is a knave:—did his handling of the guineas proceed from a pure *æsthetic*

taste for gold, there had undoubtedly been more of poetical ardour in his look ;—whereas, these pettifogging eyes are evidently keeping watch, while the hand is committing the theft. We may be assured that he steals with perfect legal security,—with foresight, and with the aid of a plea in reserve.

Although old Rakewell is dead, it is chiefly with him that the artist now brings us acquainted ; and he still lives in his portrait over the chimney, and in the sordid penuriousness displayed through the whole chamber. The use which Hogarth here makes of the picture is truly excellent : how ingeniously too has he contrived to inform us that this is the old man's portrait, by placing on the mantel of the chimney-piece the identical fur cap ! The spectacles that hang there were those of the careful and scrupulous gold-weigher ; and the crutches were his legs : these latter are of unequal length, probably because their owner was lame principally on one side. Here then, Hogarth means to say, was he wont to sit ;—here did he place his legs when he reposed in his chair ;—and here used to hang his eye-crutches, at such times as he weighed his guineas merely in his brain. He enlightened his darkness, when absolutely necessary, with a candle's end stuck upon a *save-all*, for two are now lying on the chimney-piece—one quite burnt out, and another in reserve. This light, small as it was, constituted, when burning, not only the most brilliant, but likewise the warmest part of this fire-side,—of which the *fur-cap* gives but a sorry notion. Even the dress in which the old fellow is painted, has more the resemblance of a *wrapper* fit for a journey upon the top of a stage-coach, than of a *robe-de-chambre*. In this house every thing appears either to have been a *save-all*, or to have been stuck upon one—this, at least, may be said of the two wretched animals whom we shall presently examine. Perhaps the master's life has burnt out on this chilling spot—no physician being at hand to stick up the candle's end in reserve !

Those who are acquainted with the lapidary work still used in monuments, will, without my pointing it out to them, discover how greatly Hogarth

has enriched the art by the composition which he has here given us. Imagine a monument with its marble *save-all*, and portrait like this in bas relief, executed in a splendid style, and placed in the interior of some church ! Would there be any occasion for words to explain the character, either of the person entombed beneath, or of the heir who erected such a memorial ?

The upholsterer's hammering has caused a part of the cornice of the room to fall down—but it evidently was not very securely fixed before. It has served to conceal a treasure that has been indebted for its security more to the inaccessibility than to the strength of its hiding-place ! The golden-shower passes by the *save-all*, and descends upon the crooked back of an ancient Danae, who seems to have been more frequently saluted by a rap of the short crutch, and a volley of abuse from the old man's mouth, than by any thing like this. This poor domestic animal is here laden with a bundle of fire wood.—Here is another indication of a great change ! The new government has decreed that a fire shall be made in that grate, where, under the preceding reign, no flame was ever seen throughout the year ! There has not been time, however, as yet, to procure coal ;—in the interim, therefore, a fire is kindled with such country fuel as logs of wood, and remnants of paling.

The other domestic animal, a starved cat, is standing before the strong box where the coined gold is lying in thousands, as well as ingots, which now anticipate their release. A book, probably a prayer-book, serves her for a footstool, while her left forepaw rests upon bags of guineas marked 2,000, and 3,000. Unfortunate puss ! Can we behold thee without thinking of the poor Arab, who, when perishing of hunger in the desert, found a bag apparently full of grain : anxiously he felt it all over, and gladly, he exclaimed—“ A thousand thanks to Heaven—Rice ! Rice ! ” He unbound the string, and discovered nothing but an immense treasure of pearls—“ Alas ! they are *only* pearls ! ” sighed the wretched man, and flung from him the useless prize in despair.

“ Nothing ! there is *nothing* here ”

—sighs out the equally luckless puss, —“not even a half starved mouse!” Patience, my good puss, patience!—Thy friend the roast-jack is yet, I perceive, in existence, and is liberated! The prison where he has been confined for half a century, is at length open; he once again sees day-light, and will soon too see *fire-light*: under the new reign he will become a favourite, and under such a minister, retainers, like thyself, will meet with comfortable pickings.

In a sidelong direction from the cat, in the left-hand corner of the plate, is a pair of old shoes, one of which, soled by the deceased himself, although not yet finished, is here given as an *opus posthumum*. The thread is still hanging to it; and we may plainly discern the end where the innexorable *Parca* cut short this, along with the thread of its master's life. Upon the sole's amendment may be discerned a coat of arms, stamped in gold, once belonging to the old Bible lying beside it:—yes, out of the cover of the sacred volume the piece has evidently been cut; and this may well be called treading under foot the word of God! The real wonder, however, is, how the miser could have prevailed upon himself to tread under foot his own darling deity—gold! Had he patched up his shoes with a part of the Evangelists, printed upon vellum,—or mended his breeches with some leaves out of the Proverbs of Solomon,—I should not have said a syllable on the matter. But this, which we behold here, is open high treason against the only Being that he adores. The gilding almost renders the thing incredible! This facetious trait of satire is not to be found in the earlier impressions; and I am too little acquainted with English heraldry to determine whether our sly artist may not have hereby intended to pay some gentleman a similar compliment to that which Mr. Twiss received in Ireland, in consequence of his having spoken disparagingly of that country in his travels. Elegant vessels were made, having within them the portrait of the offender with the following inscription:—

Come let us —

On Mr. Twiss.

On the ground, at the feet of the

young squire, lies another book, that is, most probably, destined to suffer still greater profanation:—it is the old man's memorandum-book. This is accidentally so opened, that we may plainly read some of the articles for May 1721. These form a chronological table of events, constituting remarkable epochs under the old monarchy. The first of these memoranda is—“On the 3d of May my son Tom came from Oxford”—where he had been put up to fatten upon Latin; and this is a visit paid in Term-time, when he ought to have been feeding in his coop. I must here observe, *en passant*, that it is from this document that we learn the lad's Christian name, which would be very unimportant, had not Hogarth made so capital a use of it in the next plate. “On the 4th, dined at a French eating-house.”—Excellent!—probably in order to give the young stranger a dinner where the very name of the place—the *ubi*—had a relishing sound.—At a French cook's! Perhaps too, in this instance, the name was every thing.

“On the 5th May, put off my bad shilling.”—This is an inimitably fine trait!—MY bad Shilling! How expressive of intimacy between himself and this bad shilling! How long may not this single shilling have disturbed, in the enjoyment of his wealth, the man who was worth millions of shillings! Often had he endeavoured to rid himself of this unwelcome guest, that had caused him so much vexation; at length he has been fortunate enough, on the 5th of May, 1721, to accomplish this long wished for separation; and the event is celebrated in his domestic annals with as much exultation as if it had been the death of a bad wife.

One such a stroke of satire and humour as this, would, methinks, be sufficient to impart the flavour of wine to a whole brewing of modern *Romance-wash*, and to give it a palatable zest.

It is customary, when the body lies in state to hang up the arms of the deceased. Here are two escutcheons already fastened up, with a chandelier between them, *without save-alls*. The deceased bore in his coat of arms three closed *Vices*,—with the motto, *Beware*; as much as to say, “Hold

fast all you can get—bad shillings excepted." The man was worthy of his arms, and of his motto!—He lived with most devout observance of the conduct they inculcated. Now that

they are worn by his successor they will lose all their meaning, and will be as little applicable as the generality of armorial bearings and mottoes.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate II.

This chapter might very properly be entitled *Finishing Touches*. We see that the block has been roughly hewn at Oxford into some shape, and is now come to be touched up in a more delicate manner, and by superior artists. The air is still somewhat aukward, and the mouth boo-byish; yet we cannot mistake the line of grace perceptible in the former, and the latter already speaks fluently over the shoulder:—a considerable progress, therefore, for so short a time, has been made;—by and bye it will be much better. Our hero is just risen, has slipped on a light frock with gold tassels, and holds his levee. That he may not lose the genial influence of Aurora he hastens to receive her last and most powerful rays,—those that strike our planet between eleven and one. To save time, too, he takes five different lessons at once—to wit, on the French Horn, on the Harpsicord, in Fencing, Dancing, and Pugilism. At the same instant he is giving audience, and attending to important domestic concerns. Whatever objections some people may be disposed to make to such a method of study, at least it cannot be denied that it possesses Encyclopædian comprehensiveness; nor is it, perhaps, so singular as they may deem.—Hogarth, who was obliged to express his meaning in a typical language, could have hardly done otherwise than he has here, if he had intended to inform us of what is daily passing in many a studious head. A sleeping Jacob is easily painted; but if we would paint him dreaming of the ladder reaching up to heaven, I do not see that we can help adopting the ingenious method used in Weigel's Bible. We there find a well engraved ladder leaning against the clouds, and the angels going up and down.—What I here mean to say is, that, if some heads were to be represented with all the angels (good and bad) that are within receiving audience, we should

have more crowded chambers than that of Rakewell's levée.

Eight person are in the presence chamber, enjoying the felicity of their near access to our hero; farther on are six others, who are yet in expectation: altogether there are fourteen persons with whom we must now become better acquainted.

The man in the (apparently) dark brown great-coat, with whom Rakewell is speaking, and whose very appearance announces gunpowder and bullets, is what is generally termed a Bravo;—a ruffian, who, for a handsome consideration, will not only cut up other people, but, as we may perceive by the plaister on his nose, will suffer himself to be cut up too. The paper which Rakewell has in his hand, is a letter of recommendation just delivered to him by this gentleman. The Captain, it says, is a man of honour, and his sword is at your service. In reply to Rakewell's enquiry, whether he is the Captain, he exclaims, "*I am the man*," and thereupon lays his right hand on his sword,—while he places his left upon that part, which is not only the seat of his honour, but of the courage with which he brandishes his weapon when once he has drawn it. We ought to observe, that the billet is signed—*Wm. Stab*;—from which we may infer, that the Captain does not scruple, occasionally, to employ a somewhat shorter blade than that now hanging by his side. Roucquet finds fault with our artist for having introduced this character, which he says—and very justly too—is not English but Italian. But all that Hogarth has meant to say here is, that the gentleman in his night-cap and slippers possesses, in addition to his other many virtues, that of poltroonery.

Behind the Bravo stands a man blowing the French-horn, and holding his left hand in his breeches. The Captain's letter of recommendation will certainly be no loser by the ani-

mating notes of the musician. Music has the same influence upon the mind, that warmth has upon the body: it rarefies, and by rarefying, expands it. This horn-player is surely sketched from nature: I imagine this to be the case from the situation of his left hand, and the buttoning of the two lower buttons of his coat, in order to conceal it. Hogarth had undoubtedly seen a man playing the French-horn in this attitude; although he might probably not know the reason of his doing so. — I remember to have frequently observed, in my youth, a performer on this instrument who used to stand in precisely a similar position; and I knew that he did it that he might avoid a disease which is often brought on by great straining—and nothing causes greater straining, than blowing the French-horn. The intention of the action in the case I speak of could not be mistaken; for if the performer occasionally removed his hand on arriving at a *piano* passage, he was sure to replace it at the next *forte*:—the good man looked as if he was perpetually about to pull out his watch!

The gentleman in the centre of the print, who, with his expanded tail and turkey-cock strut, appears to be defiling off before Rakewell, is a French dancing-master of that period; and is—as we cannot but perceive—a man of distinguished figure and remarkable address.* One may perceive that the inspiring and inflammable air of his nation actually raises him from the earth, which he touches only with his toes. It is pretended that this figure is *outré* and distorted. Yet what dancing-master—especially when as abstracted as this one is, in the enjoyment of his professional existence—does not occasionally cari-

cature and distort himself? It is the same with these teachers of bodily rhetoric, as with many of our Latin Professors—they have so many *syn-taxis ornata*, that it is impossible for them to express themselves unaffectedly.

That the left leg of this figure might at first be mistaken for the right one, ought perhaps to be imputed, as a fault, to the chair, which does not yield quite so readily as the atmosphere to the lines described by the dancing-master's limbs. The more delicate the motion the more liable it is to be impeded; a dancing-master may break his neck over a straw, that another person would not even feel. This happy mortal, (and that he is pre-eminently happy, we may be convinced by the expression of rapturous glory in his face—by the eyes nearly closed externally, and gazing internally upon the visions of his imagination—by the simpering mouth which is thus fashioned by contentment itself,)—this happy mortal, I say, is in the act of making with his body a *pas frisé*, which his *inward man* is contemplating with ineffable satisfaction, viewing it as he does in the purest unembodied form of ideal beauty! What peace of mind! what soul-felt complacency! Verily, Wisdom herself must be confounded, when she here beholds a pair of feet, that have brought their nimble possessor to the goal which he might have missed ten times over, if he had her head upon his shoulders. Behind the Dancing-master stands Du Bois, a French fencing-master—a portrait. He is in the attitude of one who is making a thrust with his foil, while he calls out to his adversary. This man is remarkable for his tragical end; he was run through the body in a duel (11th

* Mr. Nichols thinks that this is the celebrated dancing-master Essex (Anecdotes, p. 17, 3d edit.); but says nothing of it at page 210, where he specifies the portraits here given. Mr. Ireland believes him to be a Frenchman,—and in this opinion I coincide. But Essex is not a French name; nor is it probable that Hogarth would have drawn a countryman of his own with patches on his face: yet he might have some particular reasons for doing so, and perhaps the features alone belong to Essex. Fielding notices him in his *Tom Jones* (book xiv. chap. 1.), where he says—that had Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, united their talents, they would never have been able to produce such a work as Essex's " *Rudiments of Genteel Education.*" This figure, therefore, becomes doubly valuable, if we attribute its air of evident exultation to a consciousness of a superiority over those ancients whom the dancing-master may either imagine to belong to his own profession, or pity, because they did not.

May, 1734) with an Irishman of the same name and profession; he retired from the field of battle on foot, but died a few days afterwards of his wound. Sure enough, similiar names and professions (especially such a profession as this) in the same town, might be likely to occasion mortifying *qui pro quos*:—as the namesakes, therefore, were both privileged dispensers of the *specific for all complaints of honour*,—the matter was arranged fraternally; and the danger of mistake for ever obviated. Although our fencing-master has no adversary in front, whose thrusts he can parry, he has one at his back, who casts upon him a look, the keen thrust of which could not be parried by all the Du Bois in the world:—it is the glance of still, silent contempt, sharpened by the evident consciousness of superiority. This comes from the person standing against the wall with two formidable cudgels beneath his arm—himself looking somewhat like a third. His name was Figg,* he was the greatest cudgel-player of his time, and—if we do not quarrel about words—really a great man. He could have levelled an ox with his fist, and tamed a menagerie with his quarter-staff. This contrast of the British Athlet with the French Fencer is admirably happy: we have here the solid and durable British oak opposed to the fluttering French aspen; the club of Hercules to a foil—the lion to the animal that crows. With what an expression of disdain, spread over his broad unruffled countenance, does Figg rest against the wall, and witness the comic fencing-solo of Du Bois! His look plainly informs us that he is not only able to hew the fencer into pieces, but, if necessary, to devour the pieces themselves afterwards.

On Figg's left hand, in conjunction with the Venus in the picture, stands old Bridgeman the gardener, presenting a plan to Rakewell, who is at present too much engaged with the *utile* to have any leisure to attend to the *dulce*. This head, has, in my

opinion, all the air of being a portrait.—What an expression of honesty in the countenance! He seems to be the honestest man at the levee, and it is probably for this very reason that the master of the house turns his back upon him. Such a face is a real annuity for life,—although now drawing to its close. Deafness, and a paralytic motion of the head, would not have rendered the original at all less interesting. The artist has been blamed for having placed in the hands of this celebrated embellisher of grounds, who was the first to banish the formal Dutch regularity from gardens, a plan in which the formal system is so conspicuous.—But may not this be evidently intended to shew us want of taste in Rakewell, who has before rejected many better designs? Or may not Bridgeman, who is holding more than one plan, present this first, by way of feeling his employer's pulse. Yet this idea is somewhat too refined. In fact, for the *hieroglyphic* of a garden, a plan in the Dutch style is much more convenient than a modern English one; to the latter it would have been necessary to have added the words, "*Garden Plan*."—I must observe, by way of parenthesis, that this excellent man was the first that ventured to banish clipped trees, and that he was the inventor of what are called Ha Ha's.

Kneeling before our hero, is a Jockey, who has won for him a heavy silver bowl, which he now presents in this attitude—probably because he can thus hold it more conveniently, till his master has transacted his more important concerns. For a hundredth part of a such a prize, old Rakewell had not only forgotten all his other temporal concerns, but eternity itself into the bargain. Upon the bowl is engraved the race horse and his rider, above which figures is inscribed—"Won at Epsom," and beneath the name of the horse—"Silly Tom." This is the use which Hogarth has made of his hero's christian name, at which we hinted in the preceding plate.

* He died in the year 1734. There is a portrait of him painted by Ellis, and engraved in mezzotinto by Faber. In S. Ireland's illustrations, are many anecdotes of him, and a card that Hogarth designed for him. The authors who mention him, speak of him as a perfect wonder. His forte consisted in the use of broad sword and quarter staff.

The horse is called Tom, like his master, and like him suffers himself to be ridden upon by other people for their own advantage—which he would not do were he not *silly*.

I have known instances of Englishmen who have at first read the word *filly* instead of *silly*; and indeed, few persons would expect to find the latter epithet beneath the portrait of an English racer. A noble, generous creature, that stands many degrees above other horses in the scale of animal perfection, and not unfrequently above its master himself. Here it seems to be disgraced merely for the purpose of inculcating a moral lesson to its owner.

Thus Hogarth informs us that his hero keeps racers, and, as we may perceive, from the two portraits of combatants against the wall, fighting cocks also. And if, in addition to this, he bestows his golden apples among such *fighting-hens* as the three who stand before Paris, we shall be able very easily to divine what will be the end, not of this upstart,—but of this *downturn*. At the harpsicord sits a man, apparently not very young, although when viewed from behind of a very respectable appearance. Before him a new Opera lies open. "*The rape of the Sabines*,"—upon the right hand leaf are the names of the performers, and on the top line is *Romulus*, SEN. FAR.—undoubtedly meaning Farinelli, a celebrated singer of that day, with whom we shall by and by become better acquainted. Then follow the ravishers themselves, very whimsically numbered *first, second, third ravisher*,—with the abbreviations of their names; and what gives this idea so much Hogarthian pleasantry, is, that these dreadful ravishers were, one and all, artificially prepared for soprano singers. It is to be observed too, that the word *ravish* has another meaning, which, it is probable, did not occur to Hogarth, at the time, for it would rather have diminished than increased the force of the intended satire:—to *ravish* means also to enrapture, and in this sense, Farinelli may certainly be said to have been a most notorious ravisher of ladies. Then come the virgins;—Signora Str——dr, Signora Ne——gr——se;—all *natural* sopranos, it is true, but most *artificial* virgins! These ladies belong to the well-

known order of female Sabines, who wander through, and sing in every country of Europe; where they extort fines from the other sex, in revenge for the lost honour of their grandmothers, giving them in return a symbol of the fatal history by way of quittance; after which they proceed with their booty to the *Agro Sabino*.

Upon the back of the chair, on which the Harpsicord player sits, hangs a long roll of paper; which, at first sight, might be taken for a petition to a *certain house*; and the company, too, has somewhat the appearance of a gang come to press subscribers into their service. This, however, is not the case: it is a list of the presents which have been made to the ravisher Farinelli, who had then quavered himself into a princely fortune. "A list of the rich presents Signor Farinelli, the Italian singer, condescended to accept of the English nobility and gentry for one night's performance in the Opera of Artaxerxes. — A pair of diamond buckles by —; a diamond ring by —; a bank-note in a rich gold case; a gold box, with the history of Orpheus enchanting the beasts, by Thomas Rakewell." Bravo! among these animals, it appears, was one justly called silly Tom!

These are the costly toys: then come the various sums, 100, 200, 300 guineas as we may suppose. Below lies the frontispiece to a poetical panegyric on Farinelli, inscribed by its author to our Rakewell. Thus racers, fighting cocks, strumpets, and poets, devour something in the course of a year. The frontispiece represents Farinelli upon an altar, where hearts are burning; before him are ladies, some kneeling, and some standing; offering to him flaming hearts,—a most extraordinary present to bring to such a deity. The high-priestess exclaims "one God! one Farinelli!" and it is asserted that, during the time that so many persons were infected by this Tarantula-mania, a lady actually uttered these words aloud in one of the boxes, being plunged in an ecstasy of rapture at the warblings of the Castrato.

But who, after all, is the man seated before the harpsichord;—for it most undoubtedly represents some well known character of that day?

Englishmen themselves are not agreed as to who is the person intended, and no foreigner can possibly decide such a question as this: but it certainly cannot be Farinelli. No youthful fair one would think of offering her heart to such a figure as this—such a thing is not credible for a single moment. Place whatever you will upon the altar, be it marble, or wood, or what it may,—for Heaven's sake let it be in the shape of youth! It is generally reported to be our own great countryman, Handel: Trusler expressly says so, and I have myself recently been assured, on the authority of a person who knew Hogarth, that this figure is most certainly Handel. Nichols is of a contrary opinion; but he merely founds it upon an hypothesis of Sir John Hawkins: "Handel," says Sir John, "valued himself too much to bring himself into such a situation; therefore, the artist would hardly have ventured to expose him thus." Now it seems to me that this is of no weight at all. One must be very little acquainted with the spirit of satire in general, and more particularly with the spirit of Hogarth's satire, to impute to it such scruples. The figure of Handel,—which many thousand persons must have frequently seen placed in this attitude before the instrument,—probably pleased our artist; and in consequence of being thus well known to the public, it was calculated to answer his purpose by serving as a universally intelligible sign for music, just as Bridgeman's head does for gardening. I must own that it would have been an unpardonable thing to have given us here Handel's features; but it is the *art*, not the man that is here made so prominently conspicuous; and this circumstance removes all idea of intentional offence. Yet if it be really Handel who is here before us, Hogarth has made ample reparation by the manifesto which he has fixed to the chair; and we may be permitted to interpret as follows the artist's meaning.—"This is the man upon whom should be conferred those presents which thou, my country! lavishest upon wretched eunuchs! If thou must bestow thy wealth upon a stranger, at least bestow it upon one whose melodies, so far from unnerving thy manly feelings, rouse, excite, and animate to deeds that are worthy of

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thyself. But as for those—give them brickbats instead of bread."

Now for a peep into the anti-room; where we find all the characters ready for the second act of this morning comedy, and the bell about to ring. A milliner is listening with great resignation to the somewhat furious address of a man, who, to judge from his gesticulation, is quarrelling about precedency: this person, who may be a shoemaker, is afraid that he shall be the last to be admitted into the presence chamber. Next to him is one who, according to Gilpin, is a French taylor; and then comes a French perruquier:—the former has a new gala-suit on his arm, the latter a new wig in his box. This is indeed something like a taylor! what a difference between him and the village theosophist, who measured our hero for his mourning! You might swear that that fellow was a cobbler; but this gentleman might almost be mistaken for a minister of state. To all appearance, both the taylor and perruquier have come hither in a coach. Who is the tall figure standing by the looking glass? He appears to be some one either upon half-pay, or out of place. But the poet! the poet with an epistle to Rakewell in his hand! He who does not sympathize in the felicity felt by this man while he reads his own verses, probably for the hundredth time, has never been the father of a single line, and is consequently unacquainted with one of the greatest domestic enjoyments with which it has pleased Heaven to cheer human existence—no matter whether placed in a garret, at Twickenham, or at Ferney! Observe with what affection and paternal rapture he regards his metrical offspring; while his right hand is placed upon his heart, as if to prove the sincerity of his feelings:—his peruke too is precisely in the fashion of Voltaire's! Did we not already know that Hogarth had himself written verses, we could not have failed to suspect it, after viewing this poetaster's head.

Between the portraits of the game cocks, hangs the Judgment of Paris. The arrangement of these pictures shows us the taste of its possessor, or at least of his major-domo—or perhaps his major-domo may be a sly dog, and intend the cocks as a stroke levelled at poor Paris. The

two animals stand there as if the three goddesses were so many hens; while Paris sits there as if they were so many cocks. Is it at all probable, that this picture is a copy of one that had been in the possession of Francis I.—and sold to Rakewell as an original?

François I. Roi de France avoit un tableau que l'on disoit être sans défaut; il permit à tout le monde de le venir considérer, et ordonna qu'on lui fit parler tous ceux qui y trouveroient des défauts. Ce tableau representoit Junon, Venus, Pallas, et Paris nuds. Rabelais, après l'avoir examiné long-tems, dit qu'il trouvoit un grand défaut de jugement: on le fit parler au Roi, qui lui ayant demandé quel étoit ce défaut, il repondit à sa Majesté, que Paris étant au milieu des trois plus belles déesses du ciel, ne devoit pas être représenté d'un si sang-froid; et que c'étoit se tromper lourdement que de penser que ce Prince, jeune et vigoureux, fut ainsi demeuré sans donner quelque signe qu'il étoit homme, devant trois déesses nues, qui tachoient à l'envie de lui plaire."

This is quoted from the anonymous explainer of Hogarth, from whom Mr. Ireland borrowed the observa-

tion. But how happened it that neither recollected that their great countryman Burke has solved this problem with his peculiar philosophical acumen. The passage occurs in his *Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful*, Part 4. Sect. 9, and to this I must refer the reader. Were it brought into contact with the one before quoted, they would by their affinity produce a *third*, which is quite as well omitted.

In front of the harpsichord is the maker's name: the words, if I am not mistaken, (for they are not very legible,) are *J. Makoon fecit*. In all probability, this is another stroke at the tastelessness and extravagance of the possessor, or the imposition of the vender. But the English annotators take no notice whatever of such traits as these; they ought, however, to have considered, that, although containing no difficulty for the artist's contemporaries, time renders them obscure. And we may be sure too, that Hogarth did not insert this name without being convinced that it was the most appropriate he could select for his purpose.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate III.

Naturalists, particularly chemists, have observed, that man, and every animal that breathes, and wishes to retain its breath as long as possible, ought to inhale a mixture, consisting of one part of pure vital air, and three parts of deadly air. This is a most remarkable fact: immerse a man entirely in the latter, and he will neither breathe nor eat again. Plunge him entirely into the former—O! how rapidly burns the flame of life! with sixfold brilliancy it glows! Youth flashes with greater energy on the cheek!—The powers of digestion are increased with sixfold force! But the fire blazes out too impetuously, and we fear—yes we fear—that if this vital energy be continued much longer it will produce—*eternal life*! How wisely, therefore, has nature tempered the air of eternal life in our atmosphere, by combining it with a treble portion of deadly gas! Did we consist entirely of soul, we should all shoot up into fanatics and devotees, fit neither for heaven nor for earth; but the five well-known dampers

hinder this too luxuriant growth, and cause the soul to vegetate more slowly. But what, exclaims my reader, is the drift of all this? In the second plate, our hero was in a *forcing-house*; here we behold him in a *damp-ing* one. He has to-day been fencing, dancing, been taking a lesson upon the harpsicord, another upon the French horn, a third with the quarter-staff; he has listened to a poetical reading, and has dispatched an infinitude of domestic business. Exertion like this requires rest, that the mind may recruit its powers against the employment of the morrow; and this he finds here, in rather an extraordinary manner, it must be confessed, but that is not our concern, it is merely a matter of taste. Here then reposes our indefatigable hero,—in a tavern;—and whether it is a regular, or merely an *extempore* brothel, I will not take upon me to decide. In London, money will soon convert any room into a library, picture gallery, museum, or a seraglio. Our hero has made choice of the latter for a friend

and himself: and it is stocked with Oriental liberality, for,—not reckoning the little toad of a ballad singer at the door,—here are ten ladies to two men, or rather two men to ten ladies. Terrible work is going on here; and it has lasted some time too—for it is impossible that all the light we perceive in the apartment should proceed from the four luminaries in the back ground. The sun has already risen, and is reflected in the bottles: this circumstance is a fortunate one for us, since, without its assistance, we should not have been able to discover half the devastations committed under this reign of terror. There he sits, or, at least, all that now remains of him, and that, in truth, is but little. Out of the *six* senses which he brought hither, there is now hardly one that is left entire; and the remnants are not worth mentioning. His clothes hang about him as loosely as his limbs upon him—following merely the laws of gravity. The left* stocking has already reached nearly as far as it can descend, an example which will be followed by the breeches on the very first motion, and then by their master himself. To all appearance he has already had a little dispute with the laws of gravitation, in consequence of which the chair behind him has been broken. What more than mortal felicity in this countenance! All the trifling remnant of words yet hovering on those lips, appear to be collected there merely to make us comprehend the indescribable happiness of insensibility. At his side hangs his sword across its sheath, thus already prepared to droop as an ensign over the carcase of the hero as soon as he falls to the ground. We cannot possibly, however, suffer him to fall, without casting a look at the exploits he has achieved; and this leads us into a more particular survey of the field of battle.

Upon the ground, at no great distance from him, lie, as the trophies of his victories, the watchman's lantern and official quarter-staff: this is as honourable for the victor as if the watchman himself were lying there in *propria personâ*. Figg's pupil has acquitted himself well. Close by these, and almost under the point

of our hero's sword, lies the noblest object that a hero's sword could reach—the head of Julius Cæsar. A particular Cæsarean operation has laid the emperor of the world thus low in dust, in the midst of broken glasses, pill-boxes, and the fragments of the horn lantern. In his drunken frolic (which by the bye is the most proper occasion he could have chosen for such a purpose)—Rakewell has conceived the idea of restoring the Roman republic, and, in conjunction with his Jacobin coadjutor, has attacked without mercy the zodiac of emperors, that displayed itself in state upon the walls. The arrangement of the signs, are, as we perceive, in exact analogy to the whole system of the apartment, with all its moveables inanimate and animate.

Sunt Aries, Cancer, Virgo, Gemini, Leo, Taurus, &c.

The tyrants—at least as many of them as are visible to us,—are all decapitated—with the exception of Nero; but he was one for whom our hero had a kind of fraternal feeling; he was a true infernal blood, one who not only had a *head*, but deserved to keep it. For the rest, one cannot help thinking that it looks as if all the vacant spaces were heads, or all the heads vacant spaces: as may have often been the case in Rome itself. Augustus seems to be stretching out a tolerably long tongue, as if in derision of the poor republic. Vitellius looks now—at least, in our copy—very respectable in a wig and band; while the worthy Vespasian has a head of most *swinish* outline. In lieu of the first Cæsar (who really hung here in the first impressions of this plate) they have put into the frame a stout squat figure that certainly *fills* the frame in a most imperial manner; and seems well able to support the whole *orbis terrarum*. This being's name was Pontac; and, as Mr. Ireland assures us, he was a very eminent cook.—The anonymous commentator confesses that he does not know what to make out of this *Paunch*, but conjectures that he may be some celebrated pimp: in all probability, therefore, it is the landlord

* This print was reversed in the German which is here described.

of this very house, whom Rakewell has thus elevated to Cæsar's station.

Tyran, descend du trone, et fais place à ton maitre !

The looking glass—that universal portrait of all present—has not escaped any more than the imperial likenesses:—the fracture has probably been occasioned by the sword of Rakewell, who has been committing *suicide*. In the general tumult and confusion, the victuals have been flung into a corner of the room, which, as we may perceive, was already occupied. The aboriginal possessor of this territory is a particular utensil, which people are apt to use somewhat unceremoniously, and which occasionally serves them very unceremoniously in return: this is now pouring forth its superfluity, most ungrudgingly, over a roast chicken with a fork sticking in its breast, as well as over picked bones, plates, lemons, and jelly-glasses. The gentleman's cane is lying broken at no great distance. In the fore-ground is a heap of clothes, the peeling of some lady, who, to be more at her ease, has been stripping herself to the very quick: the vestments reach along the ground as far as the Cæsar's-head, which serves to connect them with a box of pills.

Such are the havock and devastation that has taken place amongst the objects of inanimate nature: let us now view the destruction that has happened to the animated part. Wearisomeness and exhaustion have produced, as usual, an appearance of something like soberness, and the arrangement of the figures is, at least, picturesque. The heads form a line, gradually rising from the right to the left, till we arrive at the bald pate, when they decline, in a similar manner, on the other side towards the horizon, till we return nearly to the spot from which we first set out. For this observance of order amidst disorder, we may thank the table, which, by its inflexible neutrality, maintains peace where, had there been a few inches less wood between the parties, blows and murder must have inevitably ensued. In short, this same physical distance is a most excellent peace maker; as we may convince

ourselves by examining a map of the world.

A hat with white feathers is making its court to the black feathered one of our hero. It is to this that its wearer owes her victory over so many rivals.—It is true, the booty all goes into the common stock, but still all the honour belongs to her. With her right hand this fair creature is making an attack upon his heart, in order to feel his pulse at the very source. Yet this is only a feint; the real attack is directed against another beating matter, his watch, and this is consigned over to a party in the rear, while the eye of the fair plunderer keeps another *watch* of a different species.

The indifference with which the rear-guard receives the booty is expressed in a most capital manner: one would hardly suppose that such a face could countenance such transactions. Her right hand, supported by its elbow on the back of the vanquished enemy's chair, takes the watch as coolly as it would a soap-ball; she seems as if inclined to play with the prize before she deposits it in the treasury—and that, too, close to Rakewell's ear! but she doubtless knows very well how such ears keep guard. That Hogarth thought no little of this face is evident from the foil with which he has set it off. Here is again English flesh and blood opposed to a complexion of African soot. What flashes of lightning the little black Satan shoots from her eyes! They are the brightest sparklers in the piece. She directs her glances towards the door, where a wench, in the attitude of the performer on the French-horn in the preceding plate, is blaring out the ballad of the *Black Joke*. The good creature is black herself, and likes a joke too, be its colour what it may: she holds up her finger to her mouth: perhaps out of a little modesty she intended to hold her whole hand before her face, but, upon reflection, she feels that there is no occasion for it here.

At the table are two remarkable female dragon-heads; one of them is spitting out fire, the other poisoned wine: the contest has, perhaps, hitherto been carried on merely by the weapons in their mouths, or they

contented themselves with discharging at each other volleys of interjections and ejaculations; and now having fired away all their ammunition of that kind, they have recourse to more solid arms. One employs a knife, the other a fire-engine.

Perhaps the nymph, who is in a blaze, has been requesting a draught of the Naiad of the Fount, who is now endeavouring to extinguish her flame; and dispatches the liquor to her in a rainbow shape, while she prudently secures the fount itself with both her hands. A few inches less wood between them and here might be work indeed! Between this warlike pair, and at the very summit of the pyramid into which the figures are grouped, is a couple most peaceably disposed. We cannot help discerning, even through the cloud which the fumes of wine have cast over the features of the nymph, the faint glimmering of a different flame. She appears willing to decoy a poor ninny of a fellow upon her own account, and therefore, probably, she attempts with but little success.

The two remaining figures at the table are very easily to be understood: they represent the mechanical part of the art of drinking, as seen in the first and last stages of its progress. One lady has still perfect self-possession, and is drinking with a gay and careless air, holding her glass merely with her left hand, as if it were no more than a pinch of snuff, and the bottle in her right, which is hanging down by her side, yet still retains its power. The other, who has evidently drunk too much, is obliged to employ both her hands to carry her glass to her head, and seems as if unable to swallow another drop. In the former we may almost fancy that we behold the poet of Greece, who quaffs his copious draughts of inspiration, and of Chian wine together, but always with a graceful air; in the other some modern Anacreon, who greedily seizes hold of his strong ale, and—luckily enough for his readers—spills half of it on his own breeches.

There is yet a lady remaining in the back-ground, whom we detect perpetrating a very portentous act: she holds a light in her hand, and is evidently employed in setting fire to something that is neither more nor

less than the *orbis terrarum* itself—*totus mundus*. His selecting a w—for such an employment shows that Hogarth was well acquainted with ancient history, and with the earliest specimen of the sublimest species of poetry. Perhaps, too, something more may be intended here; one of Hogarth's commentators settles the matter very soon; he supposes that the lady finds herself neglected by the company, and in a fit of rage sets fire to the world, although she herself should perish with it. What an extraordinary manner is this of entering into the spirit of Hogarth's humour! If such were her intention, it would have been better to have held the candle under the staircase, and set fire to Monsieur Pontac's house at once. No! if this action originates in any thing more than the mere desire of committing mischief, which is so usual with drunken people, it has a much deeper signification; and the following interpretation, if not precisely the true one, is, at least, more in unison with Hogarth's genius than the above. A person who intends to set fire to the world, not allegorically, but literally—that is to say, in a map—indubitably begins, should the said map be hanging up against a wall, by applying the light to the lower edge. But that is not the case with this *Helen*, who appears to select a particular spot; which purpose she does not effect without considerable exertion, being obliged to raise herself upon her toes. Now, unless I am greatly mistaken, this spot is situated exactly on the eastern coast of America;—and may not the nymph intend to fire the world, in *effigy*, at the very place from whence the first American discoverers imported what has kindled a flame in the old world, which we are still attempting in vain to extinguish?

The lady in the foreground, who appears to be at her toilette, was an infamous creature, known under the title of the *posture-woman*. Trusler informs us, that she was called Aratine—probably Aretine. She is to be served up in a dish trussed like the fowl with the fork sticking in its breast. The dish that is now being brought in at the door, and to which the baboon, who is carrying it, holds a candle, in order to announce the spectacle to the company, is the stage

upon which she will figure. This is certainly abominable enough.

Upon the rim of the dish is, "John Bonvine (*Bon Vin*) at the Rose Tavern, Drury-lane;" and thus we are informed of the street and house where such orgies used to be solemnized. The name *Bonvin* corroborates our conjecture respecting Pontac. Even the baboon too is a portrait of a notorious fellow, who was waiter at the Rose, known by the name of Leather-coat. He must have distinguished himself very much; since Fielding brought him upon the stage so early as 1732, in his Covent Garden tragedy, under the name of Leathersides. He is said to have been in great repute among the trade. Whoever wished to lay in a stock of Ame-

rican ware was sure of being directed by him to the best dealer.—Rake-well has certainly been making application to this negotiator.

I do not exactly comprehend what is intended by the servant, who is bringing a dish down stairs, or what it is he has got; but he is certainly not introduced here for nothing. Is it intended to inform us that there are similar doings in the upper stories, or that this room is underground, and therefore a cellar? for in England they generally carry the meat up, and not down from the kitchen.

Nichols rightly observes, that these are not the manners of the present day: yet the priests and the idols continue, probably, the same: it is only the Liturgy that is altered.

To the Editor.

Mr. Editor,—The riddling lines which I send you, were written upon a young lady, who, from her diverting sportiveness in childhood, was named by her friends THE APE. When the verses were written, L. M. had outgrown the title—but not the memory of it—being in her teens, and consequently past child-tricks. They are an endeavour to express that perplexity, which one feels at any alteration, even supposed for the better, in a beloved object; with a little oblique grudging at TIME, who cannot bestow new graces without taking away some portion of the older ones, which we can ill miss.

THE APE.

An Ape is but a trivial beast,
Men count it light and vain;
But I would let them have their thoughts,
To have my Ape again.

To love a beast in any sort,
Is no great sign of grace;
But I have loved a flouting Ape's
'Bove any lady's face.

I have known the power of two fair eyes,
In smile, or else in glance,
And how (for I a lover was)
They make the spirits dance;

But I would give two hundred smiles,
Of them that fairest be,
For one look of my staring Ape,
That used to stare on me.

This beast, this Ape, it had a face——
If face it might be styl'd——
Sometimes it was a staring Ape,
Sometimes a beauteous child——

A Negro flat—a Pagod squat,
Cast in a Chinese mold——

And then it was a Cherub's face,
Made of the beaten gold!

But TIME, that's meddling, meddling still
And always altering things—
And, what's already at the best,
To alteration brings—

That turns the sweetest buds to flowers,
And chops and changes toys—
That breaks up dreams, and parts old friends,
And still commutes our joys—

Has changed away my Ape at last,
And in its place convey'd,
Thinking therewith to cheat my sight,
A fresh and blooming maid!

And fair to sight is she—and still
Each day doth sightlier grow,
Upon the ruins of the Ape,
My ancient play-fellow!

The tale of Sphinx, and Theban jests,
I true in me perceive;
I suffer riddles; death from dark
Enigmas I receive:

Whilst a hid being I pursue,
That lurks in a new shape,
My darling in herself I miss—
And, in my Ape, THE APE.

1806.

OCHLENSCHÄGER'S CORREGGIO.*

THIS is a dramatic poem of a very remarkable description: highly characteristic of a peculiar cast of taste and intellect: most curious as an example of national literature: and interesting as a specimen of a class of composition with which readers in this country are but little acquainted. Goethe has said of the elegant Olympic Theatre at Vicenza, built by Palladio, in imitation of the antient theatres, that, compared with the modern edifices, it suggested the idea of a noble and beautiful child, placed in comparison with men, who, though of much inferior natural endowments, know better how to avail themselves practically of the gifts of nature. This remark might be applied, with slight alteration, to our great Danish dramatist. His compositions—and this in particular—exhibit great powers; but effect and interest are not produced by them in proportion to their extent—that is to say, to common apprehensions.

This drama can scarcely have been written with a view to representation. As a poem, it might be classed under

the head *Eidyllia*. It has but little action; and the little that there is, often appears interrupted: the soliloquies are frequent and long; the dialogue does not hurry us on:—but, then, if the stream loiters, it is still a stream bright and pellucid: it seems to linger as if detained by the luxuriance of the images which it reflects—and which would, for a while, arrest its charmed course. The reader who is content to relinquish strong situations for beauty of language, and delicate simplicity, will frequently be delighted by that strain of tenderness and grace that breathes in many passages, and by the minuteness of finish that will captivate him in others.

Correggio has recently been termed, by an English critic, one of the loveliest creations of poetry—but we presume that he did not mean also to assert that it was one of the most masterly and agitating of tragedies. There is certainly no deficiency of pathos; but then it is the pathos of sentiment, not of passion;—not of wild and turbulent emotion. The

* Imported by Bonie, York Street.

characters of Antonio Allegri, and of his wife, are most affectingly amiable: they are pure, generous, sublime beings:—God forbid that we should say they are too ideal! The former, feeling the deepest enthusiasm for his art, and displaying this feeling in the loveliest creations it is capable of producing, is nevertheless harassed with doubts as to his own talents; sinking into despondency, and at length driven to despair. However fascinating these characters may be in the closet, they are touched with a delicacy that seems incompatible with the effect necessary for the stage; where we should feel that their introduction would be, to a certain degree, their degradation likewise.

In order to enable the reader to judge of the correctness of our opinion, we shall here present him with an abstract of the subject. Unfortunately, the author has not prefixed to this production any thing like a preface, which might have brought us acquainted with the motives of his choice; or in what degree he himself conceived it to be eligible for the stage. To us, his object appears to have been the delineation of an intense love for art, and its reaction upon the mind and heart; also of that pure tenderness, in which truly gentle dispositions can alone indulge, and which, unfortunately for us, is sufficient of itself to stamp the piece of which it forms a feature, with the character of the romantic and the ideal.

Another remark before we proceed to the story:—the author has avoided the terms act and scene, and has divided the piece into five *actions*: this circumstance, therefore, seems to indicate that he does not wish it to be considered as a regular dramatic production. We first of all behold an open place in the village of Correggio; having, on one side, an inn—on the other Antonio's little dwelling, where he is painting a Virgin, Christ, and St. John. For the model of the former, his wife Maria has sat to him; and he is now employed upon the St. John, with his own little Giovanni for a model. He is visited by Silvestro, a hermit residing in the neighbouring wood, to whom he makes a present of a picture of a Magdalen, of which we hear again. No sooner has the holy father retired,

than Battista, the inn-keeper, makes his appearance; and he reproves Antonio for permitting the little Giovanni to scrawl figures upon the inn wall. He has long been envious of Antonio's reputation, and of his being visited by all travellers who pass through the place; nor is this enmity, which he is disposed to feel towards the artist, at all diminished by the intelligence he has just received from Rome, that his son Francisco, who had been sent to study there, has no capacity for the art—of which fact Antonio had assured him before.

At this juncture Ottavio, a nobleman of Parma, who is a patron of Battista's, and who promises to take his son into his employment—confides to the irritated and revengeful man the secret of his passion for the painter's wife. This information is highly gratifying to Antonio's enemy; for he foresees the destruction of the envied domestic felicity of our artist. Ottavio purchases the Madonna of Antonio, and invites him to Parma, to paint some subjects for him in his palace.

In the second action we discover Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano, who are detained in their journey through Correggio, by an accident which has occurred to their vehicle. While the latter goes to visit the paintings in the church, Battista addresses the former, whom he finds to be the celebrated Buonarrotti. Michael inquires who is the painter whom he sees at work: the crafty host promises to introduce him; but previously acquaints Antonio, that the man who sits drinking before the inn, is a rude fellow, who has insulted the painter's powers, and whom it will be well to treat pretty severely. When he pays his visit, Michael at first expresses great admiration at Antonio's colouring; but, offended by the reception he meets with, begins to criticise the performance. Struck with astonishment at the boldness of the stranger's remarks, the painter wishes to know who he really is; when, catching hold of his hand, he perceives, by a very particular ring he wears, that it is Michael Angelo himself. Driven to despair by the contempt which the great Florentine artist has expressed for his labours, he determines to renounce his profession. Indulging in his des-

pondency, he proceeds to finish up the picture that has been purchased by Ottavio, when Giulio Romano, who is now returned, expresses enthusiastic admiration at the sight of so lovely a picture. Antonio is raised from the depth of despair to the summit of rapture, when he finds that he, who is so charmed with his performances, is no less a person than Giulio Romano himself! Giulio convinces Michael of the injustice he has been guilty of towards so admirable an artist. The latter recovers from his ill humour, and presents to Maria, the wife of Correggio, his ring, which he requests her husband will wear.

Neither Michael nor Giulio appear again. The scene is now transferred to Parma, in Ottavio's picture gallery. This signor is upon the point of being married to a beautiful Florentine lady, named Celestina; notwithstanding which, he yields to the passion with which Maria has inspired him. But, on his sounding Antonio with respect to the attachment he feels for his wife, and discovering that he sincerely and affectionately loves her, the gallant nobleman generously relinquishes all farther design upon her. Oppressed with the variety of the opposing emotions he has experienced in the course of the day, Antonio falls asleep; and, while thus sunken in the slumbers of exhausted nature, Ricordano, and his daughter Celestina, enter the gallery. The latter prepares to lay a wreath, which she holds in her hand, before Raffael's picture of St. Cecilia, when she discovers Correggio's piece; turns to it, and is struck with admiration at its beauties: she afterwards perceives the sleeping artist himself, whom she knows by the ring he wears, Giulio and Michael Angelo having related their adventure. Enraptured with this accidental discovery, she places the wreath upon his head, and immediately departs.

On awaking from his sleep, Correggio relates that he has had a singular vision, in which he imagined himself to be crowned with a wreath of laurel, by a beautiful Muse—when suddenly he finds the wreath actually on his brow.

The rapturous astonishment thus occasioned is quickly, however, di-

verted by Battista, who enters, carrying the sum for which Ottavio has purchased his picture, which he maliciously pays to him in copper. The scene, during the last act, lies in a wood near Correggio. Here is seen Silvestro the hermit's hut, and an oak formed into a kind of little chapel, where hangs the Magdalen which Antonio had presented to the recluse. This portion of the drama opens with a long soliloquy by Valentino, the captain of a band of robbers, who now, in the evening of his days, is oppressed by painful doubts and reflections: a short dialogue ensues between the hermit and the banditto, in which the former expresses the pleasure he feels on perceiving in the latter the workings of repentance. A party of the robbers now enter with Francisco, the son of Battista, whom they have made a prisoner, on his return home. The hermit intercedes for his life, entreating them not to profane, by a murder, a spot consecrated by the image of a saint: and, thus appealed to, they relent, confessedly through veneration for the beautiful creation of Correggio's pencil.

The banditti retire; and Antonio is seen approaching, exhausted with fatigue, and carrying upon his shoulders the 70 scudi which he has received in copper in payment for his picture. He throws himself down beside a little stream, and cries in a desponding tone—

Onward I cannot—for my powers fail me:
Heavens! there bubbles the clear spring.

* * * * * hand be my cup!—
Ah! it avails not: it serves rather to in-
crease

The feverish thirst that rages in my veins,
Yet, could I reach my home, and to those
dear ones

This burthen bear!—How will my fond
Maria

Alarm herself, now shady eve approaches,
And I away—blood mounts into my brain!

(Takes the wreath off his head, and ex-
amines it.)

This still is fresh; it is my head that burns.
"To immortality I consecrate thee!"

Yet immortality begins from death!
Mysterious vision, was thy import this?

He is roused from his reflections
by the approach of a peasant girl from
the village, with a pitcher upon her
head. He entreats her to let him

drink: Lauretta complies with his request, and afterwards sings to him the following wild ballad:—

The elf dwells within the rock's hollow hall;
The pilgrim, he sits by the lone waterfall;
The froth is curling as white as snow—
Deep at the base of the rock below.

"Then, pilgrim, come, plunge in the
depth where I hover,
For so shalt thou be my dear trothed lover!

'Tis I thy soul from its body can free;
And then through the wood thou shalt
dance with me.

O! dash boldly in, where calleth the sprite;
Thy bones I will wash as ivory white.
Here shalt thou repose in my watery home,
While o'er thee the crystal torrent shall
foam."

The pilgrim, shuddering, heareth the song;
But his feet refuse to bear him along.
He beholds the golden-hair'd elf appear,
Who presents him a goblet of water clear;
And, as he the cooling beverage drinks,
Seiz'd with pain, and exhausted, he sud-
denly sinks.

A shudder runs through both his marrow
and blood;—

Alas! he hath drunk of the deadly flood:
He drops down pale where the roses are red,
And there reclineth the pilgrim dead.—
The current roars on through the eddying
pool;

His bones are bleach'd on the strand so cool.

Releas'd from its body, the soul now strays;
It wanders by night through the wood's
mazy ways;

In early spring, when the stream rages
most,

With the elf is seen dancing the pilgrim's
ghost.

Then the pale moon shines o'er the dark
groves high,

And the wave, beneath which his blanch'd
bones lie.

As soon as her song is concluded, she departs, leaving Antonio to ruminate upon the ominous and mysterious incident. At length he again takes up his heavy burthen, and proceeds homeward, in the hope of being able to bear to his wife and child the reward of his toil, and then die. A short conversation ensues between Maria and the little innocent Giovanni; at the end of which Antonio appears pale as death. Conscious of his fast-approaching dissolution, he requests his wife to summon

the hermit to perform for him the last offices of religion. During her absence, Battista and his son pass through the wood. The former hears, with remorse, that the life of the latter has been preserved by a painting of Correggio's. Maria returns with the holy man; but Antonio wakes no more; and the intelligence that now arrives, of the Duke of Mantua having called him to his court, cannot serve to diminish the affliction of his sorrowing friends. The child, who had been playing with flowers, unconscious that he was placing these ornaments upon the head of a parent that was to awake no more, bursts into tears—

My father sleeps not—he is dead; is dead.

Silvestro.

Weep, child forlorn; most justly may'st thou weep:

And thou, Maria, mix thy tears with mine:
The world alone shall wonder without sor-
row,

Since in his works he shall for ever live,
A noble pattern to the latest ages.
But we have lost a husband, father, friend—
A loss not all the world can now repair.
To heaven we look to meet him once again.

Out of such materials has Ochlen-schäger constructed, if not a drama of powerful interest, at least a dramatic poem of considerable pathos and sweetness. We do not consider the subject as particularly happy, although we think that the author has imparted to it as many beauties as it was capable of receiving. The reader will perceive how far he has adhered to, or deviated from, biographical tradition. The difficulties attending such a performance must be obvious to every one. It is unnecessary to point out the defective construction of a plot where so many of the characters are introduced merely for the sake of giving prominence to the principal figure; or where, if they excite an interest on their introduction, that interest is not afterwards gratified. Such are Giulio Romano, and Michael Angelo. Ottavio also is withdrawn from our view very suddenly, and so also is Ricordano—thus leaving in the mind of the reader something of the irritation of disap-
pointment.

appeals are made to the uninitiated— they who are only acquainted with the uninitiated— it has been termed by a German critic, visible even in the works of the

SONNET.

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

THE leaves are falling fast;—and they declare
 That summer days will shortly have an end;
 That soon the winter's stormy blast will bend
 The naked trees, that once, in the mild air,
 Waved their wide branches, while the sun's fair face
 Beam'd on their foliage, and the warbling race
 Chaunted melodiously a grateful song.
 And cannot all the art of man prolong
 Their stay? Ah, no!—And he like them must fall.
 Yes, he—perhaps before his summer's turn—
 Must yield him up to death's despotic call,
 Leaving his friends to follow and to mourn.
 Life passes like the season we deplore,
 And birds, and trees, and sky, for us shall soon be o'er.

Acton Place.

M. M.

LODOISKA AND HER DAUGHTER.

A ROMANCE BY MADAME DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.*

THIS work may well be styled a romance:—it is truly romantic, not only in respect of its incidents, which are at once extraordinary in themselves, and striking from the mode of their introduction,—but, more especially, as distinguished by a vein of poetical and impassioned sentiment, marked by highly coloured language, which is still more remote than even the occurrences of the narrative from what may be termed common life. The authoress,—wife of the celebrated Baron de La Motte Fouqué,—is not so good a writer as her husband, whose sweet tale of *Undine* has conferred on him a very high reputation with the lovers of fanciful and supernatural story; and whose wilder romance of *Sintram* we recently noticed on the occasion of its translation into English.—Madame La Baronne, however, is a very popular novelist in Germany,—and her works generally possess that power of creating a strong interest in the mind of the reader, which justifies popularity, and covers a multitude of literary sins. She delights to occupy herself with those subtle sensibilities of our nature, the language of which has such charms for some tastes, while it is disliked, and apt to be ridiculed, by others. Her appeals are made to the adepts in romantic feeling: the uninitiated,—they who are only acquainted with

the common movements of the human mind, might mistake for exaggeration or fantastic trifling, that exhibition of the more mysterious and refined workings of the heart, which constitute the excitements and attractions of her pages. The transports, however, with which such descriptions are welcomed by a large class of readers, and the zeal and devotion they awaken in the breasts of these, more than compensate an author for the sneers of the callous. The admiration they produce becomes heated by enthusiasm, in proportion as the cause is a peculiar one, and forms the distinction of a brotherhood:—it waxes proud, inasmuch as it lays claim to a further insight and a brighter light than fall to the lot of the multitude:—it is made a test of fidelity by those within the pale, in exactly the same degree that it is branded as heresy by those without.

It must, however, be confessed by all parties, that the besetting faults of such a style as that which has been adopted by Madame de la Motte Fouqué, are obscurity, straining after effect, and exaggeration:—and those who happen to be acquainted with her writings, will not, we think, acquit her entirely of having fallen into these. “The excess of romance,” as it has been termed by a German critic, visible even in the works of the

* Imported by Bohte, York Street.

Baron, and producing much that is confused, undefined, and incomprehensible,—is abundantly apparent in those of his wife. Her last novel, of which we are now about to render some account, is certainly marked by the poetry of passion, and breathes an intense and ardent spirit of love; yet a want of natural congeniality, of genuine character, occasions a disagreeable sensation in the mind of the reader, and leaves him at the conclusion dissatisfied. The thoughts and feelings do not combine kindly with the native sympathies of mankind; they float separately and superficially, like oil on water, instead of mingling intimately with our experience. A high degree of public civilization necessarily keeps down the vehement display of passion; yet the literature of this state of society is animated by an eager ambition to represent such a display: for want, however, of genuine models in nature, the colouring in description is generally conventional, false, and exaggerated. Effect in appearance, unaccompanied by moral efficacy, is the consequence:—and hence we find that nothing now is relished but the most highly seasoned preparations of passion and feeling, which are perused with avidity by the most heartless classes of society, and occupy the general attention equally with scandalous paragraphs, impertinent criticisms, and dissertations on dress.

Much of the vagueness, affectation, and indistinctness of the sentimental writings of the present day we would account for by the artificial state of public manners, and the diseased cravings of a jaded public taste. In these, we really think, have originated that species of composition in which Madame de la Motte Fouqué must be allowed to excel: where the moral *chiaroscuro* is that of an artificial, not of a natural light; where excess is the substitute for vigour, and forced situations supply the interest, instead of an easy and natural arrangement. Still, however, there is a charm naturally belonging to this sort of writing, to the influence of which we should be sorry to be insensible; and it belongs to the works of our present authoress, in a very remarkable manner. Her language, and the strain of sentiment and feeling in her productions,

affect the mind similarly to the sounds of an Eolian harp: the tones are deep and impressive, they penetrate the heart; but they die away too abruptly, and do not possess that rich fulness, and enchanting connection, that testify to the triumph of art. The events in the novels of Madame de la Motte Fouqué are involved in misty obscurity: the figures are deficient in decision of *contour*,—the eye can hardly trace a definite outline. We are perpetually at a loss to know the particular drift of the writer; what she intends to inculcate or illustrate. She is apt also to attach interest to circumstances that promise much and perform little:—her passages often “lead to nothing.”

The story of Lodoiska and her daughter is given in a series of letters, written between the years 1773 and 1794: a considerable chasm, however, occurs in the correspondence, and a similar one in the history—viz. from 1775 to 1791. The narrative is entangled, and obscure; which is partly perhaps owing to the epistolary form adopted by the author. This is better adapted for the display of sentiment than to produce distinctness of detail: it leads unavoidably to repetitions, yet admits of greater intensity in the impassioned passages; it also provides opportunities for a complete and diversified view of the prominent situations, and favours the full developement of character, so as, in some measure, to compensate for the prolixity and confusion in the narrative which it tends to occasion.—These latter qualities are very apparent in the work before us: the authoress has not been able to manage the epistolary method so as to avoid involving the story and bewildering the reader: the plot of her novel must be termed perplexed; and many of the incidents which at first seem most promising and important, are afterwards entirely lost sight of. The interest, however, is, by one means or other, always forcibly kept up; and the passionate and descriptive passages are entitled to the highest praise.

The heroine of the two first volumes is Lodoiska:—in the third her daughter Verena, after her mother's decease, and an interval of sixteen years, reanimates the interest of the

story, which had appeared extinguished in the tomb of the former.

Lodoiska is sister to Count Vladislav Opalinsky,--a young Polish nobleman, who has long been a resident in France, where he has married the beautiful Melanié Chevreux. Our heroine, at the commencement of the story, returns from Prague to Dukla Castle, an old Tartar fortress, which is situated on the banks of some frozen lakes near the river Pruth, and is surrounded by gloomy forests of pine. In this melancholy, but romantic abode, Lodoiska awaits the arrival of her brother and his young wife, with no other companion but the old housekeeper Visnovieka, who had been her mother's favourite attendant, and her own nurse. Listening one evening to the old woman's gossiping, they are suddenly alarmed by the crackling of flames and the cry of fire. On opening the window shutters, the smoke rushes in, and they are placed in a situation of great peril. Luckily, however, for Lodoiska, a face, which, for beauty, and aptness of appearance, might have been taken for that of a guardian angel, presents itself before her; and she is at the same time seized by two strong arms connected with the said face, which bear her safely away from the scene of danger. Her preserver turns out to be a young German officer, a son of Count M. minister at the Court of Vienna. The high rank of his father has led to his appointment near the person of the *General*--by which appellation alone is known, throughout the novel, a personage who performs one of its most important parts, and constitutes one of its most prominent characters. As so much depends upon the *General* in the course of the history, we shall at once give his portrait, as sketched by Melanié, the French wife of Opalinsky, in a letter to her brother, Louis Chevreux, written soon after her arrival at the castle of Dukla.

We were yesterday visited by some Austrian officers of distinction, who have, as a preliminary step, taken possession of the territory which they intend eventually to wrest from Poland. Vladislav puts the best face he can upon a losing game; and he has an additional reason for doing so in this instance, because, among our guests, there is one who lately helped to extinguish the fire of which I have informed you.--

The principal of our visitors, in point of rank, was one of those generals who now command here. A Barbarian by origin--at least, belonging to one of those Hottentot countries by which we are surrounded, and which I can never distinguish one from the other--To me, he seems to be half a Turk; at least, one may discern in his physiognomy that oriental and barbarian mixture. His exterior has something about it very remarkable, without being very ugly. His bleached hair forms a singular contrast with his dark, long, and pointed eyebrows, and vivacious fiery eye.--His complexion is of a yellowish brown; his features, particularly his nose, are well formed; and his lips and teeth are still fresh. Without possessing the suppleness of a Pole, he manifests, nevertheless, a certain submission towards females that reminds us of our dominion, and shows too, rather agreeably, that he is capable of becoming the gentleman. Although somewhat bent by age and fatigue, his figure is still imposing. His smile is very remarkable--I might say, indicative of refinement, were it not for a certain cast of roughness perceptible in every expression of his countenance. I am the more particular in this detail in order to convince you, my dear Louis, that it is not cruelty in me to fan the rising flame which this poor general certainly feels for the little Lodoiska. By this means I hope to provide for the security of our family under the new government. I must own, nevertheless, that I hesitate whether to prefer the general or his young adjutant for Lodoiska--that brave fellow who assisted in quenching the fire, and who rescued the most valuable piece of property in the castle.

Lodoiska, however, does not hesitate at all in her choice. She complains to her friend Celestine of the importunities of the old Austrian general; likewise of the favour in which he stands with her sister-in-law. William, Lodoiska's deliverer from the fire, visits the castle as one of the General's suite: he soon discovers that he has a rival in his superior, and a rival whose pretensions are favoured by those who are able to further the views of a suitor. He, therefore, determines to apprise Lodoiska of the fate which he sees preparing for her, in order that she may be on her guard; still he does not yet openly declare his own attachment to her. That a passion exists between them, however, is evident; and Visnovieka (the nurse) expresses to Lodoiska her sorrow, at the distress, which she foresees she is likely to suffer on account of this young stranger, to whom she must not hope to be

united, since her destiny has fated her to marry another and an older man. Lodoiska enquires the reasons she has for entertaining such an opinion, and is informed, by the old woman, that some gipsies, whom she had consulted, had prophesied that such would be the event.

At this period two relations of the Count Opalinsky visit the castle; they are the brothers Vingortzefsky. The younger of these, Stanislaus, is soon attracted by Lodoiska. In a letter to his brother he says:—

You ask whether I love Lodoiska? Yes! the feeling that I entertain for her is united with my thirst for Poland's delivery. It is become a passion: all that is beautiful, all that is generous and noble in our nation, is to be found in her person. Her lips breathe the sounds of our language with beautiful animation; her eyes swim in a sea of moist, melancholy grief. My breast is penetrated with a devotion as deep as it is inextinguishable. I am now as unable to renounce her as my native land. Melanie appears to fear me; and Lodoiska attaches herself to me in proportion as she finds herself repulsed by her sister-in-law. I shall prove too crafty for the little French Snake, let her twist and wind herself as she will!

Opalinsky and his family, at this stage of the history, leave Dukla for Warsaw; and, when in this capital, the Count receives a letter from his Castellan, or keeper of his castle, acquainting him of certain mysterious noises heard about its precincts; detailing too, with considerable minuteness, the dreams of the said Castellan, in which, it seems, he had been in the habit of receiving visits from his old master the Count's father. Various strange appearances of violence, too, were visible in Lodoiska's apartment: but our readers will, no doubt, excuse us for not attaching as much importance as the Castellan himself did, to these wonderful matters.

It is of more consequence to the story, that Stanislaus, to whose character a high political interest, as one of the Polish patriots, is now attached, pays his addresses to Lodoiska with the consent of her brother. The lady confesses to her friend that she is fascinated by his person and manners; and that she could love him were it not for the recollection of him who had rescued her from the flames. Through the intrigues of the Countess (Melanie) Stanislaus becomes

acquainted with the pretensions and hopes of William, whom he hates as one of the confederates; and a duel between the rivals takes place, in which the German officer is dangerously wounded. The interest which the General shows in the fate of his Adjutant, and his zeal against his enemy, now cause Lodoiska to regard him, for the first time, with a feeling of warm friendship: and her sympathy for him is greatly excited, when it appears that the health of the veteran is seriously injured by his unreturned passion for her. We are now led to an event as extraordinary as it is unexpected. It is thus related by Celestine (a friend of Lodoiska, who is on a visit to her at Warsaw,) in a letter to one of her correspondents:

The old man had been declared to be at the point of death, and one night Lodoiska heard a gentle tap at her door. A priest, dressed in his full robes, with a taper in his hand, entered the room, and approaching her bed, in a slow and solemn manner said, "the dying man to whom I have been giving the last blessing"—"What," exclaimed Lodoiska, with emotion—"is he then departed?" "Not yet," replied the priest—"still he has but a few moments to live; and it is only from yourself that he hopes for tranquillity in his last moments. In the impetuosity of passion he once swore solemnly, that before he left this world he would be master of your hand! It is this rash oath that now weighs on his soul in the hour of death." "Almighty," groaned Lodoiska, "what, what shall I do?" "Give your hand," replied the priest, "accompanied with the blessing of the church, to him who supplicates for it in his last agony."—"Marry with the dead!" cried she with a tone of horror.—"With the dying, not the dead: it is but for a moment," continued he with an encouraging tone, "you are then again free, and a soul is delivered." The unfortunate girl sat looking upon the priest with a stupid gaze, undetermined what either to say or do. At this juncture Melanie appeared. "What," cried she impatiently, "can you yet hesitate! Do you possess no heart for the afflictions of others! Come hasten to terminate those of a poor distressed old man, who deserves so much of your gratitude." Then, without waiting for Lodoiska's reply, with the assistance of a French attendant, she raised her from the bed, confounded as she was; threw a rich robe over her, fixed some pearls and brilliants in her hair, and so dragging her along between the priest and herself, they

entered the gloomy apartment of the invalid.

The oppressed sufferer, who was concealed by the closely drawn curtains, groaned forth some heavy unintelligible sounds. The priest said something in Latin; all was then silent, and Lodoiska stood by the side of the dying man's bed. The curtains were gently undrawn, her hand was now placed within that of another: she was conscious of nothing, and did only as she was commanded! the dreadful vow has escaped her lips; the blessing is pronounced, and she turns round in order to depart, when two powerful arms catch hold of her, and warm lips are fastened upon hers. "Thou art mine!" exclaimed a strong clear voice; and vigorous, proud, and triumphant, her husband stands by her side, and with his glistening eyes dissipates the dream in which her senses had been held!

Opalinsky, who has been privy to the stratagem, immediately quits the place in order to avoid his sister's looks; while his wife plays to admiration the part of one who has been imposed upon. Just after this event Stanislaus is betrayed, his papers are delivered into the hands of the confederates, and he is obliged to make his escape. He sends to Melanie the following letter:—

I know whose hand it was that has spun this black web of treachery. Yes, be assured that I know thee. It avails thee nought, Melanie, that you now remove me hence. I go, yet not because I *must*, but because I *will*. Heaven knows there is nothing I would more gladly do than give to degenerate Poland an example of courageous resolution, and of a freedom that is not to be tamed by chains and fetters. But thou, thou artful and crafty traitress, hast breathed into me the spirit of another life. Thou hast given to my existence a new aim, to my desire a direction and a durability. Watch me, thou crafty one: be that henceforth the business of thy life; for be assured never shalt thou enjoy repose.

On the morning subsequent to her unfortunate marriage, Lodoiska quits Warsaw with her husband for Halicz, where the General inhabits a spacious old building, called the Palace, or the Castle, finely situated upon the Dniester. It is here that the unfortunate bride enjoys all the luxuries and splendour of Asiatic and Barbaric pomp. It is here, too, that she again meets with William, who has frequent opportunities of being in the presence of the woman whom he loves—for it does not appear that the

General entertains any dread of a rival. The situation in which the unhappy lovers are now placed, affords scope for much sentimental writing, in which those exquisite traits of feeling are displayed, that generally lie buried from view in the recesses of hearts of rare qualities.

A report has been spread of the death of Vingortzeffsky, who is said to have shot himself: yet among the Arabians, whom Lodoiska meets with at Halicz, is one bearing so near a resemblance to Stanislaus, that she is struck by the astonishing similarity of air and feature. An event too shortly after this occurs, which will excite the reader's suspicion, that Stanislaus yet lives. A letter from the old Castellan of Dukla to Lodoiska, informs her that her brother had at length become the father of a son,—the object of his and his wife's most devoted love; but that their happiness in the possession of their child had been cruelly interrupted by sinister forebodings as to his fate: and that these were terribly realized. The old mysterious noises had recommenced in the Castle of Dukla; and a strange figure had been seen riding round its precincts. The Countess, disturbed by these events, and agitated by her fears for her child's safety, felt herself one evening more than commonly depressed; and, after her husband had quitted her apartment, she requested her women to sing to her to soothe her spirits. A sound, as of the violent closing of a door near them, was heard: the alarmed mother desired that her son might be given to her arms, and all was again still. Her attendants soon afterwards quitted the chamber, for a few minutes, to perform some service in the next room: while so engaged, they heard a violent scream in the apartment of the Countess, and, rushing in, they beheld the unfortunate lady in a swoon. On her recovery, she demanded her child with loud cries; but the infant was missing. The Countess, raving in her agony, accused incoherently Lodoiska and Stanislaus of the robbery. The latter, however, is believed to be dead; and the loss of the boy is generally attributed to supernatural agency.

The health of Lodoiska is too surely seen to be declining; and she prevails on her husband to permit her to

retire to the convent of Saint Anne, for a short period of religious seclusion. Her lover, William, is now absent at Vienna. From the convent Lodoiska thus writes:—

The nuns are not so unfortunate as we used to imagine. Habit renders them indifferent to the attractions of the external world, which they rather dread than covet. The tranquil equipoise of a steady unchanged existence makes them capable of a clearer contemplation of the unchangeable future; it is towards this that their serene look is directed. It is in this holy place that those dwell to whom they are attached; it is here that the dream of youth becomes a living pure reality; here the world again is created anew; here is the fresh, the green, the spiritual Eden. Oh, canst thou pity those who are capable of indulging feelings like these! Even the air that one breathes here possesses something peculiar. It seems as if it embellished every object! The General came to pay me a visit. The seriousness of the place, and the presence of the Abbess, seemed to impart a solemnity to his behaviour. Never before did he appear so engaging to me as during these few hours!—I could even endure to hear William's name pronounced, and his first letter from Vienna mentioned. The General conversed with me respecting him. The noble confidence, thus shown to me, seemed to elevate me. My passion now appeared to be purified. Poor, poor youth, who is it whispers to thee, that we may venture once again to love?

Lodoiska becomes a mother, and the infant is named Verena, after a patron saint of Wallachia and Moldavia. The sentiments of maternal affection seem now entirely to occupy her heart; they impart a purity to her feelings; they subdue the turbulence of passion; they repress its impetuosity, and convert it into a benevolent sympathy of the heart. The General, however, is discontented with the sex of the child; and sees with remorse and grief the wasting-away of his wife. "Ah," he says, "what is a plucked flower that withers in the hand! Its drooping head is a sad reproach for having cropped it: I have obtained nothing by this marriage: Lodoiska dies. I read it in her pale countenance."

Lodoiska's death is an event which soon takes place: she expresses a desire to meet her husband hereafter, and hopes that, although she has not contributed much to his happiness on earth, she may open to him an en-

trance into heaven. She then embraces her child, sighs out the name of William, and expires. The latter is now in England, where he goes to take possession of an estate to which he has succeeded; and where he continues to reside. This occurrence happens in the autumn 1775; and here terminates the history of Lodoiska.

After an interval of sixteen years, the young Verena, her daughter, is suddenly brought before us, when, accompanied by her father and her governess, she visits Dukla. It is not without considerable emotion that she beholds the antique castle, where her mother had once resided. She finds her uncle Vladislav, prematurely aged through the weight of affliction, and Melanie with her reason and faculties impaired by her grief for the loss of her son. In the vicinity of the castle is a Benedictine abbey, which Verena and her governess visit, attended by the old Castellan. Here they find, sleeping before the shrine of the Virgin, a man attired in a singular oriental costume, but of most expressive and interesting appearance: he is soon joined by a youth who addresses him as his uncle. This lad fascinates the attention of all, particularly of the old Castellan. On their return from the abbey, Verena is seized by two robbers, and they are on the point of carrying her off, when she is rescued by the stranger, who, when he learns that she is proceeding to Dukla, betrays an emotion that naturally excites her surprise. A few days after this circumstance, during an entertainment given at the castle, which is now filled with guests, the mysterious person suddenly re-appears before Verena, and, while they are together, the Countess comes up to them. No sooner does the latter discern the face of the unknown, than she utters a shriek, and swoons. Upon recovering, she exclaims, "It was the spectre! the spectre! He wants to carry off Verena too!" In the mean while, he who had been the occasion of this alarm disappeared as suddenly as he first came. Vladislav is convinced that he is haunted by some secret enemy, who wishes to harass him: nor is it long after this that he is agitated by another strange accident. Restless and perturbed, he is wandering alone through the forest one sultry noon,

when every thing is buried in deep silence. Suddenly he hears sounds of distress, and observes a youth defending himself against the attack of an infuriated wolf with the butt end of his gun. The Count discharges his piece at the animal, which he kills, but, at the same instant, sees the youth fall wounded in the leg; he bears him to the castle, where he is recognized by the Castellan as the same whom they had met in company with the stranger at the Benedictine Abbey. Attracted by the bustle, the Countess enters the apartment whither the youth had been carried:—no sooner does she see him, but she exclaims, “my son! my son!” and embraces him with a rapture that knows no bounds. The idea that she has found her long lost child, has the most happy effect on her mind. From this moment she becomes serene and cheerful: not so her husband, who, although he fancies that he discovers a likeness between his wife and the boy, has no idea but that the recognition was the working of her perturbed fancy, feeding upon a mere delusion.

While things are in this state at Dukla, Verena and her father are proceeding to the baths of Carasu. Arrived here, the now aged General is taken severely ill, and his dissolution approaches. Verena is agonized at the idea of losing her father at such a distance from home, and at the dreadful prospect of being left unprotected in a strange country. At this critical moment, she once more sees before her the unknown, and he seems now sent by Heaven to be her deliverer and friend. The circumstances that result, are described as follows, by *Achmed* (such is his assumed name) himself.

We met at Carasu, when she was totally ignorant that I was accompanying her. You know that I am able to assume any disguise;—the costume and the language of any country. I watched her in a variety of situations, without her once recognizing me. At length the moment arrives when, deserted, helpless, and distressed, she looks round for some friendly, some rescuing hand. The father was in the agony of death, she was kneeling at his feet—the place was a desolate and retired old building, her attendants were at a distance—no one was at hand, except her old and helpless governess: then Felix,—admire

how fate had prepared all in my favour—I present myself before her like some angel in the dark night of affliction! As such does she receive me; as such does she retain my image impressed upon her soul. From this instant our destinies are united—every thought, every act is devoted to her.

So passes a week: the old man contends with the strong energies of life, and with the power, that sets a limit to his days. At last I determine to discover myself to the dying person: I utter my name to him, but he does not hear me, he does not permit me to finish: he makes a sign to Verena; looks earnestly at her; seems as if anxious to say something; but can only join our hands together, and—expires. Felix, she is mine, bound to me in sorrow, distress, and death; her beautiful lips have pronounced the sacred vow, and, glowing with a secret flame, her long oppressed heart now at length throbs freely against mine!

The plan which the husband of Verena had formed for bringing about a reconciliation with her family by means of Jagello, the youth whom he called nephew, is frustrated by discovering that he has disappeared. They however proceed along the Dnieper, and reach the Carpathian mountains, in the vicinity of which, Dukla is situated. Here Verena is left by her husband within the deserted apartments of an old building, while he absents himself for a short time. While occupied during the dead of night in writing, she hears voices at some distance, and thinks that she can distinguish that of her husband.

Snatching a light, says she, I proceeded rapidly along the corridor. Impelled more by the terror of mysterious desolation, than by impatient anxiety, I heedlessly hasten in the direction of the sound; yet it seems strangely enough to retreat as I approach. My anxiety increasing at every step drives me forward. I descend along a staircase and find myself in a square place surrounded by lofty walls. A sharp air whistles around me; the flame of my light wavers, I look up, and see eddies of snow blowing down with a hissing noise. My light is extinguished, and I stand within the interior court of this labyrinth of a building. Totally unacquainted with its parts, uncertain as to the direction which my impetuosity caused me to take, I grope anxiously about: I catch hold of the lock of a door; the bolt gives way, I open it, and a distant glimmering lightens the windings of a twisting passage. Filled with apprehension, I follow this light, when suddenly a heavy sound behind me causes me to stop.

The noise ascends, just as if it proceeded from the scraping of heavy footsteps beneath. I now stand at the entrance of an extensive vault. A thick vapour of half-burnt-out pine torches comes against me, and a circle of hideous figures is distinguishable among the mists of this infernal place. *In the centre stands my husband!*—"Once more," I hear him say, "once more have I assembled ye here, in order to rescue the boy, who has grown up under your eyes. I once stole him from the powerful Wairwode of Dukla. While yet an infant in his swathing clothes, was he forced to avenge me on his mother, who snatched from me my bride at the altar!"—Here a loud scream betrayed me, I sank down lifeless and knew not what happened. A few hours afterwards I found myself in my own apartment, but locked in. I gazed fearfully around, hardly knowing whether I had not been dreaming. Arminia was sleeping upon a seat beside me, a lamp was faintly burning in a hollow of the wall. At length I stood up to rouse my recollection, but the confusion of my thoughts would not permit me to remember any thing clearly: there was a small paper lying upon the table, I hastily seized hold of it, and found the hand-writing to be that of my husband; it contained as follows:—"Now, Verena, thou knowest all. Accident or curiosity has betrayed to thee what I endeavoured so cautiously to conceal. Do not reproach me with having deceived thee. I have disclosed to thee the very abyss of my soul in that passionate affection for thee which has filled my whole being. What had been imposed upon me by circumstances and by the influence of events, I was endeavouring to throw off, and then, freed from the fetters of an odious obligation, I hoped to find in thee a mild and generous judge. Thou hast lurked in waiting for me, thou has caught me even during the last act that was preparatory to my liberation, thou has already judged me! Go, Verena, deliver me up to thine uncle. Arm against me thy deeply irritated race. I will not oppose you: my soul is weary of dwelling in this wretched world, which is but one of the outworks of existence. In thy love, thou beautifully revived Lodoiska, the energies of half destroyed life were renovated! Thou turnest from me, —thy hate breaks my heart!"

Verena resolves upon partaking the destiny of her husband Stanislaus Vingortzeffsky, for whom she feels the warmest love; and ultimately departs with him for England, having, prior to her quitting the castle, informed the Count, her uncle, that

Jagello is really his son. During their stay in England, William, the old lover of Lodoiska, is accidentally brought into the presence of her daughter, and soon after dies in consequence of a fall from his horse. Stanislaus, instead of proceeding to America, as was his first intention, leaves his wife in England, and returns to fight under the banners of Kosciusco. To her he addresses the following letter.

Raffka, April, 1794.

Thou, whose noble heart beats for the fate of Poland, participate the raptures I experience at finding all the country in arms! The revolution of Warsaw has roused every one from lethargy. The hero Kosciusco bears aloft the standard of freedom. I have discovered myself to him, and he has confided to my command a brave troop. Courageously shall I now traverse the fields of my country to oppose her detested enemy; to contend with him, wherever I can, and, by preserving Poland's honour, to regain my own. * * * * *

We have had a warm day's work. The Russians are defeated; they fly before Kosciusco, beyond the frontiers. * * *

June—Verena, the Prussians have routed us! The hero Kosciusco found his master at Salze. Yet that does not dispirit us, we may soon retrieve from them the victory. A treaty is entered into respecting Cracow: I next hasten thither in order to rescue all that may yet be saved. The royal burial-place of our kings.—Casimir's crown:—they demand me with irresistible power—Adieu, thou most beloved of women! give my last salutation to the dying William.—*Stanislaus.*

He once more beholds his mother; he again visits Dukla, whither he conducts Jagello, who had been wounded in battle; a reconciliation ensues between him and Opalinsky and the Countess; then, impatient for the contest, he returns to the field, and, a few days afterwards, falls in the fight in which Kosciusco is taken prisoner. Verena continues in England, and in a letter, which she addresses from thence to her friends, she says, "All that occupies me at present is the consciousness that he loved me, and that he fell for his country. Repose, and peace to his ashes!"—With this epistle the Novel closes,—unsatisfactorily enough we think, for all parties—except, perhaps, for the readers of this imperfect sketch.

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JAMES SHIRLEY.

No. III.

WE do not recollect any instance in the course of his writings where Shirley speaks of himself, or of his own character and feelings, with the exception of a few passages in the dedications of some of his later plays: there he indulges in a murmur, scarcely amounting to a complaint, against the puritans, who almost deprived him of the means "whereby he poorly lived." Thus, in the *Politician*, a tragedy before noticed, he observes, in 1655, that "the severity of the times had taken away those dramatic recreations, whose language so much glorified the English stage:" but, though so great a sufferer, he never breaks out into any thing like rancorous invective. Nor is this abstinence under provocation to be attributed so much to an apprehension of the power of the "straight-haired republicans," as to his own natural gentleness and mildness of disposition, which is conspicuous through his works. It seems that the Puritans, (in the words of Moliere in his *Critique on the Ecole des Femmes*) had *des lumières pour les ordures*, which others did not possess; and Cowley, in his "Cutter of Colman-street," and Randolph, in his "Muses' Looking Glass," have shown that they were often *plus chastes des oreilles que de tout le reste du corps*. For this hypocrisy they were frequently severely attacked by poets, both on and off the stage; but though Shirley owed most of the disappointments of his life to them, he never introduces a character, a sentence, or a line, into his plays or poems in which they are either ridiculed or censured. In reading the productions of literary men, and poets especially, we insensibly form a notion of their temper and habits as we proceed; and, for the best of all reasons, it is generally a great deal more correct than the opinion to be derived from the statements and traditions of contemporaries. It would be easy to illustrate this point were it necessary; but it may be truly said of Shirley, that all he has written serves to prove that, though sensitive to a fault, he was not fretful or peevish, and that his amiable and affectionate temper, might

merit for him the epithet of "*gentle*," so beautifully applied to Shakspeare, by one of his encomiasts. We know of no writer from the perusal of whose works we rise with a more perfect conviction that he must have been beloved by all who were acquainted with him; and, with trifling exceptions (not so considerable even as those of Massinger,) he has left no traces of that grossness which has disfigured most of the dramatic productions of his time.—Some have justified these blemishes as the custom and fashion of the day; but, without going out of our way to excuse them, it may be fairly said, that the indelicacy of the plays written before the closing of the theatres was at all events any thing but seductive: it was intended merely as a joke, and with the joke its effect ended: after the restoration, however, indecency was employed as an incentive, and it was rendered palatable by an odious ingenuity: sometimes, indeed, it had a thin semi-transparent covering, but it was only *il vel sottile è rado*, which separated Ruggiero from Alcina, and gave fresh intenseness to the flame of his passions. Such is the great distinction between the grossness of our plays upon the old English, and that of those upon the new French model, such as it was introduced with Charles II.

As we have not much space left in which to speak of the masks, pastorals, and miscellaneous poems of Shirley, we must proceed to them without further general observations.

The mask is a species of theatrical amusement, originally, we believe, produced in Italy, and at first practised in this country, without either song or dialogue, being nothing more than a dance in visors: thus our eldest writers almost uniformly couple masquing with *mumming*. Of this kind were many of the court amusements in the reign of Henry VIII. who generally joined in them, according to the account of Holinshed, with great spirit.—That speeches were sometimes made on these occasions, however, is quite clear from the same authority, and one in French

by a Herald is expressly mentioned by him. In the collected works of Sir T. More, printed in 1557, are a number of lines usually spoken of as a sort of mask, but in fact nothing more than an explanation of a pageant of shifting scenery, or what were then called "moving pictures." Pageants and shows are not to be confounded with masks: of the two first, there are many specimens in the Chronicler before referred to; one of them most gorgeously splendid on the entrance of Queen Elizabeth into London in 1558. The old poet, George Gascoyne, was mainly concerned in a tedious entertainment of this kind, presented before the same Sovereign at Kennelworth Castle, and he has also left behind him in his works (printed in 1575 and 1587) "a Devise of a Mask for the Right Hon. Viscount Mountacute," written to celebrate a double marriage in that nobleman's family, which is one of the earliest specimens of the kind in English: it is also remarkable for its allusion to the feud between the two Italian houses of Montague and Capulet, of which Shakspeare long subsequently made such use. By degrees changes were adopted, a variety of characters were introduced; scenery was employed, and a dialogue was kept up between persons who were not in fact maskers, the dancing being executed by the nobles, male and female. Lord Bacon's well known Essay on this subject supplies a good deal of information regarding it: in his time, "fools, satyres, baboons, wild-men, antics," &c. were brought in, as what were called *antimaskers*, to amuse by their strange shapes and grotesque dancing; and "double masks," appear also then to have prevailed. In the reigns of James I. and his son, this species of court entertainment reached its highest splendour: the funds of the inns of court were so lavishly expended upon them that they were even interdicted; and the representation of *Britannia Triumphans*, on a Sunday, before Charles I. had perhaps more effect than any thing else in producing the abolition of all theatrical amusements, for about ten years; and the unhappy abandonment of the old English school of the drama.

Shirley wrote five pieces usually placed in this class of composition;

but the only one of these perhaps, that strictly belonged to it, was "the Triumph of Peace,"—which appears to have been the most successful ever exhibited. The scenery and machinery were by Inigo Jones, and the music by W. Lawes, and S. Ives. It was performed before the King and Queen at Whitehall, Feb. 3, 1633, and so popular was it, that it went through at least three editions in the course of that year. Our quotations are made from "the third impression," which contains several material variations from the rest. It is dedicated to the four Inns of Court, by whom it was played, and some notion of its splendour may be gathered from the following description with which it opens.

At Ely and Hatton houses the gentlemen and their assistants met, and in this manner prepared for the court.

The antimaskers were ushered by a horn-pipe and a shalm, riding in coats and caps of yellow taffeta, spotted with silver, their feathers red, their horses led by men in coats of blue taffeta, their wings red, and part of their sleeves yellow; caps and feathers: all the torch-bearers in the same habit appointed to attend and give plentiful light to the whole train.

Fancy in a suit of several coloured feathers, hooded: a pair of bats wings on his shoulders, riding alone as sole presenter of the antimaskers.

After him rode *Opinion* and *Confidence* together: *Opinion* in an old fashioned doublet of black velvet and trunk hose, a short cloake of the same, with an antique cape, a black velvet cap pinched up with a white fall and a staff in his hand.

Confidence in a slash'd doublet, parti-coloured breeches, suitable with points at the knees; favours upon his breast and arm: a broad-brimmed hat tied up on one side, banded with a feather; a long lock of hair trimmed with several coloured ribbands, wide boots and great spurs, with bells for rowels.

Next rode *Jollity* and *Laughter*: *Jollity* in a flame-coloured suit, but tricked like a morris-dancer with scarfs and napkins; his hat fashioned like a cone with a little fall.

Laughter in a long side coat of several colours, laughing: visards on his breast and back, a cap with two grinning faces and feathers between.

Then followed a variety of antick music, after which rode six projectors, one after another, their horses led by torch-bearers.

These are succeeded by an immense concourse of persons in all habits, some like birds, beasts, and

satyres, and others in more fantastic habiliments. It is worth observing that Don Quixote is among them, accompanied by Sancho, and attacking a windmill. After these came a hundred gentlemen, "gloriously furnished and gallantly mounted," and two golden cars containing *Genius* and *Amphiluche*, and *Irene*, *Dice*, and *Eunomia*; and then we are told:—

After these came the four triumphals or magnificent chariots, in which were mounted the grand maskers, one of the four houses in every chariot, seated within an half oval, with a glorious canopy over their heads, all bordered with silver fringe, and beautified with plumes of feathers on the top.

The first chariot silver and orange,
The second, silver and watchet.
The third, silver and crimson.
The fourth, silver and white.

All after the Roman form, adorned with much embossed and carved works.

It is not necessary to extract more of this splendid detail, which rather belonged to the department of Inigo Jones than of James Shirley. The dialogue is opened by Opinion and Confidence, and their conference is ended by an anti-mask of a number of projectors, some like Merecraft in Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass." In all this the ingenuity of the invention is of course principally to be admired; all the poetry, such as it is, being contained in the songs; most of them overloaded, as custom compelled, with flattery to the king and queen. We shall quote but one of them, as the poet had probably no expectation that they would live beyond the day for the solemnities of which they were penned. It is a duet, or dialogue, between Law and Peace.

Eunomia. Think not I could absent myself this night;

But Peace is gentle, and doth still invite:
Eunomia, yet shouldst thou silent be,
The rose and lily which thou strowest,
All the chearful way thou goest,
Would direct to follow thee.

Irene. Thou dost beautifie encrease,
And chain security with peace.

Eu. Irene fair, and first divine,
All my blessings spring from thine.

Ir. I am but wild without thee, thou abhorrest

What is rude, or apt to wound;
Canst throw proud trees to the ground,
And make a temple of a forest.

Eu. No more, no more, but join
Thy voice and lute with mine.

Both. The world shall give prerogative
to neither,

We cannot flourish but together.

Notwithstanding the complete success attending this exhibition, it does not appear that Shirley wrote any other mask, properly so called, unless "Cupid and Death," to be excepted. He seems indeed to have entertained a contempt for this species of composition; in his "Maid's Tragedy," he abuses them for their vulgar adulation;—and in his "Royal Master," he speaks very contemptuously of them: in his "Changes," he censures their introduction into plays:—

Oh, sir, what plays are taking without these
Pretty devices? Many gentlemen

Are not, as in the days of understanding,
Now satisfied without a jig, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for
after

The play, they look to be serv'd up i'th'
middle.

Your dance is the best language of some
comedies,

And footing runs away with all. A scene
Express with life of art and squar'd to na-
ture

Is dull and phlegmatic poetry.

"Cupid and Death" is one of the pieces by Shirley, called a mask on the title; but more properly, perhaps, a dramatic interlude: it was printed in 1653, and is founded upon L. ii. Eleg. 6. of *Secundus*, as quoted by Mr. Gifford, in vol. i. p. 91, of his *Massinger*. Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, has made an allusion to it, where he says—

Death hath exchang'd again his shafts with
Love,

And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly:

but an Italian poet of the name of Antonio Nozzolino, has enlarged upon the thought, in a sonnet beginning—

Errava Morte, e avea secco Amore,

Ambi nudi, ambi ciechi, e ambi alati:

and where he gives an account of the manner in which the destructive accident arose. Shirley has still further extended it with considerable fancy and ingenuity; and has made the consequences of the change obvious to the spectator. It is not necessary to furnish any quotation from it.

The "Contention for Honour and

Riches," is another production which has little or no resemblance to a mask, though it has been so named by persons ignorant of its real form. It is much more like one of the old moralities, at least in its general design and object: and (as we have mentioned in a previous article) the compiler of the Catalogue of the British Museum has confounded it with one, called "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," printed in 1602, and written, most likely, a good deal earlier. It is not impossible that Shirley had seen this morality before he published his "Contention for Honour and Riches" in 1633:—the resemblance is in some respects still stronger in his "Honoriam and Mammon," which, in fact, is a subsequent enlargement into a sort of comedy, of the leading features of his "Contention for Honour and Riches." This extended "Moral," (for so the author himself terms it in his address "to the candid Reader,") was printed in 1659; and it possesses the additional curiosity of being probably the last effort of the author of a dramatic kind; for he says, "in my resolve nothing of this nature shall after this engage either my pen or invention." The characters are also more numerous in the last edition of the piece (if we may so say), and as upon the whole it is an improvement, besides being of much greater rarity, we shall make the few quotations for which we have room, from "Honoriam and Mammon."

The object of the production may be easily guessed; it is a contest between the two ladies, who give the title to the piece, for the love and attention of various classes of persons; and there is much skill, and often comic effect, in the mode in which the characters are opposed to each other in different ludicrous situations. In the end, Alworth, a scholar, succeeds in gaining possession of Honoriam, while Lady Aurelia Mammon is left to a courtier, a colonel, a citizen, and a spend-thrift. It will be obvious that some satirical matter is mixed up with the dialogue: the following is part of the first scene between Phantasm, gentleman usher to Lady Mammon, and Alworth:—

Pha. Are you not inclining to a scholar?
Alw. I have spent time i'th' academy.

Pha. The academy!
 Another beggar; I did think so by your serious face—your habit,
 Had almost cozened me, and your hair, they are

Of the more court edition; this is
 A beggar of the upper form of learning.
 Your business with my lady?

Alw. If you please

To prepare my access ———

Pha. 'Tis to no purpose;

My lady keeps no library, no food
 For book-worms, I can assure you that
 Learning is dangerous in our family;
 She would not keep a secretary, for fear
 Of the infection.

Alw. Does she keep no fool?

Pha. Yes, yes, and knaves.

Alw. I thought so:

In which class is your name, I beseech you?

Pha. We enjoy equal privileges: indeed
 the knave

Makes somewhat more of's office; but my
 lady

Is not so nice, so we can bring certificates
 That we are sound, and free from the in-
 fection

Of books; or can lay down our under-
 standings,

And part with that unnecessary stuffing
 I'th'head (you know my meaning), or re-
 nounce

The impious rise of human art and know-
 ledge,

We are in a capacity of employment.

Perhaps you may on these terms be ad-
 mitted

With your philosophy, and things about
 you,

To keep her horse; d'ye observe?

Alw. A fair preferment.

Pha. The fittest here for men of art; or if
 You can keep counsel, and negotiate hand-
 somely

The amorous affair of flesh and blood,
 There you may exercise your parts of rhe-
 toric:

How lies your learning that way?"

The following are two disjointed passages from the same production, and exhibit Shirley's serious powers to advantage:—

Wise courtiers are the jewels of a crown;
 The columns and the ornaments of state;
 Fitted with parts and piety to act;
 They serve the Power for justice, not them-
 selves;

Their faith the cabinet, in which is laid
 The Prince's safety, and the Nation's peace,
 The oracles and the mysteries of empire:

Men born above the sordid guilt of avarice,
 Free as the mountain air, and calm as
 Mercy.

Born without eyes, when the poor man
 complains

and as much complains Shirley's

Against the great oppressor; without hands
To take the bloody price of man's undoing.
But keeping at each sense a court of guard,
Draw fear from love, and teach good by
example.

A soldier merits first to be called man,
By whom not only courts, but kingdoms
flourish;

Unto whose several offices, the world
Owes all the great and glorious names of
honour.

How would the age grow rusty, and the
soul

Of common-wealths corrupt with ease, and
surfeits,

Should not the sword call 'em to exercise
And sweat out their unmanly luxuries,
By acting things worth envy, even of
princes.

The honour of the gown without his sword,
Will run itself into contempt; and laws
Are not good made, but while the sword
secures 'em.

The court must wear no silk, nor the proud
city

Make the sea groan with burthen of her
wealth,

Did not the active soldier, with expence
Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad
Their convoy, and security at home.

The "Contention of Ajax and U-
lysses for the Armour of Achilles,"
was printed in the same volume as
the above: it was a private enter-
tainment represented by the sons of
some of the nobility, and is not in-
appropriately taken, for the most part,
from Ovid's *Metam.* l. xii. The
ode (the only piece of Shirley hitherto
well known,) beginning, "the glories
of our blood and state," is taken from
this piece: the lines

His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,
And lower parts maintain the offices;
Only the garret, his exalted head,
Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lum-
ber;

are a versification of a well known
witticism of Lord Bacon, on Mons.
Cadenet, as translated in one of Howel's
letters, dated in 1621.

This then brings us to the last piece
of this class that has come down to
us from the pen of Shirley.—"The
Triumph of Beauty,"—which is no-
thing more than the judgment of Pa-
ris dramatised.—George Peel had pre-
viously wrought the fable into the
form of a Pastoral, called, "The Ar-
raignment of Paris;" and, although
he had a lively fancy, a delicate taste,
and as much command of language
as any of his contemporaries, Shirley's

little production may be read without
disadvantage from the comparison.
The speeches of Juno, Pallas, and Ve-
nus, are extremely appropriate, and
if there be nothing very original in
the thoughts (which could hardly be
expected) the verses run with the ut-
most grace and harmony: they are
preceded by the following song heard
by the shepherd in the air, before the
goddesses descended.

Song of Juno within.

Jove sent thee, Paris, what is mine:

be safely bold,

And for that trifle I resign

a wreath of gold:

Obeys then and command! Thou cannot be

Just to thyself, if not to me.

Pallas.

Twice happy in thy choice, be wise;

ere thou dispense

This treasure, give thy reason eyes,

and blind thy sense:

Thus arms and arts thy humble name shall
raise

Alike to wreaths of oaks and bayes.

Venus.

She whom all suppliants else implore

is here made thine,

And will for this a gift restore

no less divine:

The best of pleasures thus enjoy and try;

Where beauty courts who can deny.

Chorus.

Examine, princely shepherd, here

the offerings which we send thee;

How for that narrow golden sphere,

wealth, fame, and love attend thee:

And judge by this how large these honours

be;

None to each other yield, yet all to thee!

In our last article, in reference to
the piece now before us, we accused
Shirley of plagiarism: but, on con-
sideration, we are inclined to think
that the charge is not deserved, even
in the qualified way in which we then
made it. The "Triumph of Beauty"
opens with a scene between a number
of Clowns and Shepherds, who are
devising a play to entertain Paris;
this is rather an imitation of, than a
plagiarism from, Shakspeare's scene
of a similar description in *Midsum-
mer Night's Dream*, as a very short
quotation will be sufficient to esta-
blish.—The subject of the tragedy of
Shirley's Clowns is Jason and the
Golden Fleece.

Crab.—But stay, all this while who
shall do the Golden Fleece? Bottle, you
forget that.

Bottle.—The chief part in the play—and
one that must wear the best cloaths too.

Crab. Why, let somebody else do Jason, and I'll do the Golden Fleece.

Scrub.—Or I.

Hobbsmol.—Or I,

Toadstool.—Or any body.—Or what if we left out the Golden Fleece.

Bottle.—What if you left out the play? The Golden Fleece out! Why 'tis the name, and the only rich thing in the play.

Scrub.—Why then leave out the Ship.

Clout.—Yes, and go by land to *Colchos*. May not somebody do two parts? Let *Scrub* do the Dragon and the King's daughter, &c.

Of course we do not pretend that this imitation at all equals the original, but it has a great deal of humour; and the contrivances of the Clowns are scarcely less ludicrous than those of the inventors and performers of "the lamentable tragedy full of pleasant mirth," of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

We have room only to say a word or two on Shirley's Pastorals: they are probably two in number, viz. "The *Arcadia*," founded on some incidents in Sir P. Sidney's romance of the same name; and "*Phyllis of Scyros*," translated from the Italian of *Guidubaldo de Bonarelli*, as the title says, "by J. S. Gent:" it is published, however, by Shirley's publisher, and some laudatory lines confirm the opinion that it is his: at the same time we should hesitate before we included it in an edition of his plays and poems, and at all events no extract from it is necessary.

At length we arrive at the miscellaneous poems, published by Shirley in 1646, and which were ushered into the world by a variety of commendatory verses by T. Stanley, T. May, G. Bucke, and others.

Some of these light productions had been inserted in the author's plays, and were here collected, no doubt, for the purpose of procuring a temporary supply of money. They have all various degrees of merit, for none are without claims to approbation; but as we have already given some specimens of Shirley's talent in lyrical poetry, and as we have exceeded the limits we intended to prescribe to ourselves, we shall be brief in our quotations.—The subsequent lines conclude one of the longest of the poems: it is upon the anacreontic model, and is addressed to a painter who was supposed to be making a picture of

the poet's mistress: the contrivance was not at that time so stale as it has been since rendered, especially by the poetical imitators of the reign of Charles II.

But how I lose, instructing thee,
Thy pencil and my poetry!
For when thou hast exprest all art,
As high as truth in every part,
She can resemble, at the best,
One in her beauty's silence drest,
Where thou, like a dull looker on,
Art lost and all thy art undone:
For if she speak new wonders rise
From her teeth, chin, lip, and eyes!
So far above that excellent
Did take thee first, thou wilt repent
To have begun and lose, i' the end
Thy eyes with wonder how to mend.—
At such a loss here's all thy choice;
Leave off, or paint her with a voice!

We shall close our subject with ten lines, very elegantly penned, to a lady upon sending her a looking-glass: the thought is consistent with the fine moral tone of Shirley's mind.

When this chrysal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think that lovely face was meant
To dress another by:
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allow'd
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

The well known words so beautifully set to music by Dr. Harington, "Turn *Amaryllis* to thy swain," are by Shirley; and we cannot help here expressing a wish, that the composers of our day would turn their attention more to the adaptation of their airs to some of the lyrical productions of such men as *Lovelace*, *Stanley*, or *Shirley*, than to words which, generally speaking, have quite as little melody as meaning.

It is only necessary to add, that a long poem entitled, "*Narcissus the Self-lover*" is appended to Shirley's miscellaneous poems: it was obviously written when the author was very young, and is somewhat on the model of *Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis*, being full of those highly-wrought descriptions, which it was the object of *John Marston's "Pygmalion's Image"* to ridicule and explode. K. Q. E.

STAR-GAZING.

to ———

LOVELY little Charlotte, tell me,—

Whither stray those upward eyes?—

Are they star-gazing?—Then spell me,

Thy happy fortunes in the skies.

Call yon deep ethereal blue,

The stainless heaven of thy mind ;

Those stars, that gaze and glitter through

The thousand fancies there enshrin'd.

Liken those planetary fires,

Moving in pomp around the sun,

To thy bright hopes, and pure desires,

That in their path of beauty run.

And what is that fine shooting light,

Gay for a moment—and now gone ?

What—but a bliss that took its flight

E'er we would say that it was born !

And do we grieve that mists of earth

At times o'er that fair dome are driven ?

Do we not rather hail their birth

As messengers 'twixt earth and heaven ?

As pure and happy spirits, tending

The footsteps of their mistress moon—

Wreathing around her brow, and blending

Their forms to heighten her full noon ?

Such are the little lovely fears,

And hope-born doubts that dim *thy* sky,

Under the guise of sighs and tears—

Sweet sighs, and tears that beautify.

Now, Charlotte, let thy thoughts return ;

Thy spirit's *home* is on the earth :

However it may pant and yearn

To mingle in celestial mirth,—

Travel on every wind that blows,—

Pay evening visits to the moon,

Or make the stars its play-fellows,—

It is at *home* on earth alone. P.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN THE CHARACTER AND POETRY OF NATIONS.

[Our Correspondent, who furnishes the following Paper, runs through a very agreeable subject in an agreeable way: but we are under the necessity of stating that, from many of the sentiments contained in the article we differ very much in opinion. The question too, we apprehend, is more often begged than discussed.]

If the History of Mankind were attentively examined, perhaps the most accurate index of the change of manners and sentiments might be found in the productions of the poet; and it is not probably too much to assert, that a person, whose studies had been such as to render his mind capable of

entering on such a judgment, would be able, with a great degree of accuracy, to decide upon the stage of civilization which a nation had attained to, from a fair and impartial examination of the poetical productions of the particular period. In all the other labours of the intellect, there is

no test so sure as this, to enable us to judge of the progress of refinement; the relative excellence of works of art is perhaps the best guide after this, but then they only speak to the mind through the medium of the senses, while poetry springs direct, *from the heart to the heart*. Science is unconnected with feeling, and therefore furnishes us with a very poor means of judging of the sentiments and manners of a people.

To examine this theory more historically:—what more striking proof can we have of the wild, free, and artless habits of uncivilized life, than is conveyed to us through the medium of its energetic and rude poetry. What a picture we have of the feelings and thoughts of the American Indian, in the overflowing strength of his orations, and these orations are poetry, and, in fact, frequently very fine poetry, far surpassing in depth and boldness of thought, the polished weakness of cultivated verse.—He draws his images from the true and sublime source of all poetical painting, the beauties and the terrors of nature; with him strength is the eagle, and swiftness the antelope; and if we do not meet with the finer and more minute shades of feeling, we are astonished by grandeur of conception, and the gigantic tone of expression. There is indeed, in the character of uncultivated man, an altitude and power of mind, and a sentiment of endurance and magnanimous patience of ill, which are lost when we exchange strength for refinement, and the freedom of savage, for the security of civilized, life. The savage is more of a microcosm to himself, he is more insulated, and he feels elevated in the consciousness of the vast independence of action which he possesses. At the same time, he is more exposed to misfortune and to perils, and his spirit then contracts a hardness, which the security of civilization seldom yields. All these peculiarities of character speak strongly in his poetry, which betrays his condition of life with as much accuracy as the beaded skin which covers him, or the tomahawk which he wields.

There cannot be a stronger instance of this connexion than in the poetry of the Greeks. How fully do we recognize in the compositions of Homer all we have ever imagined of

the Grecian character. Fraught with the love of glory, intrepid, hurried forward by the hope of splendid achievements, venerating the gods, attached to the cultivation of the fine arts, how clearly do we perceive all this in the structure and execution of those immortal poems. The Greeks were certainly an eminently poetical people; they seem, as a people, to have acknowledged the influence of the Muse above all other nations;—one would almost think that in the formation of their minds, there had been some string placed there, which vibrated with more than ordinary sensitiveness to the soundings of the lyre. Certainly no people have left behind them such brilliant proofs of poetical feeling, and no nation better merited such advantages, for none ever enjoyed them more.

In the poetry of the Romans, too, we can trace with great exactness the progress towards refinement of that energetic and powerful nation: but we have no where so strong an example of the truth of our theory, as in the comparison of the poetry with the manners of the declining empire. After Rome had claimed and gained the sovereignty of the world, her empire became so large, that it was impossible even for her mighty heart to transmit the life-blood to the extremities of her vast frame. Corruption necessarily ensued; the austere simplicity of ancient manners was forgotten or neglected; luxury became triumphant, and an universal enervation of manners and depravation of morals succeeded, till—

All the blended work of strength and grace,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue fell.

How accurately does the spirit of their poetry breathe this awful change! Even the meridian splendour of the Augustan writers shed a light which dazzled only to betray, and the tyrant-lauding lines of the imitable Horace told but too plainly, that with the flight of freedom, the Muses also were about to quit the Ausonian shore. As the fervor of tyranny increased, and the minds of the citizens became proportionably debased and degraded, when the hitherto unheard of crimes and dissoluteness of the emperors had given a loose to all the worst passions of man, poetry partook of the universal infec-

tion. The style of the later authors became meretricious, strained, and unnatural; and that divine art which should be the channel of the highest and noblest sentiments of the soul, was debased to the lowest and most degrading purposes. Who does not turn in disgust from the pages of Petronius, and from the passages which so frequently sully the works of Propertius.—The most laboured description of the immoralities and degeneracy of that age could not have furnished us with such a picture as is presented to us in those pages.—In taking a philosophical view of the later Romans it is not so much the sinning in action which strikes us, as the thorough abandonment of the mind to vice; the total expulsion of all virtuous thoughts, and the brutal and open avowal of wickedness which so completely proved the extent of its power. It is impossible there could have been a more clear proof of this than in the authors mentioned above. With the purity of thought, the elegance of expression at length fled; and, in the latter writers, we have not even the charms of composition to compensate for the absence of sentiment. So inseparably are the intellectual powers of man connected with his moral condition, that we are almost tempted to acquiesce in the opinion of an ancient writer, that it is impossible to be a good poet without being a good man. Whatever may be the case with individuals, most undoubtedly we never find a nation hastening to decay in its moral and political institutions but we may perceive its literature also withering under the same pernicious influence.

In that age of darkness and silence which followed the fall of the Roman empire, the lyre lay unstrung and untouched; or, if sounded, its strings only returned a discordant strain. This almost total silence of the poetical voice tells most strongly the powerless and miserable condition of those times; the dulness and barbarism of which could not even be charmed by the sweetness of song. It is true that at this period Piety often attempted to embody her aspirations in the form of verse; but however laudable might have been the intention, the execution was generally execrable, and the monkish

legends of that period bear ample witness to the failure. Amongst the few who made any pretensions to learning, a taste for the abstruser branches of knowledge became prevalent, and the philosophers of antiquity were preferred to the poets, where the works of either were known. At length, on this night of ignorance a dawn of intelligence broke: by the exertions of some celebrated men, seconded by the fortunate discovery of many of the great works of antiquity, literature began gradually to revive, and poetry again claimed that distinguished place in the estimation of mankind, from which the barbarity of superstition and ignorance had driven her. The rebound with which she regained her throne was astonishing, and the works of the elder poets of Italy, who were the first legitimate subjects of her new kingdom, almost equalled the productions of her votaries in the brightest days of Greece or of Rome.

The great excellence of these poets persuades us strongly of the powerful effect which the renovation of literature has produced on that age. Its light was fast dispersing the clouds which the ignorance of centuries had gathered, and preparing the way for that blaze of information and improvement which has so strongly marked the succeeding times. What is most surprising in the elder poets of Italy is, that at a period of comparative uncultivation, we find such beautiful and delicate shades of feeling in their compositions: in fact, the Italians had no morning, but the mid-day sun burst at once upon their night.

How strongly do we perceive the prevalence of the spirit of chivalry in the songs of the Trouveurs, and Troubadours, who wandered through Europe singing in the halls of the nobility, and to the ears of beauty, feats of arms and lady-love—and what an inimitable representation of the manners of that age do the translations of *Le Grand* afford!

Let us now endeavour to trace, with more accuracy, the relation of manners to poetry, in our own country. The works of our earliest bards, Gower, Chaucer, and Langland, are strongly characteristic of the times in which they were written: at a period when knowledge was so

partially diffused, when the public mind, unexcited by that spirit of general information which now is spread universally abroad, was only capable of being roused to attention by means which spoke to the senses, rather than to the intellect, and was incapable of extracting any pleasurable emotions from sentiments which were addressed to feelings with which it was unacquainted. The poet naturally selected such subjects, and adopted such a style, as were best fitted to interest the passions of his cotemporaries. There was in the public mind a certain obtuseness of feeling, which required to be strongly worked upon before any effect was produced: this must always be the case, where literature is first introduced amongst a people who have been unaccustomed to the exertions of intellect; they require something broad and distinct to be presented to their sight; and it would be futile to offer them the finer works of the imagination, the beauties of which they would not be capable of catching. Lays, tales, legends, ballads, something connected with the realities of life, something that they have formed previous ideas of, and which come within the scope of their intellect, and the dominion of their passions, are the poetry of an age like this. Love and arms, as they are their principal occupations, so they form the basis of their poetry, which seldom aims at any thing further than the amusement of the reader; and, if we may judge by some of the productions which have descended to us, this was no very difficult task. A modern novelist frequently finds cause for astonishment that any one could be moved to laughter by many of the weak jokes of Boccaccio; but the taste of that time was not so delicate, and the cotemporaries of Boccaccio no doubt found a great relish in that which scarce tickles the palate of a modern reader.

We may fairly take Chaucer as the poet of the age which we are now describing, and we shall find all the ingredients of the character of that age collected in his works: his *Canterbury Tales* are full of broad, but not deep feeling—replete with humour and waggery, and thus well calculated to attract the attention of a people whose simplicity was full of

archness. Let us suppose that the works of Collins had been put into the hands of one of Chaucer's cotemporaries, and that his eye rested on that immortal "*Ode on the Poetical Character*;" how completely unintelligible it must have been to him. Society required a long course of refinement before it could boast of a poet capable of writing that ode.

After the age of Chaucer, the next most decided steps towards improvement in the refinement both of mind and manners, may be remarked in the reign of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. It is true that there is a very great interval between these two periods, and that mighty changes had been effected during that interval. The invention of printing had been the means of disseminating the most universal information; but the progress of literature had scarcely kept pace with the march of mind, in consequence, principally, of the disturbed state of the country, arising from the contests for the crown between the two rival houses. At length when Henry VIII. ascended a splendid and peaceable throne, the spirit of literature and improvement, which had hitherto been much repressed, burst forth with great power. The reformation too, which tended so well to exercise men's judgments, added a fresh impulse to that power. The accession of a young king to the throne, who might reasonably be expected to encourage the cultivation of letters, and who indeed was himself an author, gave these pursuits a prevalence which they did not attain during the factious and disturbed reigns of his predecessors. Nor were there wanting excellent models of composition to guide and inform the poets of that day, who studied, and, indeed, closely imitated, the works of their Italian brethren. The passion of Petrarch and Laura probably gave rise to the poetical attachment of Lord Surrey and the Fair Geraldine, and the affection of the latter poet is poured forth in the same strain of touching, but overstrained tenderness, which breathes throughout the works of his Italian master.

But the triumph of the Muse was in the reign of Elizabeth; England's most splendid æra of poetical excellence. Nor do the character and manners of that age shrink from a

comparison with that excellence. In the gallantry and courteous respect which distinguished the court of a queen, when the age of chivalry was scarce passed, the verses of the poet met with the most flattering encouragement; it became the fashion with the courtly and noble wits of the day to address their stanzas to the queen, under every varied form of classical and pastoral flattery. Elizabeth herself did not disdain to become the object of their ingenious and fantastic verse, and even sat and received the poetical homage of her courtiers, disguised in the characters of a masque. To all these advantages we may add the extraordinary accident of so bright a constellation of genius, as appeared in the persons of Shakespeare and his companions. To the works of the dramatic writers we may look for an index of the manners of the time, and we may observe from them, that much of the grossness of former times still remained in their productions; and more especially this is observable, where we meet with scenes that would not be tolerated for an instant by the public of the present day. While England was thus so fortunate in her poets, her character in other respects stood equally high. She was respected abroad for her valour, and at home, her subjects enjoyed plenty and contentment. The people did not, perhaps, possess a great degree of liberty, as yet they had never dared to question the prerogative of a Tudor; but the time was fast approaching when the diffusion of knowledge caused the nation to inquire into their rights, and when the weakness and wickedness of the Stuarts prepared the way for an universal change in the character and disposition of the people.

During the reign of Elizabeth's successor, poetry again seemed sinking into the shade. The king, whose pedantry and conceit led him to the pursuit of more abstruse and nicer branches of learning, afforded it little encouragement, and, banished from the court, it met with no warm reception among the people, whose minds, already beginning to brood over their discontents, were not in a frame to be captivated by the light pleasures of the lyre. During the

reign of the unfortunate Charles, who was much addicted to the pursuits of polite learning, poetry in a great measure revived; and soon after the tremendous conflicts of the civil wars, the great epic of England was written.

The structure, sentiments, and execution of this poem, most strongly declare the spirit of the times in which its author lived. It has all the energy of a period when men are called upon to judge and decide on questions of the most solemn import; when remitted, as it were, to the original privileges of nature, they were engaged in strengthening or breaking the bonds of society. Much of that solemnity and austerity of thoughts which distinguished the controversialists of that day, are discoverable in that poem; and, after a perusal of it, we should at once say, that it had been written at a time when the great subjects of liberty and religion had been canvassed with no ordinary degree of interest.

When the rigour of presbyterian manners gave way to the dissoluteness which on the restoration was introduced from abroad, by the king, and the companions of his exile, poetry assumed a gayer and less severe tone. With this change of sentiment, a freer kind of versification became prevalent, and the French, as they furnished us with a model of manners, were so obliging as to add to the benefit, by giving to our poets a model for their verse. In truth, the change of masters, from the Italian to the French, did not tend to improve the spirit of our poetry; the deep-breathing sentiment of the former was exchanged for the licentious wit of the latter; and when we compare the works of two celebrated and noble courtiers, who flourished at the respective periods, when these very different styles of poetical composition were in vogue, Lord Surrey, and Lord Rochester, we have the most clear and perfect idea of the great change which had taken place, in no very considerable space of time, in the opinions and manners of society. Congreve's plays, and indeed almost all the poetical compositions of that period, present a strong picture of the levity, if not of the laxity of manners which had been introduced at the restoration. In the works of Dryden,

we perceive more of the native energy of the English character, though more strongly tinged with the grossness of the day than in any other writer of that period.

After the revolution the character of England became greatly improved. Satisfied that they were in the possession of a rational and temperate liberty, the people bent their minds with more earnestness and attention to the prosecution of literary pursuits, and the cultivation of matters of taste. Society grew more decent, if not more refined, and poetry partook strongly of this favourable change. The French, however, still continued to be imitated as models of poetical excellence, and as the triumph of the Italian school was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, so that of the French school was in the reign of Anne, when Pope carried this style to its highest pitch of excellence. After what has been, perhaps too presumptuously, called the Augustan age of England had passed away, there arose no new style of poetry till our own times, for the poets who flourished in the interval, may be said to have been almost entirely disciples of the French school. There are, however, two poets who should be excepted, Gray and Collins, but more especially the latter, in whose compositions there is more mind, and stretch of thought, than in those of any other poet who lived during the period of which we are speaking.

The present age has been eminently fruitful in poetical genius, and if we were asked what tone of society the works of the living poets indicated, we should say, a society where information was most universally diffused, and where the minds of men were most actively employed. Certainly, at no period of our history, has knowledge ever been so general; and the deep and powerful reflexion which we meet with in the works of our first poets, shows the strength and exertion of thought which exist among the people. The poets of our day have, at length, thrown off the shackles which fettered the limbs of their predecessors, and a freer and more natural flow, both of language and sentiment, has been the consequence. But, as whenever an an-

cient system has been subverted, whether of literature, or religion, there always are men who carry the new principles to excess, so on the restoration of our poetry to nature and simplicity, there have not been wanting those who, turning simplicity into childishness, have endeavoured to persuade the world that their affectation is nature. This mania, however, has fortunately not become universal, and the superior good sense of the poets, who rank highest in the estimation of their countrymen, has enabled them to perceive, and despise, the fallacy of such pretensions; and, indeed, the public at large are very capable of discriminating between the simplicity of Burns and of Wordsworth. The greatest proof of the depth and capacity of the public mind is displayed in the admiration with which the works of Byron are regarded. That the sparkling and spirited verses of Moore, or the milder elegance of Rogers, should awaken an interest in every bosom is not surprising; but it requires a stronger intellect, and a more chastised habit of thought, to enable us to appreciate the solemn and intense strain of feeling which breathes throughout the works of Byron. The strength and extension of intellect which thus distinguishes the people, may also be remarked amongst the minor poets, in whose extended ranks there are but few whose productions are contemptible. Indeed there is scarcely one amongst them who would not be ashamed of owning the productions of the Poet Laureates of the last century, as the offspring of his own Muse.

At no period of time has England been able to boast that she possessed poets of more high and varied powers; and never, perhaps, did she see united in the mind of one man such overwhelming feeling, so rich and lavish a store of the treasures of the imagination, such an unsparing power of satire, and so complete a facility in every varied form of poetical compositions, with such capability of transition from the extremes of the most opposite passions, as have impressed the stamp of immortality on the works of Byron.

THE ABBOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.*

THIS work was expected with considerable eagerness by what is called the Reading Public; and, like all the productions of its celebrated Author, it has been perused with great avidity. We apprehend there can be nothing either invidious or incorrect in affirming, that the Monastery—the immediate predecessor of the Abbot—is now generally regarded as a comparative failure. The permanent fame of the admirable writer cannot be affected by this fact;—his rank in the literature of his country was settled before the Monastery made its appearance—and we believe we may safely pronounce it to be the highest of the present day. In regard to no other public question that could be mentioned, should we feel it so safe to anticipate the decision of posterity as in regard to this. Still, however, it is a matter of considerable interest with the public, and, we apprehend, of considerable interest in more than one sense, to the author, whether his genius remains unexhausted, as to its power of production, or whether it already shows signs of having, in some measure, lost its privilege of fecundity,—or, at least, discovers in its offspring symptoms of decay, the forerunner of sterility.

We certainly considered The Monastery inferior to its predecessors; and we as certainly think The Abbot inferior to The Monastery. The author, for any thing we have seen since, should have rested with *Ivanhoe*. He then made an incursion into a new kingdom, and came off gloriously victorious: this enterprize seemed to indicate that he considered he had no further field for triumph within his old bounds;—why then has he gone back within them? The *Ivanhoe*, though not better than some of the best of the Scotch novels—perhaps not so good as one or two—increased our estimate of the powers of the writer,—for it was a sally into a new region of description; it showed the faculty of acute observation more intimately allied with the imagination than we had before seen it in any of

the compositions from the same pen:—it was more poetical in its general feeling, we think, than any of its predecessors; and one of its characters—Rebecca—was altogether a more exquisite creation than any single one that had before proceeded from the same source. Rebecca lives in our memories without having a rival in any of the heroines of novels—unless it be *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clementina* does not interest us so much: and the circumstances in which the Jewess was placed, and the elements of her character, are so much more poetical than those of *Lovelace's* victim,—that, on the whole, we may safely say Rebecca is lady of the ascendant in our hearts.—Her deep enthusiasm, her silent passion, her unrequited tenderness, suggest her to recollection when we think of *Juliet* and *Cordelia*, of *Desdemona* and *Ophelia*.

The author, surely, could well have afforded to stop here; and he might have stopped for any thing that he has since been able to do in the way of adding to his reputation. Yet if he choose still to proceed,—and still downwards,—we shall not quarrel with him. He who has “won fields” may be afterwards permitted to “shoulder his crutch.” If we were in his place, and could see the matter, so situated, as the bystanders see it, we certainly would stop: such would be our taste: but, we repeat, that is his affair, not the public's. The latter have a great interest in the literary reputation of the author of the Scotch novels; and could he now degrade or lessen that reputation by comparative failures, we would charge him with a public offence in writing his last two novels:—but it is established, unalterably, and invulnerably. *Corneille's* fame, growing out of his best works, is not at all affected by his inferior compositions; and these are more numerous and worse, than, we venture to predict, those of the author of *Waverley* will ever be. Whatever the latter writes will always be amusing—highly amusing—worth critical powder and shot at least:—it will always

* In 3 vols. 12mo. published by Longman and Co.; and Constable and Co.

evinced a hearty and healthy sympathy with human nature: it will always be full of vivacity, devoid of affectation, full of manly sentiment, and noble feeling, calculated to instil afresh energy and honour into a debilitated and corrupted generation. All this may justly be said of his last work, *The Abbot*, which we style *failure the second*! We wish we had many authors who could succeed up to this one's failures.

When we speak of his stopping, we do not mean to convey the idea that he should never write again: what we mean is, that he clearly cannot carry further the series, at the rate of one or two a year, as he has hitherto done, without reducing his present popularity, and of course the value of his copyrights. If we are not much mistaken, the Booksellers have already found this out; and we wish the author had anticipated the discovery. What fresh sources of inspiration may yet be open to him—what are still the capacities of his genius, should he permit it to lie fallow for a season, we cannot pretend to determine—but we are not prone to believe that his powers are really impaired, or that opportunities for displaying them to advantage might not yet be found. We have heard it said for him, that he had still the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*:—of the present, we would advise him to beware: we do not see very well what he could do with the future—it is a comfortless prospect, and our sympathies recoil from it. But the past is human nature itself, removed to its fair point of sight, and its suggestions are endless. It requires, however, to be contemplated, not in the spirit of book-making, but in one of deep devoted study and attachment. The subject must be loved for itself alone;—not courted because a new novel is expected with the winter fashions. It was not to meet the demands of the Row, that *Waverley* was brought out; or that the materials for its immediate successors were collected. If it had been so, we should never have been able to say of the series what we have said. Walter Scott (not then a baronet) fairly wrote himself down as a poet, merely because he would keep a head of his own popularity—and having determined to do this, he soon left it far behind in his latest works.

The anonymous author of *Waverley* should take care not to make the same mistake.

In giving it as our opinion that the *Abbot* is inferior to the *Monastery*, perhaps some little explanation of our meaning may be necessary. It bears evident marks of having been *revised*, and these account for the delay in its appearance, after it was expected and reported to be coming out. The revision has been so far successful that it is not marked by any of the gross faults which are to be found in the *Monastery*; but neither, on the other hand, does it contain passages of such beauty. There is nothing in it equal to the descriptive commencement of its predecessor; or to the scene in the Castle of Julian of Avenel. It has not one striking or fascinating character; and that of Queen Mary is woefully lowered beneath the level of actual history. She is represented as a flippant, vulgar woman; coarse, and ill-timed in her sarcasms; weak and cowardly in her disposition. In fact, rather disagreeable than otherwise. Some of the allusions to the charges brought against her have been strained to bear an intended reference to the inquiry which now attracts so large a share of public attention; and it does seem scarcely possible, that the author should not have foreseen that they would be so construed. If he did foresee this, and did not take measures to avoid it, he sanctions the interpretation: but his sentiments, as so evinced, do not seem wholly in favour of either of the parties. He steers clear of pronouncing on the guilt or innocence of Mary; and, while he reflects on her enemies' malevolence, suggests no very high notion of her respectability.

The story is well-connected, and altogether interesting. Sir Halbert Glendinning, and his Lady, are introduced, from the last Novel of the *Monastery*: their marriage has been childless, and Roland Græme, the hero of the tale, becomes the protégé of the Lady, in consequence of his life having been accidentally endangered, and saved in her sight, when a mere boy.—Who the child really was is not explained by Magdalen Græme, his grandmother,—who surlily consents that the child shall remain for a season with the heiress of Avenel.

He becomes the Lady's favourite

page; but is hated by the whole household for his sauciness; and, ultimately, his imprudence gives his enemies so much the advantage of him, that his protectress withdraws her favour, and he is turned out of doors. Sir Halbert had never shown any kindness towards him; but did not oppose his wife's partiality.

Roland is delineated as proud and insolent—yet susceptible and grateful. The parting scene, between him and the Lady of Avenel, is affectingly described; and we are led to feel much interested in the fate of the youth, now turned adrift on the world.

He wanders to the cell of Saint Cuthbert, to take counsel of the holy man who was its usual inmate: but it had been attacked by the zealots of the Reformation, and was now in ruins: the hermit was gone. Here, however, Roland meets his grandmother; a wild enthusiast of the Meg Merrilies cast,—whose devotion to the Catholic religion is tinged with insanity, as well as elevated by a noble courage and proud fidelity.—Roland has secretly guarded the Catholic faith, notwithstanding his Protestant education in the Castle of Avenel; and he is now consecrated, as it were, by Magdalen Græme, to the performance of some great undivulged deed of deliverance, in behalf of the proscribed church.

They pass the night amongst the romantic ruins of St. Cuthbert's cell, and, in the morning, they proceed on their way together. They soon arrive at a large house, standing apart from a village, which also bears evident marks of having been injured by the hand of violence. Under circumstances of mystery, Roland is here introduced to the abbess of St. Catherine, and afterwards to her beautiful niece, Catherine Seyton. The two old women leave the young people together; because, as it is darkly insinuated, they are to be fellow-instruments in a great work, and the usual consequences ensue—that is to say, they become lovers. The first conversation scene between Catherine and Roland affords, perhaps, one of the most convincing proofs that the author's hand has, for the present, lost much of its delicacy of touch by over use.

The next day, the four proceed—but in pairs—the lovers being separated.

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rated—to advance their enterprize. Roland travelling with his grandmother, falls in with Sir Halbert Glendinning, at the head of his armed retainers, who is as yet ignorant of the disgrace of his lady's page. Informed by the latter why he has left the castle, Sir Halbert manifests a wish to serve him, though he acknowledges he had never honoured the youth with much kindly notice; and Magdalen Græme consents that her grandson shall again enter the service of a house whom she hates for its faith, and for other reasons,—hoping to turn this circumstance to the advantage of her own secret designs; which evidently relate to the Queen (Mary), now understood to be in a state of confinement in Lochlevin Castle.

Sir Halbert Glendinning dispatches Roland to the regent (Murray) now ruler of the Kingdom of Scotland; and to Holyrood House he is accompanied by Adam Woodcock, the falconer, to whom much of the comic interest of the novel is attached. Scarcely entered Edinburgh, Roland's youthful rashness engages him in a street fray; and in this, it is his luck to succour the Lord Seyton; who is the father of his beloved Catherine. Her, he sees by accident in the street; and following her to her house, he is involved in rather dangerous circumstances; for, wearing the holly-sprig, the cognizance of the Glendinning followers, he is instantly obnoxious to the young men, retainers of Seyton, the latter family being Catholic. The gratitude of the Lord Seyton himself, who recognizes his succourer in the late fray, preserves him from insult.

Delivered from these chance embarrassments, Roland at length reaches Holyrood House; and is introduced to the Regent. On this distinguished person he has the good fortune to make a favourable impression; and he becomes, by accident, the listener to a state conversation between Murray and Morton, in which the designs against Queen Mary are more than hinted at. Ultimately he is appointed page to this unfortunate Princess—to attend her during her captivity in the Castle of Lochlevin—for the sake of giving notice to the Regent of what it might concern him to know.

The story now becomes very in-

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teresting. Roland is transported to the Castle, across the lake, and is introduced to the unhappy Queen. He here finds that Catherine Seyton has, by great good luck, been attached to Mary's person, as an attendant; and the greater part of the rest of the novel passes in this place of confinement, where love, and plottings of escapes, and politics, and religious disputation, jealousies, bickerings, alarms, and dangers, constitute a busy and animating interest. A curious, but not agreeable, *equivoque*, turns on Roland's frequently taking a brother of Catherine, disguised in female attire, for Catherine herself. The brother is too proud to brook the idea of Roland's alliance with his sister: his impatience, therefore, may be guessed, when he hears himself addressed as Catherine, in the language of passion. Young Seyton is deeply concerned in the plots to rescue Queen Mary from her confinement, and place her at the head of the kingdom. At length the Queen escapes from Lochleven, and is joined by a band of adherents, amongst whom is Roland Græme. The battle, however, near the Castle of Crookstone, turns out unfortunately for the Queen; her party is dispersed; and she adopts the fatal resolution of flying to England. So ends the novel; at the conclusion of which the mystery of Roland's birth is cleared up. His mother was the Catherine Græme, so touchingly sketched in the novel of the Monastery, as the cruelly-treated mistress of Julian Avenel: he himself was the infant left on the field of battle, when his unfortunate mother died on the slain body of her false knight. It is now verified that Catherine Græme was really married to Julian, though her unworthy husband, having repented of his union, had, with the connivance of the priest, led the poor damsel to believe that the ceremony had been performed by one not in holy orders. This discovery established Roland as the heir of Avenel.

To the true gospel the heart of Roland had secretly long inclined, and the departure of the good Abbot for France, with the purpose of entering into some house of his order in that kingdom, removed his chief objection to renouncing the Catholic faith. Another might have existed in the duty which he owed to Magdalen Græme, both by birth and from gratitude. But he

learned, ere he had been long a resident in Avenel, that his grandmother had died at Cologne, in the performance of a penance too severe for her age, which she had taken upon herself in behalf of the Queen and Church of Scotland, so soon as she heard of the defeat at Langside. The zeal of the Abbot Ambrosius was more regulated, but he retired into the Scottish convent of ———, and so lived there, that the fraternity were inclined to claim for him the honours of canonization. But he guessed their purpose, and prayed them, on his death-bed, to do no honours to the body of one as sinful as themselves; but to send his body and his heart to be buried in Avenel burial-aisle, in the monastery of Saint Mary's, that the last Abbot of that celebrated house of devotion might sleep among its ruins.

Long before that period arrived, Roland Avenel was wedded to Catherine Seyton, who, after two years residence with her unhappy mistress, was dismissed, upon her being subjected to closer restraint than had been at first exercised. She returned to her father's house, and as Roland was acknowledged for the successor and lawful heir of the ancient house of Avenel, greatly increased as the estate was by the providence of Sir Halbert Glendinning, there occurred no objections to the match on the part of her family. Her mother was recently dead when she first entered the convent; and her father, in the unsettled times which followed Queen Mary's flight to England, was not averse to an alliance with a youth, who, himself loyal to Queen Mary, still held some influence, through means of Sir Halbert Glendinning, with the party in power.

Roland and Catherine, therefore, were united, spite of their differing faiths; and the White Lady, whose apparition had been infrequent when the House of Avenel seemed verging to extinction, was seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom as broad as the baldric of an Earl.

Such is the tissue of the story: the manner in which it is conducted, the art with which it is enlivened, the portraits and actions by which it is animated, cannot of course be devined from the general narrative we have given: the book, however, will no doubt soon fall into the hands of all our readers, and has probably been already perused by the great majority of them. We shall merely select, therefore, two extracts, with the object of affording distinct and complete specimens of our author's manner, rather than to follow or illustrate the thread of the history.

As one of the most animated pas-

sages of the novel, and one that displays to most advantage our author's spirited manner, we shall give the whole description of the battle which terminated for ever the hopes of the wretched Queen. She is on the march with her adherents, endeavouring to gain the fortress of Dumbarton.

When, at length, their march came to be nearly parallel with the city of Glasgow, Roland became sensible, that the high grounds before them were already in part occupied by a force, shewing, like their own, the royal banner of Scotland, and on the point of being supported by columns of infantry and squadrons of horse, which the city gates had poured forth, and which hastily advanced to sustain those troops who already possessed the ground in front of the Queen's army. Horseman after horseman galloped in from the advanced guard, with tidings that Murray had taken the field with his whole army; that his object was to intercept the Queen's march, and his purpose unquestionably to hazard a battle. It was now that the tempers of men were subjected to a sudden and a severe trial; and that those who had too presumptuously concluded that they would pass without combat, were something disconcerted, when, at once, and with little time to deliberate, they found themselves placed in front of a resolute enemy.—Their chiefs immediately assembled around the Queen, and held a hasty council of war. Mary's quivering lip confessed the fear which she endeavoured to conceal, under a bold and dignified demeanour. But her efforts were overcome by painful recollections of the disastrous issue of her last appearance in arms at Carberry-hill; and when she meant to have asked them their advice for ordering the battle, she involuntarily enquired whether there were no means of escaping without an engagement.

"Escaping?" answered the Lord Seyton, "When I stand as one to ten of your Highness's enemies, I may think of escape—but never while I stand with three to two!"

"Battle! battle!" exclaimed the assembled lords; "we will drive the rebels from their vantage ground, as the hound turns the hare on the hill side."

"Methinks, my noble lords," said the Abbot, "it were as well to prevent his gaining that advantage.—Our road lies through yonder hamlet on the brow, and whichever party hath the luck to possess it, with its little gardens and enclosures, will attain a post of great defence."

"The reverend father is right," said the Queen. "O, haste thee, Seyton, haste, and get thither before them—they are marching like the wind."

Seyton bowed low, and turned his horse's

head.—"Your Highness honours me," he said; "I will instantly press forward, and seize the pass."

"Not before me, my lord, whose charge is the command of the van-guard?" said the Lord of Arbroath.

"Before you, or any Hamilton in Scotland," said the Seyton, "having the Queen's command—Follow me, gentlemen, my vassals, and kinsmen—Saint Bennet, and set on!"

"And follow me," said Arbroath, "my noble kinsmen, and brave men-tenants, we will see which will first reach the post of danger. For God and Queen Mary!"

"Ill-omened haste, and most unhappy strife," said the Abbot, who saw them and their followers rush hastily and emulously to ascend the height, without waiting till their men were placed in order.—"And you, gentlemen," he continued, addressing Roland and Seyton, who were each about to follow those who hastened thus disorderly to the conflict, "will you leave the Queen's person unguarded?"

"O, leave me not, gentlemen!" said the Queen—"Roland and Seyton, do not leave me—there are enough of arms to strike in this fell combat—withdraw not those to whom I trust for my safety."

"We may not leave her Grace," said Roland, looking at Seyton, and turning his horse.

"I ever looked when thou wouldst find out that," rejoined the fiery youth.

Roland made no answer, but bit his lip till the blood came, and spurring his horse up to the side of Catherine Seyton's palfrey, he whispered in a low voice, "I never thought to have done aught to deserve you; but this day I have heard myself upbraided with cowardice, and my sword remained still sheathed, and all for the love of you."

"There is madness among us all," said the damsel; "my father, my brother, and you, are all alike bereft of reason. Ye should think only of this poor Queen, and you are all inspired by your own absurd jealousies.—The Monk is the only soldier and man of sense amongst you all.—My Lord Abbot," she cried aloud, "were it not better we should draw to the westward, and wait the event that God shall send us, instead of remaining here in the highway, endangering the Queen's person, and cumbering the troops in their advance?"

"You say well, my daughter," replied the Abbot, "had we but one to guide us where the Queen's person may be in safety.—Our nobles hurry to the conflict, without casting a thought on the very cause of the war."

"Follow me," said a knight, or man-at-arms, well-mounted, and attired completely in black armour, but having the visor of his helmet closed, and bearing no crest on his helmet, or device upon his shield.

"We will follow no stranger," said the Abbot, "without some warrant of his truth."

"I am a stranger and in your hands," said the horseman; "if you wish to know more of me, the Queen herself will be your warrant."

The Queen had remained fixed to the spot, as if disabled by fear, yet mechanically smiling, bowing, and waving her hand, as banners were lowered and spears depressed before her, while, emulating the strife betwixt Seyton and Arbroath, band on band pressed forward their march towards the enemy. Scarce, however, had the black rider whispered something in her ear, than she assented to what he said; and when he spoke aloud, and with an air of command, "Gentlemen, it is the Queen's pleasure that you should follow me," Mary uttered, with something like eagerness, the word "Yes."

All were in motion in an instant, for the black horseman, throwing off a sort of apathy of manner, which his first appearance indicated, spurred his horse to and fro, making him take such active bounds and short turns as shewed the rider master of the animal; and getting the queen's little retinue in some order for marching, he led them to the left, directing his course towards a castle, which, crowning a gentle yet commanding eminence, presented an extensive view over the country beneath, and, in particular, commanded a view of those heights which both armies hastened to occupy, and which it was now apparent must almost instantly be the scene of struggle and dispute.

"Yonder towers," said the Abbot, questioning the sable horseman, "to whom do they belong?—and are they now in the hands of friends?"

"They are untenanted," replied the stranger; "or, at least, they have no hostile inmates.—But urge these youths, Sir Abbot, to make more haste—this is but an evil time to satisfy their idle curiosity, by peering out upon the battle in which they are to take no share."

"The worse luck mine," said Henry Seyton, who overheard him; "I would rather be under my father's banner at this moment than be made Chamberlain of Holyrood, for this my present duty of peaceful ward well and patiently discharged."

"Your place under your father's banner will shortly be right dangerous," said Roland Avenel, who, pressing his horse towards the westward, had still his look reverted to the armies; "for I see yonder body of cavalry, which presses from the eastward, will reach the village ere Lord Seyton can gain it."

"They are but cavalry," said Seyton, looking attentively; "they cannot hold the village without shot of harquebuss."

"Look more closely," said Roland; "you will see that each of these horsemen who advance so rapidly from Glasgow, carries a footman behind him."

"Now, by Heaven, he speaks well!" said the black cavalier; "one of you two must go carry the news to Lord Seyton and Lord Arbroath, that they hasten not their horsemen on before the foot, but advance more regularly."

"Be that my errand," said Roland, "for I first marked the stratagem of the enemy."

"But, by your leave," said Seyton, "yonder is my father's banner engaged, and it best becomes me to go to the rescue."

"I will stand by the Queen's decision," said Roland Avenel.

"What new appeal?—what new quarrel?" said Queen Mary—"Are there not in yonder dark host enemies enough to Mary Stuart, but must her very friends turn enemies to each other?"

"Nay, madam," said Roland, "the young Master of Seyton and I did but dispute who should leave your person to do a most needful message to the host. He thought his rank entitled him, and I deemed that the person of least consequence, being myself, were better perilled"—

"Not so," said the Queen; "if one must leave me, be it Seyton."

Henry Seyton bowed till the white plumes on his helmet mixed with the flowing mane of his gallant war-horse, then placed himself firm in the saddle, shook his lance aloft with an air of triumph and determination, and striking his horse with the spurs, made towards his father's banner, which was still advancing up the hill, and dashed his steed over every obstacle that occurred in his headlong path.

"My brother! my father!" exclaimed Catherine, with an expression of agonized apprehension—"they are in the midst of peril, and I in safety!"

"Would to God," said Roland, "that I were with them, and could ransom every drop of their blood by two of mine!"

"Do I not know thou does wish it?" said Catherine—"Can a woman say to a man what I have well nigh said to thee, and yet think that he could harbour fear or faintness of heart?—There is that in yon distant sound of approaching battle that pleases me even while it affrights me. I would I were a man, that I might feel that stern delight, without the mixture of terror!"

"Ride up, ride up, Lady Catherine Seyton," cried the Abbot, as they still swept on at a rapid pace, and were now close beneath the walls of the castle—"ride up, and aid Lady Fleming to support the Queen—she gives way more and more."

They halted, and lifted Mary from the saddle, and were about to support her towards the castle, when she said faintly, "Not there—not there—these walls will I never enter more."

"Be a Queen, madam," said the Abbot, "and forget that you are a woman."

"O! I must forget much more," answered the unfortunate Mary, in an under tone, "ere I can look with steady eyes on these well-known scenes!—I must forget the days which I spent here as the bride of the lost—the murdered——"

"This is the Castle of Crookstone," said the Lady Fleming, "in which the Queen held her first court after she was married to Darnley."

"Heaven," said the Abbot, "thy hand is upon us!—Bear yet up, madam—your foes are the foes of Holy Church, and God will this day decide whether Scotland shall be Catholic or heretic."

A heavy and continued fire of cannon and musketry, bore a tremendous burthen to his words, and seemed far more than they to recal the spirits of the Queen.

"To yonder tree," she said, pointing to a yew tree, which grew on a small mount close to the castle; "I know it well—from thence you may see a prospect wide as from the peaks of Schehallion."

And freeing herself from her assistants, she walked with a determined, yet somewhat wild step, up to the stem of the noble yew. The Abbot, Catherine, and Roland Avenel followed her, while Lady Fleming kept back the inferior persons of her train. The black horseman also followed the Queen, waiting on her as closely as the shadow upon the light, but ever remaining at the distance of two or three yards—he folded his arms on his bosom, turned his back to the battle, and seemed solely occupied by gazing on Mary, through the bars of his closed vizor. The Queen regarded him not, but fixed her eyes upon the spreading yew.

"Ay, fair and stately tree," she said, as if at the sight of it she had been rapt away from the present scene, and had overcome the horror which had oppressed her at the first approach to Crookstone, "there thou standest, gay and goodly as ever, though thou hearest the sounds of war, instead of the vows of love. All is gone since I last greeted thee—love and lover—vows and vower—king and kingdom.—How goes the field, my Lord Abbot?—with us I trust—yet what but evil can Mary's eyes witness from this spot!"

Her attendants eagerly bent their eyes on the field of battle, but could discover nothing more than that it was obstinately debated. The small inclosures and cottage gardens in the village, of which they had a full and commanding view, and which lately lay, with their lines of syc-

more and ash-trees, so still and quiet in the mild light of a May sun, were now each converted into a line of fire, canopied by smoke; and the sustained and constant report of the musketry and cannon, mingled with the shouts of the meeting combatants, shewed that as yet neither party had given ground.

"Many a soul finds its final departure to heaven or hell, in these awful thunders," said the Abbot; "let those that believe in the Holy Church, join me in orisons for victory in this dreadful combat."

"Not here—not here," said the unfortunate Queen; "pray not here, father, or pray in silence—my mind is too much torn between the past and the present, to dare to approach the heavenly throne—Or, if ye will pray, be it for one whose fondest affections have been her greatest crimes, and who has ceased to be a queen, only because she was a deceived and a tender-hearted woman."

"Were it not well," said Roland, "that I rode somewhat nearer the hosts, and saw the fate of the day?"

"Do so, in the name of God," said the Abbot; "for if our friends are scattered, our flight must be hasty—but beware thou approach not too nigh the conflict; there is more than thine own life depends on thy safe return."

"O, go not too nigh, said Catherine; "but fail not to see how the Seytons fight, and how they bear themselves."

"Fear nothing, I will be on my guard," said Ronald Avenel; and without waiting further answer, rode towards the scene of conflict, keeping, as he rode, the higher and uninclosed ground, and ever looking cautiously around him, for fear of involving himself in some hostile party. As he approached, the shots rung sharp and more sharply on his ear, the shouts came wilder and wilder; and he felt that thick beating of the heart, that mixture of natural apprehension, intense curiosity, and anxiety for the dubious event, which even the bravest experience when they approach alone to a scene of interest and of danger.

At length he drew so close, that from a bank, screened by bushes and underwood, he could distinctly see where the struggle was most keenly maintained. This was in a hollow way, leading to the village, up which the Queen's vanguard had marched with more hasty courage than well-advised conduct, for the purpose of possessing themselves of that post of vantage. But they found the hedges and inclosures already occupied by the enemy, led by the celebrated Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the Earl of Morton; and not small was the loss which they sustained while struggling forward to come to close with the men-at-arms on the other side. But as the Queen's followers were chiefly noblemen and barons,

with their kinsmen and followers, they had pressed onwards, contemning obstacles and danger, and had, when Roland arrived on the ground, met hand to hand at the gorge of the pass with the Regent's vanguard, and endeavoured to bear them out of the village at the spear-point; while their foes, equally determined to keep the advantage which they had attained, struggled with the like obstinacy to drive back the assailants.

Both parties were on foot, and armed in proof; so that, when the long lances of the front ranks were fixed in each other's shields, corslets, and breast-plates, the struggle resembled that of two bulls, who, fixing their frontlets hard against each other, remain in that posture for hours, until the superior strength or obstinacy of the one compels the other to take flight, or bears him down to the earth. Thus locked together in the deadly struggle, which swayed slowly to and fro, as one or other party gained the advantage, those who fell were trampled on alike by friends and foes; those whose weapons were broken retired from the front rank, and had their place supplied by others; while the rearward ranks, unable otherwise to take share in the combat, fired their pistols, and hurled their daggers, and the points and truncheons of the broken weapons, like javelins against the enemy.

"God and the Queen!" resounded from the one party; "God and the King!" thundered from the other, while, in the name of their sovereign, fellow-subjects shed each other's blood, and, in the name of their Creator, defaced his image. Amid the tumult was often heard the voices of the captains, shouting their commands; of leaders and chiefs, crying their gathering words; of groans and shrieks from the falling and the dying.

The strife had lasted nearly an hour. The strength of both parties seemed exhausted; but their rage was unabated, and their obstinacy unsubdued, when Roland, who turned eye and ear to all around him, saw a column of infantry, headed by a few horsemen, wheel round the base of the bank where he had stationed himself, and, levelling their long lances, attack the flank of the Queen's vanguard, closely engaged as they were with the conflict on their front. The very first glance shewed him that the leader who directed this movement was the Knight of Avenel, his ancient master, and the next convinced him that its effect would be decisive. The result of the attack of fresh and unbroken forces upon the flank of those already wearied with a long and obstinate struggle, was, indeed, instantaneous.

The column of the assailants, which had hitherto shewn one dark, dense, and united line of helmets, surmounted with plume,

was at once broken and hurled in confusion down the hill, which they had so long endeavoured to gain. In vain were the leaders heard calling upon their followers to stand to the combat, and seen personally resisting when all resistance was evidently vain. They were slain, or felled to the earth, or hurried backwards by the mingled tide of flight and pursuit. What were Roland's feelings on beholding the rout, and feeling that all that remained for him was to turn bridle, and endeavour to ensure the safety of the Queen's person! Yet, keen as his grief and shame might be, they were both forgotten, when, almost close beneath the bank which he occupied, he saw Henry Seyton forced away from his own party in the tumult, covered with dust and blood, and defending himself desperately against several of the enemy who had gathered around him, attracted by his gay armour. Roland paused not a moment, but pushing his steed down the bank, leaped him amongst the hostile party, dealt three or four blows amongst them, which struck down two, and made the rest stand aloof, then reaching Seyton his hand, he exhorted him to seize fast on his horse's mane.

"We live or die together this day," said he; "keep but fast hold till we are out of the press, and then my horse is yours."

Seyton heard, and exerted his remaining strength, and, by their joint efforts, Roland brought him out of danger, and behind the spot from whence he had witnessed the disastrous conclusion of the fight. But no sooner were they under shelter of the trees, than Seyton let go his hold, and in spite of Roland's efforts to support him, fell at length on the turf. "Trouble yourself no more with me," he said; "this is my first and my last battle—and I have already seen too much of it to wish to see the close. Hasten to save the Queen—and commend me to Catherine—she will never more be mistaken for me nor I for her—the last sword-stroke has made an eternal distinction."

"Let me aid you to mount my horse," said Roland, eagerly, "and you may yet be saved—I can find my own way on foot—turn but my horse's head westward, and he will carry you fleet and easy as the wind."

"I will never mount steed more," said the youth; "farewell—I love thee better dying, than ever I thought to have done while in life—I would that old man's blood were not on my hand—*Sancte Benedicite, ora pro me*—Stand not to look on a dying man, but haste to save the Queen."

These words were spoken with the last effort of his voice, and scarce were they uttered ere the speaker was no more. They recalled Roland to the sense of the duty

which he had well nigh forgotten; but they did not reach his ears only.

"The Queen—where is the Queen?" said Halbert Glendinning, who, followed by two or three horsemen, appeared at this instant. Roland made no answer; but turning his horse, and confiding in his speed, gave him at once rein and spur, and rode over height and hollow towards the Castle of Crookstone. More heavily armed, and mounted upon a horse of less speed, Sir Halbert Glendinning followed with couched lance, calling out as he rode, "Sir, with the holly-branch, halt, and shew your right to bear that badge—fly not thus cowardly, nor dishonour the cognizance thou deservest not to wear!—Halt, sir, coward, or by Heaven, I will strike thee with my lance on the back, and slay thee like a dastard—I am the Knight of Avenel—I am Halbert Glendinning."

But Roland, who had no purpose of encountering his old master, and who besides knew the Queen's safety depended on his making the best speed he could, answered not a word to the defiance and reproaches which Sir Halbert continued to throw out against him; but making the best use of his spurs, rode yet harder than before, and had gained about a hundred yards upon his pursuer, when coming near to the yew-tree where he had left the Queen, he saw them already getting to horse, and cried out as loud as he could, "Foes! foes!—Ride for it, fair ladies—Brave gentlemen, do your devoir to protect them."

So saying, he wheeled his horse, and avoiding the shock of Sir Halbert Glendinning, charged one of his followers, who was nearly on a line with him, so rudely with his lance, that he overthrew horse and man. He then drew his sword and attacked the second, while the black man-at-arms, throwing himself in the way of Glendinning, they rushed on each other so fiercely, that both horses were overthrown, and the riders lay rolling on the plain. Neither was able to arise, for the black horseman was pierced through with Glendinning's lance, and the Knight of Avenel, oppressed with the weight of his own horse, and sorely bruised besides, seemed in little better plight than he whom he had mortally wounded.

"Yield thee, Sir Knight of Avenel, rescue or no rescue," said Roland, who had put a second antagonist out of condition to combat, and hastened to prevent Glendinning from renewing the conflict.

"I may not chuse but yield," said Sir Halbert, "since I can no longer fight; but it shames me to speak such a word to a coward like thee."

"Call me not coward," said Roland, lifting his visor, and helping his prisoner to rise, "since but for old kindness at thy hand, and yet more at thy lady's, I had met thee as a brave man should."

"The favourite page of my wife!" said Sir Halbert, astonished; Ah! wretched boy, I have heard of thy treason at Lochleven."

"Reproach him not, my brother," said the Abbot; "he was but an agent in the hands of Heaven."

"To horse, to horse!" said Catherine Seyton; "mount and be gone, or we are all lost. I see our gallant army flying for many a league—To horse, my Lord Abbot—To horse, Roland—My gracious Liege, to horse; ere this, we should have ridden a mile."

"Look on these features," said Mary, pointing to the dying knight, who had been unhelmed by some compassionate hand; "look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot farther to save her wretched life."

The reader must have long anticipated the discovery, which the Queen's feelings had made before her eyes confirmed it. It was the features of the unhappy George Douglas, on which Death was stamping his mark.

The scene concluding with Mary's unfortunate embarkation for England is also very impressive: it concludes the principal interest of the novel, and with it we shall conclude this article.

In this dejected mood, but still pursuing her flight with unabated rapidity, the unfortunate Mary, after having been joined by Lord Herries and a few followers, at length halted, for the first time, at the Abbey of Dundrennan, nearly sixty miles distant from the field of battle. In this remote corner of Galloway, the Reformation not having yet been strictly enforced against the monks, a few still lingered in their cells unmolested; and the Prior, with tears and reverence, received the fugitive Queen at the gate of his convent.

"I bring you ruin, my good Father," said the Queen, as she was lifted from her palfrey.

"It is welcome," said the Prior, "if it comes in the rain of duty."

Placed on the ground and supported by her ladies, the Queen looked for an instant at her palfrey, which, jaded and drooping its head, seemed as if it mourned the distresses of its mistress.

"Good Roland," said the Queen, whispering, "let Rosabelle be cared for—ask thy heart, and it will tell thee why I make this little request even in this awful hour."

She was conducted to her apartment, and in the hurried consultation of her attendants, the fatal resolution of the retreat to England was finally adopted. In the morning it received her approbation, and a messenger was dispatched to the English warden, to pray him for safe-conduct and hospitality, on the part of the Queen of Scotland. On the next day, the Abbot walked

in the garden of the Abbey with Roland, to whom he expressed his disapprobation of the course pursued. "It is madness and ruin," he said; "better commit herself to the savage Highlanders or wild Bordermen, than to the faith of Elizabeth. A woman to a rival woman—a presumptive successor to the keeping of a jealous Queen!—Roland, Herries is true and loyal, but his counsel has ruined his mistress."

They soon arrived where the Queen stood, surrounded by her little train, and by her side the Sheriff of Cumberland, a gentleman of the house of Lowther, richly dressed and accompanied by soldiers. The aspect of the Queen exhibited a singular mixture of alacrity and reluctance to depart. Her language and gestures spoke hope and consolation to her attendants, and she seemed desirous to persuade even herself that the step she adopted was secure, and that the assurance she had received of kind reception was altogether satisfactory; but her quivering lip, and unsettled eye, betrayed at once her anguish at departing from Scotland, and her fears of confiding herself to the doubtful faith of England.

"Welcome, my Lord Abbot," said she; "and you, Roland Avenel, we have joyful news for you—our loving sister's officer proffers us, in her name, a safe asylum from the rebels who have driven us from our own—only it grieves me we must here part from you for a short space."

"Part from us, madam!" said the Abbot; "is your welcome in England, then, to commence with the abridgment of your train and dismissal of your counsellors?"

"Take it not thus, good Father," said Mary; "the Warden and the Sheriff, faithful servants of our Royal Sister, deem it necessary to obey her instructions in the present case, even to the letter, and can only admit me with my female attendants. An express will instantly be dispatched from London, assigning me a place of residence; and I will speedily send to all of you whenever my Court shall be formed."

"Your Court formed in England! and while Elizabeth lives and reigns?" said the Abbot—"that will be when we shall see two suns in one heaven!"

"Do not think so," replied the Queen; "we are well assured of our sister's good faith. Elizabeth loves fame—and not all that she has won by her power and her wisdom will equal that which she will acquire by extending her hospitality to a distressed sister!—not all that she may hereafter do of good, wise, and great, would blot out the reproach of abusing our confidence.—Farewell, my page—now my knight—farewell for a brief season. I will dry the tears of Catherine, or I will weep with her till neither of us can weep longer." She held out her hand to Roland, who, flinging himself on his knees, kissed it with much emo-

tion. He was about to render the same homage to Catherine, when the Queen, assuming an air of sprightliness, said, "Her lips, thou foolish boy! and, Catherine, coy it not—these English gentlemen should see, that, even in our cold clime, Beauty knows how to reward Bravery and Fidelity!"

"We are not now to learn the force of Scottish beauty, or the mettle of Scottish valour," said the Sheriff of Cumberland courteously—"I would it were in my power to bid these attendants upon her who is herself the mistress of Scottish beauty, as welcome to England as my poor cares would make them. But our Queen's orders are positive in case of such an emergence, and they must not be disputed by her subject.—May I remind your Majesty that the tide ebbs fast?"

The Sheriff took the Queen's hand, and she had already placed her foot on the gangway, by which she was to enter the skiff, when the Abbot, starting from a trance of grief and astonishment at the words of the Sheriff, rushed into the water, and seized upon her mantle.

"She foresaw it!—she foresaw it!" he exclaimed—"she foresaw your flight into her realm; and, foreseeing it, gave orders you should be thus received. Blinded, deceived, doomed Princess! your fate is sealed, when you quit this strand.—Queen of Scotland, thou shalt not leave thine heritage!" he continued, holding a still firmer grasp upon her mantle; "true men shall turn rebels to thy will, that they may save thee from captivity or death. Fear not the bills and bows whom that gay man has at his beck—we will withstand him by force. O, for the arm of my warlike brother!—Roland Avenel, draw thy sword."

The Queen stood irresolute and frightened; one foot upon the plank, the other on the sand of her native shore, which she was quitting for ever.

"What needs this violence, Sir Priest!" said the Sheriff of Cumberland; "I came hither at your Queen's command, to do her service; and I will depart at her least order, if she rejects such aid as I can offer. No marvel is it if our Queen's wisdom foresaw that such chance as this might happen amidst the turmoils of your unsettled state; and, while willing to afford fair hospitality to her Royal Sister, deemed it wise to prohibit the entrance of a broken army of her followers into the English frontier."

"You hear," said Queen Mary, gently unloosing her robe from the Abbot's grasp, "that we exercise full liberty of choice in leaving this shore; and, questionless, the choice will remain free to us in going to France, or returning to our own dominions, as we shall determine.—Besides, it is too late—Your blessing, Father, and God speed thee!"

"May He have mercy on thee, and speed thee also!" said the Abbot, retreating.

"But my soul tells me I look on thee for the last time!"

The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the Frith, which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway; but not till the vessel diminished to the size

of a child's frigate, did the doubtful, and dejected, and dismissed followers of the Queen cease to linger on the sands; and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents, and to the shores of Scotland.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. VII.

Samuel Kiechels, a merchant's son of Ulm, in Suabia, travelled in England, between the years 1585 and 89:—the following are extracts from his published work:—

At Richmond he saw Queen Elizabeth. The yeomen that surrounded her were clad in red cloth, and had roses embroidered in gold on their breasts and backs. They were all "beautiful, tall, strong, and large men, like half giants, as one may not easily see the like elsewhere. Men and women, in passing the Queen, fell down on their knees, exclaiming, with their hands lifted up:—'Gott sauve the Queene!' Even noblemen are kneeling on one knee, when they are speaking to her."

The Lord Mayor's swearing seems then to have taken place in the Tower; but the procession to Westminster, which he minutely describes, was the same as it is now.

Speaking of the London stage, he says, that there are some strange houses, with three galleries, one above the other. As he does not mention the theatres again in all his journeys, it would seem that there were then no regular play-houses in other places, or that he was particularly struck with the three galleries. It happened frequently, he continues, that the players got fifty or sixty dollars at a time, particularly when they played any thing new, when the price was doubled. And they performed every day, although it was forbidden to do so on Fridays and Saturdays.

"The English have no regular executioner; they take for the performance of that office a butcher, and

whoever is called upon is obliged to perform it. The culprit, sitting on a cart, has one end of a rope tied to his neck, the other end being fastened to the gallows, the cart proceeds, and he remains hanging; after this his friends and relations are pulling him by his legs to make him die the sooner."

On his leaving England, the news of a Spanish ship that had been captured by Admiral Drake, arrived; in which, as it was reported, there were two millions in gold and silver bars, 50,000 crowns in coined reals, 7000 hides, four boxes with pearls, each of two bushels, with some bags of cochenille. The whole being valued at twenty-five tuns of gold; it was said to be the tribute of Peru of one year and a half.

Of English manners he expresses himself as follows:—"Women are there remarkably beautiful, so as I have scarcely ever seen before, since they do not disguise, paint, or colour themselves, as is done in Italy, or other places; but they are rather clumsy in their style of dress, which is made of beautiful cloth, some having three coats of this material, one above the other. Likewise, when a foreigner or native goes into a gentleman's house, on business, or on being invited, and is received by the master of the house, the lady, or the daughter,—who bid him welcome, in the peculiar terms of their language,—he has a right to take them by the arm, and kiss them; which is the custom of the country, the omitting of which is considered as ill-bred or stupid; a custom which also prevails in the Netherlands."

"May He have mercy on thee, and speed thee also!" said the Abbot, returning.

GENERAL REPORTER.

THE DRAMA.

No. X.

HAYMARKET.—Two new pieces have been brought out here since our last; *The Suicide*, and *Dog Days in Bond Street*. The first of these is stated to have been written by the late George Colman, Esq., and is so far new, at least, that it has not been acted for six and twenty years. Pieces that have been once laid aside, seldom have any pre-eminent claims to be brought forward at a subsequent period; and we have observed that revivals are not often successful. The productions of the comic Muse drop off the stage, either because they have not life and spirit enough in them at first, or because the manners which they represent, and from which they draw materials for satire, have become obsolete and uninteresting. Now it is not likely, either that, in the first case, their wit will have brightened by their having lain mouldering on the shelf for a quarter or for half a century; or, in the latter case, that those peculiar traits of character, or absurdities of demeanour, which were then nearly worn out, will have once more returned in all their exuberance, and “the lusty stealth of nature,” to be once more hooted from the scene. *The Suicide* is not deficient in comic humour and bustle; but the chief attraction lies in certain situations and pieces of dramatic patch-work, which were striking enough, perhaps, thirty or forty years back, but have since been worn thread-bare; and indeed are out of modern costume—a tavern brawl, a catch sung in the street at midnight—a fight between the fiddlers or music, and the watch—a drunken scene by the principal character (Charles Kemble), which lasts for a quarter of an hour—the trite artifice by which he is made to think he has swallowed poison—and his reformation, and the reconciliation-scene with his friends and his mistress (Mrs. Mardyn), afterwards. These, though we have no doubt they might

have told tolerably well in the last age, are at present too gross and improbable to be much relished; nor is the altercation between the poet and the player, in which they bespatter one another so unmercifully, more in modern taste or etiquette. The liberal professions have acquired a certain rank in public estimation, and a certain prescriptive prejudice in their favour, which cannot be shocked by raking into their private recesses and secret history, without a violence to decorum, and injury to the interests of *virtù*. This last scene, in which the dialogue is admirably kept up, and re-inforced with stores of scandalous abuse and ready recrimination, is, if we mistake not, borrowed nearly *verbatim* from one of Fielding's novels—we forget which, and have not the volumes to turn to. Old Colman was an expert and judicious poacher in this way; and in his best comedy, *The Jealous Wife*, had a shrewd eye to the same author's *History of a Foundling*. We must not forget to add, that Charles Kemble, as the *Suicide* (we cannot recollect the name of the character), played the part of a person intoxicated admirably. It was perfectly natural, and yet as little disgusting as possible; or rather it was not disgusting, because it was real nature. It was not merely the coarse, offensive parts that were given; but all the little peculiarities, the delicate shades, the ineffectual attempts at self-possession, the vacant stare, the conscious smile at his own situation, were faithfully copied: it was the gentleman drunk, who still retained, in the overthrow of his faculties, some respect for himself; and he totters into the chair at last, and sinks into a state of stupor (as *Cæsar* fell, wrapping his mantle round him) gracefully! A Mr. Williams played the poor poet in this comedy; and has of late performed several characters of a subordinate kind at the Haymarket—parti-

cularly a drunken, impudent apothecary, in *Pigeons and Crows*, which he does to the life.

The *Dog Days in Bond Street* is said, in the prologue, to be written by a lady, and to be of transatlantic growth. It is lively and passable. It has more bustle than spirit, and more spirit than wit. The incidents do not come very unexpectedly upon us, nor are the intricacies of the plot carried off very artfully, or with much adherence to probability. The *scene-shifting* of the story is its principal recommendation; but we cannot agree with a certain clever critic, that "all this is managed in a way much superior to the generality of these petty comedies." It is, in our judgment, inferior altogether to *Crows and Pigeons*, to the *Green Man*, &c., and even to the *Diamond Ring*. We take this opportunity to correct an important error in our account of this last piece—under the head of topography,—viz. that, whereas, in speaking of the delectable and accomplished Master Sam Swipes, we have attributed his favourite residence and chief breeding to the scite of the *Pig and Gridiron*, we ought, in strict conformity to the original classic text, to have dated them from the *Pig and Windmill*. We were more taken with Mrs. Mardyn, in the character of Miss Tresilian, than in that of Lady Cranberry, in the last new piece. We might here say to her, without a compliment—"How pretty you are; we like you better so!" Mrs. Mardyn does not hit our taste in the fine lady, and woman of fashion; but we are delighted with her romping characters, and adore her in sentimental ones. She becomes "a doublet and hose" well; and wears the willow with a still more charming grace. How beautiful she is in her mourning habit! how lovely in her smiles and tears! Every look and motion seem to utter the conscious sentiment—"Poor young man! poor dear Mr. Tresilian! how sorry I am for him: what a charming bride he has lost!"—Much has been said on the propriety of introducing the slang character of the Boxing Linen-draper into this otherwise lady-like production; and the song sung by Mr. J. Russell, who personated this sprig of fancy and fashion, produced a great uproar the first night from

the conflicting interests of those who wished to have it *encored*, and those who wished to have it *damned*. The fact is, it was introduced in the wrong place; for there was no obvious reason why Mr. J. Russell, in spite of the significant hints of his dress, should volunteer such a song on his first appearance, till we knew something more of the sprightly and heroic turn of his genius. We are sorry to see a writer whom we respect, and who is in general distinguished both by the profession and practice of liberality, turn round, upon this occasion, to give a hit at the *fancy*; which we, by an implied compact, and by all the principles of the *esprit de corps*, are bound to patronise. "There does appear to us," says the above writer, in allusion to the present subject, "a certain effeminacy in the taste for seeing boxing-matches, for mingling in the mighty talk about other men's bruises, and 'snatching a fearful joy' from a floorer." Now this is smartly put in, but hardly fair. Try it in other cases. Would it be fair to say, that a boy at school shewed a want of spirit, because he was fond of reading of the exploits of Cæsar, or Alexander; or would there not be great injustice in setting down—not to a romantic turn, but—to a want of activity and enterprize, an extraordinary delight in reading books of voyages and travels, in hearing of strange adventures by sea and land? So, if any gentleman with white hands, and no very robust frame, admires the prowess of mightier men than himself, is this invidiously to be ascribed to the conscious diminutiveness of his outward person, not to the bigness of his spirit labouring within? The argument is, that we admire the display of qualities we do not possess, as women admire strength and courage. But why must this analogy be pushed farther? We critics admire the exhibition of wit and humour on the stage. Must it be thrown in our teeth that this is because we are dull, and affect a brilliancy by reflection? If we praise the beauty of a flower, is it to be inferred that we have no smell? Or if we listen with attention to a concert of music, or mingle in the talk about the performance, is it to be supposed that we do it to hide our being deaf?

This would not be a very candid construction: neither do we think it warranted in evidence to assume effeminacy as the proximate cause of "the fearful joy snatched from a floorer." In general, we should be loth to agree, that the disposition to admire and applaud other men's powers or prowess in any shape, is a proof of weakness or pusillanimity. Desdemona, we are told, "loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies;" but her father, Brabantio, a grave senator of Venice (a lazy, incorrigible drone, you will say,—but that does not appear), also "loved him, oft invited him, still questioned him the story of his life:"—so that this proves nothing either way. The ladies of old attended the tournaments as an indispensable part of the ceremony; the Stellas and the fair Geraldines; but we do not apprehend that their knights, the Surreys or Sir Philip Sidneys, absented themselves when not engaged in the lists, or were indifferent lookers-on. Mr. Kean has an assault at arms with Mr. O'Shaugnessey (we ask this gentleman's pardon, if we mis-spell his name), without frightening the ladies; and we do not see why Mr. J. Russell (if he should so fancy) might not put on the gloves for a *set-to* with Tom Belcher, at his benefit, whenever that is, without implicating the manly taste of ours, or the delicate susceptibility of the other sex. "Oh! but the brutal, unfeeling coarseness of boxing!" To be sure, whipping your adversary through the body with a short sword, or stiletto, as we see it often done, or pretended to be done, on the stage, is a much gentler, and more summary process. Besides, does not the encouragement of boxing, and by consequence, of sparring, as twin-brother to it, conduce to the courage of the lower classes, and to our victories by sea and land, past, present, or to come? And we hope our patriotic principles are known to be no less staunch than our pugilistic ones!—But we have said quite enough on this subject: for we have written fifteen folios of uncut foolscap, and we have the Lyceum, Sadler's Wells, and other matters yet in reserve.

LYCEUM.—The celebrated story of Baron Trenck has been brought for-

ward at this theatre. It is amusing enough, without possessing much merit. A light, comick turn has been given to the plot; but (perhaps, from the *effeminacy* of our tastes) we should have preferred retaining the well-known tragic story. "Sweet are the uses of legitimacy:" and this was indeed, a most precious specimen of them. Mr. T. P. Cooke, as the Baron, bore up against the hundred pounds weight of iron attached to him, very manfully; and Miss Carew did all she could to soothe him and the audience with her soft and silver voice. Miss Kelly, however, is the chief attraction of the piece. But that we like better to see ladies in petticoats, we would say, she looks well in a blue silk stocking, and makes a pretty impudent lad. She played exceedingly well, as she always does when she has to perform *smart* characters. The pertness of the chambermaid sits well upon the page, and her swagger is becoming. This lady was lately, also, one of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: Mrs. Chatterly was the other: Mr. Bartley was the fat knight: and so far all was well. For the rest, we beg to be excused giving an opinion. The success was indifferent: but the manager, like other managers, is of course fond of Shakspeare, and Mr. Bartley is fat. —This little theatre holds up its head, notwithstanding Mr. Elliston's heavy jesting: and, what is more provoking and strange, the summer theatre has, at this time of year, better houses than its blustering rival, the winter one. Yet, when we were there (in mid August) Mr. Kean played Jaffier, and Mr. Elliston Pierre, and Mr. ——— but really we did not know even the names of the other gentlemen, who came forward to give the world assurance that they would act the worthy conspirators of Venice in Otway's well known play. All that we know is, that the heroes who met in Aquilina's house to plot the downfall of the state, looked like so many undertaker's men! Would they had been mutes! But they roared and blustered, and played the lion's part, "an 'twere any nightingale:"—they roared, but "it did no man's heart good to hear them." With the exception of Mr. Kean, and sometimes of Mrs. West—who, however, frequently goes high

"to split the ears of the groundlings—" the tragedy was abominably performed; and, until the manager of Drury Lane can both enact tragedy better himself, and find others who can enact it better than his present accomplices, he will be wise in refraining from sarcasm. Perhaps he cannot do better than conclude the golden harvest of his summer season, with the representation of a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and we will be answerable for the appropriate filling up of the *Dramatis Personæ*. Flute the bellows-mender; Snug, the joiner; Quince, the carpenter; Snout, the tailor; Wall, and Moonshine—perhaps, the Great Lessee himself, may volunteer the part of Bottom!

SADLER'S WELLS. — (*With Mr. Weathercock's leave? — Here Mr. Weathercock bowed assent, and the article proceeds.*)—We hope that all our readers either have enjoyed, or do still enjoy, that compound of mirth and mischief, and painted faces, and trap doors, and tumbling—a *pantomime*. For our own parts, we well remember the time when it was to us the bravest sight the world afforded. We could go at any time, and "take our ease," in the two shilling gallery, or be sure of a hearty welcome in the pit. It was like an inn, but better; for the feast was more inspiring, and what landlord, what Boniface, was ever like Grimaldi! Here is entertainment for gentle and simple, an ordinary for all comers; and when you have paid your fare, they disdain to stint you. The humour of this broad-set, parti-coloured clown—this GREAT CAPITALIST of the Aquatic Stage—this delight of aldermen and butchers' boys—the very heart and soul of children in the holidays—who has expanded the face of kings with unwonted expression—and is worthy to act before Queens in any drollery or extravagance, "within the limits of becoming mirth,"—the humour, we say, of Mr. Grimaldi is genuine.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the eye doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.

We have seen this old favourite endure sea-sickness—steal fish, and put them unguardedly into his pocket—drink fresh table-beer, with the smack

left upon his lips—fight, court, lie, equivocate, and recriminate, without saying a word, in a way that would have done honour to the most finished comedian. But his glory has passed away; at least, from us:—for, by favour of Mr. Payne the manager, we have been admitted behind the scenes. We have seen him stripped of that cloak of folly which he wears so well, (for folly has its cloak too, as well as wisdom)—and, we find this portent of our childish wonder, whom we looked at as an Egyptian hieroglyphic—who was as far removed from our ordinary conceptions as one of the signs of the Zodiac, or that queer-faced fellow, the Man in the Moon,—to be even as one of ourselves. Nay, he is less: there is a leaden melancholy in his eye, when he is off the stage, a languor and weight of limb, and a heavy, serious tone in his voice, that is more akin to tragedy than to comedy. Behind the scenes, he is nothing but a steady, elderly man, anxious that the other performers should act what is set down for them respectably, and that the scene-shifter should do his duty: but immediately that it is his turn to appear, his muscles are instantaneously set in motion—they are drawn up as by some mechanical power—his mouth is preternaturally distended, and his limbs resume their elasticity in a moment—like a puppet, animated by secret springs, or, as if a statue of lead had quicksilver poured into it. His life and gaiety remain unimpaired while he is on the stage. You hear the laugh of the pit, and the shouts and screams of the gallery; and all is well: but he returns once more to the side-scene, panting, and listless, and sad. "Where be his jibes now?" He is "quite chop-fallen;" and so is the spectator of this sudden and mortifying change.—It is the same with Bologna, the comely vivacious harlequin. He returns from his task, worn with toil, to lean against a pillar: his mask thrown up, shows the face of a man of fifty, and his voice, gentle and encouraging towards the Columbine of the night, evinces a world of kindness,—yet it but ill accords with the gay and glittering character which it is his fate to assume. We have often thought that a tragedian, stripped of his sceptre and tinsel crown, was not so much

an object of pity, as the comedian, obliged to leave behind him his mask of mirth, and to go to his poor home, clad in the gloomy livery of his woes, while the tongues of hundreds are yet loud in his praise;—many perhaps, envying him the spirits as well as talents, which he has just been displaying with such delightful effect!—We were going, from these instances of mutability, to draw some reflections to the disparagement of the profession of a player, till we recollected that, “All the World’s a Stage.” We have lately seen faces, in which rank and power had written a history worth pointing with a moral; princesses not looking so young, so gay, or handsome as the columbine at Sadler’s Well’s; and privy-counsellors as grave as Mr. Grimaldi behind the scenes. Life cannot always retain its newest gloss: the natural progress of things is never from “grave to gay,” but always “from lively to severe:” and we remember being struck with the remark of a friend, on seeing a number of Eton boys playing at cricket—“What a pity it was that all those fine-looking lads should become d——d stupid Members of Parliament at last!”

SURREY THEATRE.—We have been, for the second time, to see the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and are confirmed in the opinion, that Miss Taylor’s representation of Jeanie Deans is one of the most perfect pieces of character we ever saw acted. We do not know whether we ought to be ashamed to confess, that our tears ran all the while:—we seem accountable to our grave glasses for dimming them with such weaknesses. What are called pathetic incidents do not often unlock those sacred sources within us. They flowed for a noble nature suffering; for the unwearied constancy with which the brave girl sustains her difficulties; her toilsome hopeless journeys, and impossible-seeming projects:—the awful face of Argyle, and the presence of the Queen Majesty of England—and little seemed to hinder but she would have sustained her Maker’s presence likewise, could she have gained admittance thither to have pleaded for a sister’s life! It was only a reproachful conscience she could not face.—There is a seeming hardness in the original draught of the character, which we were never re-

conciled to, till Miss Taylor taught us to understand it better. She is the identical Jeanie Deans; the same obstinate strait-forward person, unrelenting of purpose, turning neither to the right nor the left, following conscience with a dogged resolution. You see you might as well plead to the course of nature to change, as to her to suspend her resolutions,—but then there is such a spirit of quiet martyrdom, such silent suffocating tears, such hope in despair, such humility in heroism, such love amidst obduracy—such yearnings towards Effie, whom she would have saved with her life, but cannot speak two or three false words for—that you feel she could have done nothing else but what she did, or you would have loved her less. We shall read the novel twice the oftener, for her commentary on it. (By the bye, why do they not dramatize Pamela?)—Her best scenes are with the Queen and Argyle: her unconscious deportment, her well-imagined curtsies, her breathless watching of the lips of the great personage unknown, on which hang poor Effie’s hopes, her thrilling noble burst of gratitude when it is discovered who it is, are above praise. We wonder whether Sir Walter Scott went to the Surrey Theatre, in his last visit to town. If he did not, he had ill advisers. He is not, we imagine, one of those who *quite* think that “it is place which lessens and sets off!”—Miss Copeland’s Madge Wildfire is a deviation from the original. She makes it as pretty as Ophelia; and throws a charm of young tones over her madness, which is at once graceful and touching, fantastic and heart-rending. Her dying is a sweet dismissal. We did not observe in the lady (Mrs. Brooks,) who played the mother of Madge, any similar effort at softening down the character. She did indeed gibbet it up at full length. No attempt at palating the bitter potion, but a full horse-drench of horrid and disgusting ingredients. Her virago is as shocking to the sense as Syccorax. You might see her brought to a stake and burnt, and you would fear her cinders. With the brandished knife in her hand, she is as tremendous as the hell-hag in the “*Auri sacra Fames*” of Teniers. We are thankful that we did not see her in our childhood. She would have rid-

den our pillows. She is equal to a whole *stud* of night-mares. How female nerves can bend up her corporal agents to wield the weapon in the way she does, is to us unaccountable.—Mrs. Brookes is double-parted in this drama. After undergoing this terrible personation, she comes forth as “the canny, sonsie,” Mrs. Glass, the Duke’s tobacconist. Her sort of humour may be captivating in Argyle’s country, but we could do any thing but laugh at it. It seemed no joke. It had the turbulent stamp upon it, and when she danced, it was like a Lapland witch. Nothing so formidable shakes its heels in Tam O’Shanter. The house laughed; and, for what we know, the humour was excessively comic. Perhaps her previous impression, in the terrible line, biassed us. We could not so soon forget our first acquaintance:—there remained

Of the old sea some reverential fear.

The Duke of Argyle has an able

representative in Huntley, but we miss our old favourite Cooke. Mrs. T. Dibdin, in the Queen, has had full merit awarded her. Her condescendingness is truly ultra-noble. A Duchess would never have risen to such airs. To see her, you would think the statue of Queen Anne, at St. Paul’s, had stepped from its pedestal, Hermione fashion, with the drapery only a little altered.—Mr. Fitzwilliam makes a capital Dumbiedykes, but we wish the character had been left out of the drama, and of the novel too. We do not like such moon-calves about Jeanie Deans. His mournful, but tediously repeated ejaculation of “Jeanie Woman,” brought to our mind poor Peter Pastoral (alias Tokely) the true theatrical King of Cockayne—the Inamorato of Daisies and Buttercups—whom Hampstead, and Highgate, and Hornsey, and Shepherd’s Bush, and the hazel-thickets of Hackney, “with all their echoes mourn.” * M:

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. IX.

At this season, not only has the metropolis closed all its greater musical exhibitions, but the publication of music usually languishes from the same cause—namely, the generality of composers being anxious to give their works to the town in their first bloom, when they are most likely to be seen by the whole throng of fashion and opulence.

At this moment, the professors of eminence are preparing for the provincial meetings; which, for a similar reason, viz. that the town is empty, and the country is full, commonly take place, in the autumn. The first, which happens about the time this

article is on the anvil, will be at Gloucester.

The three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, meet triennially, when the festival is assisted by the ablest professors, and the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poor clergy. The second is at Birmingham, and commences on the 5th of October, upon a scale of magnificence scarcely exceeded, perhaps, since the Abbey meeting. Three years ago the plan was first tried, and the enormous amount of 8000*l.* was raised in one week. The receipts are devoted to public charities, and the ad-

* Poor T—— fell a martyr, like Dicky Suett, and many other choice spirits before him, “of whom the world was not worthy,” to the custom of taking something a little stronger than Bohea for their morning’s refection. The ladies of his theatre resented this slight done to their favourite beverage so much, that they refused to rehearse with him, unless he corrected his habits.—Poor T—— promised and promised, but the potent spell continued to bind him. At last, the Manager took it up so seriously, that T—— bound himself not to take any thing stronger than the aforesaid beverage *before his dinner-hour*. He went on capitally for some days, but one unfortunate rehearsal he came (the time about eleven in the forenoon) bearing about him such indubitable tokens of having violated his engagement, that Mr. F——t began to expostulate in rather rougher terms than usual. “D—n it, Sir, you have broken your word to me!” —“Not a bit,” rejoined T——, “I have dined!”

mirable example set in this way by the Birmingham district, will, no doubt, extend its beneficial influence to the various considerable places of the empire. The conductors have done every thing to render the musical performances rich, complete, and rare. Amongst the novelties to be produced, is Haydn's Oratorio of *the Seasons*, which has been re-modelled to new words, and that fine work will now be heard in a manner to determine its merits. Mozart's *Requiem* is also to be executed upon the same grand scale. All the talents of the kingdom are enlisted, and almost every amateur of distinction is preparing to enjoy the luxuries which will be presented for his gratification. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Corri, and Miss Stephens; Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Begrez; Mr. Bellamy, Signor Ambrogetti, and, if health permits, Mr. Bartleman, will assist. The instrumentalists comprise the most eminent of each kind; and, to complete the excellence, the King has permitted the most important wind instruments from his band, some of which are unknown to the rest of Europe, to be present. The whole is under the conduct of the most consummate judgment and skill: and the directors and stewards are nobility and gentry of the highest rank. Balls, and other amusements are to be intermingled with the delights of music; so that, taking it for all in all, the week will present a series of elegant amusements more complete and refined than is often to be found.

The last provincial meeting takes place at Exeter, the week after the Birmingham meeting; and from the vocalists engaged, it may be expected that the music will be upon a good scale.

Miss Naldi, whose sweet manners, cultivated talents, and pure voice, had begun to attract a wide circle of admirers in England, is now at Paris, and has there entered upon the career of her profession with even more brilliant success. She performed very recently in *Così fan tutti*. Her style so captivates the taste of the French, that more universal applause attends her than any late singer has enjoyed. She remains in Paris till January, when she returns to England, and again goes to the capital of France to finish her engagement in July. Ros-

sini's Opera, *Il Turco in Italia*, has been brought out at Paris, with applause. We have seen some of the songs, which are florid, and full of sparkling melody, in the usual style of that lively composer.

Mrs. Salmon has postponed her intention of visiting the Continent.

The industrious and able Mr. Burrowes, has employed himself in transmitting the most interesting and agreeable parts of Rossini's *Tancredi*, into a series of duets, which he publishes in numbers. Two are out, which contain some of the chorusses, songs, and duets, arranged in a very simple style, into easy and pleasing lessons. By such means, Rossini will soon become as well known as Mozart to the English—who, if report says true, might last season, have enjoyed an Opera, composed expressly for the King's Theatre, at the small expence of 100 guineas, but the offer was rejected. The popular air, "*Tu che accendi*," in this work of Mr. Burrowes's, exhibits in a new form the captivation of its melody.

Some portions of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, an Opera unknown to England, by the same composer, have also been published by Messrs. Birchall, and Co. They are certainly very singular compositions, and contain many passages striking by combination.

Zoraide e qui t'arresta, is a duet of extraordinary effect, and would of itself alone, stamp upon its author the character of uncommon power to seize the strongest imagery music is susceptible of, and adapt it with a curious felicity to novel purposes in expression.

La Brillante, a fantasia concertante, for the harp and flute, or piano and flute, with a violoncello accompaniment, by Mr. Sola, consists of an introductory movement, in which the flute has a melody, adapted to its soft and gliding character, yet not without some execution; while the others take the subordinate part of accompaniment in such a way, however, as to give them an equal importance. Mr. Sola chooses the air, *My lodging is on the cold ground*, for his subject, which has been varied both by Drouet and Nicholson, if our recollection serve, and sung by Mrs. Salmon. Mr. Sola's variations, though, as the title imports, brilliant, are nevertheless in the most hacknied form—triplets,

quadruplets, dotted notes, and *arpeggio*—“set terms, good set terms,”—but repeated *ad nauseam*.

Mr. Naderman has also two *Fantasies* (published separately) constructed upon the same principles, and with about the same success. *O Pescator dell' onda* is the subject of the one; and *When time who steals our years away*, the theme of the other. In truth, they ought both to be called airs, with variations, and an introduction; for to call them by any other name, is only an endeavour to hide the poverty of this mode of making music upon music. To ears not so eternally tortured by the sameness of such things, they may seem bright and agreeable.

A certain painter, who was famous for the delineation of a red lion, but could not well delineate any thing else, was once employed by an honest vintner, to paint him a sign. The artist recommended the *Red Lion*, the vintner was determined to have the *Bush*. To settle the point, so as to accommodate the capacity of the one, and the desires of the other, the *Red Lion* was painted, and under it was written *The sign of the Bush*. This story is brought to our remembrance by a composition entitled a *parody upon De tanti palpit*. We leave its application to the reader.

Amongst the most useful publications we have lately seen, is *Keith's Musical Vade Mecum*. This little work concentrates preliminary knowledge, simply and clearly expressed, far more, we think, than any book we remember; while its price (five shillings,) its portable form, and its catechetical arrangement, render it peculiarly acceptable to very young beginners. It leaves nothing of theory, indeed, untaught, that is necessary to be understood by the pianoforte player up to a very extended period of instruction; and is so clear that a mother wholly ignorant of the art may safely employ it in forwarding her child through the most dreary parts of the progress. It is, however, to be observed, that the author very consistently confines himself to mere theoretical elements, and aims to convey nothing that belongs to execution. He prepares for the master, spares him the drudgery, and the parent an enormous expence of money

and patience. Nor is it that this has not been done before, but seldom, as it appears to us, so completely, or in so small and compact a shape.

Mr. Leoni Lee has published two ballads. *Farewell to the land of my youth*, is in a style between declamation and pathos, and we think it capable of effect. The passages are simple and expressive, and it is well calculated for the powers of amateurs. *If you a Highland laddie meet*, is but very moderate. *The shrine of love*, by Dr. Jay, produces a difficulty of deciding, at the commencement, whether it is a comic or a serious ballad we are about to hear; but the last passages are far above the first, redeem its character, and lift it to the rank of a pretty song.

Forget me not though thus we part, by Mr. Goss, is the least estimable of the list, hardly worth paper and print.

We had lately occasion to notice Mr. Davy's appropriation of one of the national melodies, published by Moore. He has, we lament to perceive, afforded us a fresh occasion for similar reprobation, by having adapted and spoiled another of the same collection—We allude to *Flow on thou shining river*, which he has put to lines beginning *The nightingale is singing*. We do not hesitate to characterize this species of plagiarism as shameful and shameless, as perfectly unworthy of a composer or publisher of reputation.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly, a glee, by Walmsley, is an ingenious production, full of imitations, and answers, and keeping up a bustling, but not vulgar interest from the beginning to the close. Its construction is singular and pleasing.

Mr. Bochsa has published the second book of his very valuable and elaborate studies for the harp. Whoever has heard this master will entertain no doubt of his superior power to direct the executive department; and whoever has examined his beautiful and masterly compositions will allow him to be well enabled by the variety of his talents to combine all the elements of instruction, expected to be found in a work of this kind, and necessary to the perfection of the judgment and the hand. Those who have formed these high expectations,

will experience no disappointment on the perusal and practice of his *forty studies*.

Mr. Meves has arranged Mr. Bochsa's favourite *March*, and *Polo-naise* for the piano-forte, with ability.

Mr. Ries has put variations to the air *La Biondina in Gondoletta*, in his usual quaint and singular manner. They are difficult of execution; and to our ears he has endeavoured to evade, or to conceal the hacknied forms of writing variations under crude and chromatic passages. There is a canon in the octave closely written, but exhibiting a task more learned than agreeable. The entire composition seems to us more elaborate than pleasing.

Mr. Kiallmark is, at least, a very industrious composer; for a month rarely passes without presenting to us one or more pieces from his pen. His compositions are generally adapt-

ed to the talents of middle rate performers; he, however, bestows a brilliancy on passages comparatively easy, which have the double charm of showing apparent difficulty, and yielding amusement. In the divertimento before us, *Kimbolton Castle*, there is too great a resemblance between some of the variations, and those of his preceding lessons; it is in other respects lively and pretty.

Mr. Knapton's *Alexandrina* is in the same easy style. The melody is agreeable, and this attractive quality is well sustained throughout.

Mr. Klose's *Introduction and rondo, à la Hongroise* is of the like description. It has, perhaps, too much sameness. Some of the passages are well adapted for practice, and it is not deficient in melody.

Amongst several paltry compositions from English composers, the best is, perhaps, an adaptation of *Voulez vous danser*, by Mr. Tomlins.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Mutual Instruction.—In the 6th Number of the *Hermes*, there is a long article on the systems of Lancaster and Bell, which contains some valuable information on the progress the new method has made abroad, and a very candid examination of the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems, as compared with each other, and with the ordinary modes of instruction.

The writer allows the validity of one defence of the new method, that something is better than nothing, where children are educated by means of it, who, otherwise, would not be educated at all. But he shows that the education so obtained, is exceedingly defective, compared with that obtained in the ordinary manner.—The new method is also only eligible in point of cheapness for large assemblages of children, as the yearly expence of a school on the new system for seventy children, is calculated at 1063 franks, while, in the village schools of Germany, from 100 to 150 children are taught immediately by one master at nearly the same expence.

We pity, says the German Reviewer, the common people in England, France, Spain, Italy, and Russia, whose instruction and education are so much neglected, that they can only acquire, through the most miserable substitute for instruction, a knowledge of the commonest operations which aid, but do not constitute cultivation.—The condition of our popular schools which do not require such an aid, and the intelligent views of those who have the direction of our seminaries, of whom not one individual qualified to judge, has yet declared himself in favour of the English invention, while many have declared themselves against it, will, it is to be hoped, prevent the introduction of this substitute into Germany.

The preference of the Lancastrian method to Bell's on the Continent, is thus accounted for:

We see that Bell's method has the advantage over Lancaster's, not merely in the principal difference with respect to religious instruction, but also in the greater simplicity of the means, and the greater care as to the written accounts to be given in to the proper authorities. Lancaster's again has the advantage over Bell's of a more artificial and extensive distribution of the operation of instruction, and a more exact method, in the whole process. The one leaves

to the children more liberty in their natural movements—approximates, therefore, more to ordinary teaching, but affords less security for the result of the instruction. The other by its monitorial system, which is more extensively introduced, and distributed according to more correct calculation, secures better a common co-operation of all the parts in producing a general result; as, by distribution into subdivisions, it can bestow more attention on individuals, and yet by the word of command, by a whistle, &c. it can preserve all in regularity. The one system requires more assistance, more attention from the master, the other is more like a machine, which, when once wound up, goes of itself. Supposing the same materials of instruction, and the same attention paid to the execution of the two systems, the progress of the scholar in mechanical qualifications will be more rapid and certain, according to the Lancasterian mode, than according to that of Bell, while by the latter, the development of the individual's mind, will be less injured, and it is less incompatible with the moral influence of the wisdom of an intelligent teacher on the minds and dispositions of youth. We may easily, therefore, perceive why Lancaster's system should have been so much more generally preferred out of England. As it is a more efficient instrument of tuition, as, by its military precision, it recommends itself more to the maxims of high patrons, and as, by the use of tables instead of books, it is also somewhat cheaper, it could hardly fail to obtain the prize where the Bishops of the English church had no influence.

The Lancasterian system, has, it is said, been carried to a much higher degree of perfection in France, where it is called the system of mutual instruction, than in England.—Is this true? We suspect not.

Sandwich Islands.—A correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, has communicated some particulars respecting these Islands, which, from the recent death of Tameiameia their king, have become an object of considerable interest.—He professes to derive his information from Dr. Adelbert von Chamisso, who, as naturalist, accompanied Captain von Kotzebue, in his circumnavigation, and visited the Islands in question in 1816 and 1817.

No missionaries have ever been in the Sandwich Islands—What is said in the *Missionary Register* for 1818, as to the heir of the kingdom having been instructed in the principles of Christianity in the school of the foreign mission, at Cornwall, in America, merely proves the address with which a native of Owaihee knows how to give himself an air of importance when out of his country. The real heir of the kingdom,—whose name is Liolio (Reoreo), a son of Tameiameia, and who, on account of his descent by the mother's side, is more elevated, or rather, more holy (*tabu*) than the individual alluded to—showed himself addicted to idleness and drunkenness; and of all the qualities of the old hero, possessed only bravery, which is common to all the natives of Owaihee. The kingdom of Tameiameia must fall to pieces by his death. His great vassals had already shared it among themselves, during his life, and they were ready, the moment his eyes closed, to take formal possession of their respective shares. No European, however powerful as a leader he may be on any of the Islands, need think of ruling over the natives, and, indeed, no such intention has been entertained by any of them. Much less need any European power think of the conquest of these Islands; for even should civil war favour the enterprise, it could have but a very transient success, for the Islanders would never endure a foreign yoke, and they are too powerful to be extirpated. *Tamuri*, the king of Atuei, will regain his former independence. *Kareimoku*, called by the Europeans, *Bill Pitt*, (sprung from the Regal House of Mauwi, spared and adopted by Tameiameia, on the conquest of that Island, afterwards educated and fondly cherished by him, and promoted to the highest dignity and power,) now governor of the Island of Owahu,—the most important of the whole groupe, as it alone possesses a harbour (*Hannaruru*, secured by a castle well provided with artillery,)—has long been ready to take possession of that Island.—Teimotu, of the old royal race of Owaihee, closely connected with Kareimoku, receives Mauwi for his share, and the feeble Liolio will only be able to retain possession by arms of his original heritage the Island of Owaihee. Whatever revolutions may happen, the Sandwich Islands will still remain for European navigators what they now are—a staple for their trade; and their avarice will only fan the flames of war, not with a view to conquer the kingdom, which is out of the question, but in order to have a market for arms, by which they can pay for the articles which they may require.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Gothic Architecture.—The study of Gothic Architecture, which has, during the last fifty years, been so assiduously cultivated in England, where it has produced so many treatises, so many theories, and, what is still better, so many exquisite drawings and engravings—has lately exercised the industry of the Germans, who possess many excellent and magnificent specimens of this style. Goethe has endeavoured to analyze its peculiar merits; and has assumed for it the distinctive appellation of *German Architecture*, in like manner as an antiquarian of our own country has wished to denote this peculiar species of building by the epithet *English*. Costenoble has published a work on the Architecture of the middle ages in Germany: and two others are now actually in the course of publication; one by Moller, in a series of outline delineations, both perspective and geometrical: this contains some very fine subjects from the Cathedrals of Ulm and Mayence, the Exchange at the latter place; and St. Catherine's at Oppenheim; together with several plates of details—such as windows, doors, fonts, &c. The other work is entitled, “A Collection of remarkable Buildings erected in Germany during the middle Ages, engraved upon Stone, by Domenico Quaglio, painter at the Court of Bavaria; 6 Nos. royal folio. Munich.” In this publication the artist has not confined himself to what is merely historically, or architecturally important; but has in general selected such subjects as are adapted to produce an impression of antiquity, and a romantic and picturesque effect.

He gives us fastnesses and castles piled upon the summits of lofty rocks; magnificently spired churches; subterraneous chapels; lonely cloisters; and views of open squares with old grotesque town-halls. He has, consequently, not confined himself to any particular age, or class of buildings, but delineated them promiscuously. Perfectly well acquainted with both perspective and chiaroscuro, and no less skilful in landscape, he represents the edifices and their sites with all the verity of nature: and, moreover, enlivens his scenery with appropriate groupes, chiefly represented in the costume of the ages to which the architecture belongs. One of the most ancient structures, is the church of St. Werner, or the hospital church at Upper Wesel, on the Rhine. A lad named Werner was killed in 1287, by some fanatical Jews, and was afterwards honoured as a saint, and this church, and another at Bacharach, which is one of the most beautiful productions of German architecture, were erected to his memory; the artist has preferred the less beautiful of the two, on account of its exceedingly fine and picturesque situation.

This little church, or rather chapel, is

built over a gateway in the wall of the town, through which we catch a view of the street—while a procession of capuchins and groupes of men, women, and children, are seen passing through the gate—the effect, both of the perspective, and light, and shade, are very masterly in this plate. Among the other subjects, are the chapel of St. Maximus at Salzburg; the interior of St. Margaret's chapel in the Castle at Nuremberg; the old church-yard and parsonage of the minister at Regensburg; the Temple-church at Bacharach; and the Abbey-church, at Kaiserheim. This last, which is a beautiful specimen of the light florid style, was built between 1340 and 1380, and is one of the most elegant in Germany. The central tower is particularly fine, although its spire was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1540. Another splendid and truly extraordinary publication of this description is the fac-simile of the design of the cathedral at Cologne, by Moller the artist, who is engaged on the collection of the architectural antiquities (*Denkmahler*) of Germany which we have above referred to. The lovers of this species of architecture will also find some interesting papers relative to the subject, by Busching in the *Jahrbucher der Litteratur*.

Deafness.—From observations that have recently been made, it has been suggested, that in cases of deafness, where the disorder is occasioned by the eustachian tube being stopped up, the patient might be cured by descending in a diving bell. Dr. Hamel, who descended in one at Howth, in the vicinity of Dublin, informs us that he suffered, during his re-ascent, a violent sensation of pain within his ear, in consequence of the expansion of air in the exterior cavities: yet, as the air escaped much easier than it entered, owing to the nearly conical form of that duct, he felt at almost every foot of his ascent an air bubble, that passed from his ear into his mouth, and each time afforded him considerable relief. The orifice which connects the eustachian tube with the mouth, forms a kind of valve; it is therefore exceedingly difficult to admit a passage here to the atmospheric air; but within a diving bell this is effected merely by the act of swallowing the saliva; and occasionally a violent report is heard nearly like that of a pistol, which is immediately succeeded by a cessation of the pain.

At Vicole, in the Papal States, an old decrepid woman was lately arrested under the serious charge of *witchcraft*. She had not been discharged at the date of the last accounts.

Lithography.—Mr. Sennfelder, the inventor of Lithography, has found the means of dispensing with the stone. He has in-

vented a lithographic paper, fit for all methods of printing.

The following description of a lady of rank in Cairo, in the interior of the Harem, is given by a German traveller.

She is seated on an Ottoman, covered with scarlet cloth, bordered with gold fringe. Her dress consists as follows:—rose-coloured silk pantaloons, yellow boots and red babushes (slippers) over them, under-caftan of striped Aleppo silk, richly embroidered; upper-caftan of dark blue cloth; the head of the turban of common red cloth, but wound round with costly Indian muslins, printed with various colours; a rich diamond ornament * surmounts the red cap, a diamond crescent is placed in front, in the centre of the roll, which is rather higher here than behind, and over this is a bouquet of pinks of the most brilliant jewels, on elastic wires. Garlands of coloured stones are suspended on both sides, and the intervening space is filled with small diamond broaches, in various shapes, but without any symmetry or judgment. Two tassels of pearls are hanging down from the garlands; and diamond ear-rings with various drops finish this costly head-dress. The neck is covered with twelve rows of pearls, and the bracelets are of the same material, only smaller. The fingers are profusely covered with rings. A watch, in an enameled case, studded with pearls, is suspended over the breast by a heavy gold chain, near which is a little pocket, covered with diamonds. Twenty hair-tresses, generally artificial, and fixed to the turban, covered with *maghubs*, (a small gold coin,) or interwoven with pearls or diamonds, hang down over her back. A rich Cashmere shawl wound round the waist, and tied in a knot in front, finishes the dress of a lady, who in general is not very punctual in changing her linen, or any other part of her dress, which, in general, particularly the turban, is kept wearing, until it is either worn out, or literally covered with filth. But of all this finery nothing is seen, when the ladies go out. Wrapt up from head to foot in black silk, they would rather appear like ghosts than living creatures, if their sparkling eyes, which are the only distinguishable part about them, did not sufficiently indicate the contrary. This uniformity of dress, when abroad, it would also seem, very much facilitates the carrying on of intrigues among the Turkish ladies, since they must not be accompanied by any man, and it would be extremely difficult for the most jealous husband to find out his wife in this general disguise in which the Turkish women are seen, like shadows, slowly moving through the streets.

Denmark.—The vaccination in that country is carried on with the greatest success.

By a report of the commission, appointed by government to superintend that medical branch, in the year 1818, it appears, that in that year only, the number that had been vaccinated within Denmark Proper, amounted to 27,994; on 22,533 this operation had been performed by regular medical men; on 3,633, by clergymen; and on 1,768 by various individuals. According to a near approximation, the country had lost, within 50 years, from 1749 till 1798, by the small-pox, 2,100,000 individuals. Thus the vaccination which was introduced there in 1802, would have preserved there about 73,000 human beings.

Bonpland, the naturalist, and the fellow-traveller of Humboldt, has established himself, with his family, at Buenos Ayres. He is at present engaged in laying out a garden, in which are many curious and interesting plants. He has discovered a plant in the river, containing a large quantity of *tannin*, with which he purposes forming an establishment on the Parana for the tanning of leather, which he expects will be very profitable to him.

Finnish Literature.—As long as Finland continued united to Sweden, we heard nothing whatever of its literature, since, with the exception of a few religious publications, all that was written appeared either in the Latin or Swedish language, and was considered as belonging to the literature of the latter. Yet since this province has been added to Russia, and may now, with respect to its language, be considered as a distinct country, its literary productions have likewise detached themselves from those of Sweden; and the development of its culture begins to attract the attention of the rest of Europe. We may justly expect something from a people whose numbers amounted, in 1813, to 4,095,957 persons; who have been for centuries in the possession of a free constitution, and for whose intellectual progress such powerful measures have of late been taken. An institution has been founded at Abo, whose members have the charge of superintending the publication of all works of education, and of visiting all the schools in the province once a year. As apprehensions were entertained that the progress of letters and mental culture would be much retarded by numbers entering at the university without preparatory studies, it was enacted, in January, 1819, that, in future, no one should be permitted to matriculate who could not produce testimonials from his former masters, and prove his capacity by undergoing an examination in those studies which, according to the regulations of the school, are deemed indispensable. The government has, besides,

* The favourite wife of Murat Bey, at Cairo, had one valued at 40,000 piastres.

done all that was possible within the last six years, in order to facilitate to the students an acquaintance with foreign literature. Frenkel, the printer to the university, imported German works, yet he did not receive sufficient encouragement, German literature being not sufficiently understood. In order, therefore, to remedy this, a literary journal was commenced at Abo, in 1803, for the purpose of noticing foreign as well as domestic publications. This, however, was abandoned in the course of two years. Meyer, the bookseller, was more successful: in 1812, he made a journey into Germany, where he entered into engagements with the most respectable publishers; returned with an extensive stock of the best ancient and modern works, and from this time was employed in diffusing among his countrymen a taste for German literature. The new organization of the Abo university, in 1811, tended also to facilitate the culture of literature, by adding to the funds destined to the library; and even a small collection of books, which was first formed at Borgo, by the efforts of some liberal individuals, now received an accession of property, by which all the recent works published in the country, were procured. Soon after the union of New Finland with that part of the province which had long been under the dominion of Russia, a new printing office was established at Wiborg; and some years subsequently that of the Bible Society at Abo. And, since it is in contemplation to open a press at Helsingfort, it is to be hoped that those obstacles will be removed which have hitherto so greatly impeded and retarded the cultivation and encouragement of letters. The want of a journal had long been felt. That published at Abo, although originally of considerable literary importance, had for some years confined itself to merely political subjects; when at the beginning of the present year, Linsen and Berghom commenced a new periodical work, entitled *Mnemosyne*, which has been received with great approbation. The numbers which have already appeared, contain many valuable papers upon the history and language of the country: for the attention of many of the Finnish literati has of late been very properly directed to a zealous improvement of their native tongue, and a philosophical developement of its principles. The study of the Russian idiom has likewise been much cultivated since the union of New Finland with that country. Still academical dissertations constitute the more important part of Finnish literature; and these are principally composed in Latin that is not deficient in elegance.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer who accompanied General Sir Charles Colville in his tour and inspection of the Deckan, containing a description of the memorable Hindu Caves at Ellore, 1st March, 1820:—

“ These caves are eighteen miles from Arungabad, and consist of more than twenty excavations in a rocky mountain, which forms a semi-circle of about 2,000 yards. The largest of the caves is called Khylass, or Paradise. It is cut through the solid rock, and no other material is used. The chisel seems to have been the only tool employed. A most beautiful stone temple is formed, adorned, both inside and outside, with figures in basso relievo, and separate figures of the most exact symmetry, representing all the Hindu gods, their conquest of Ceylon, &c. There is a space between the scarped rock and temple with galleries, and a verandah under the former, in which there are fifty gigantic figures, with symbols of their history, &c., forming the whole Hindu Mythology. The dimensions of this cave are 240 feet in length, 140 in breadth, and the scarp 90 feet in height. The temple has a moveable appearance, from elephants, tygers, &c. being cut underneath the floor, which appear to support the whole building; the heads and part of their bodies only being exposed on the outside. Many of the other caves are equally extraordinary. There are flying figures, women, and all the fanciful tales of the Hindus, admirably depicted in stone. There is a miser, about ten feet in height, with his mother, wife and children clinging to his legs, whilst a thief is taking off his treasure. It is a group that might be placed near the Laocoon, and our sculptors might take lessons by a visit to these wonderful caves. There are no natives now in existence equal to any thing of the kind. Some thousands must have been employed; their origin is involved in obscurity. The general report is, that they were made about 1,000 years ago, when the Boodh, or the Brahmin religion was in the greatest splendour, and that they were used for schools, religious rites, &c., and the residence of their priests. There is a profusion and minuteness, elegance, and lightness in the figures, beyond description. The whole of the orders are displayed on the pillars, which are cut out as if to support the rooms inside. No chuman (lime) is used. There is some account of these caves in Colonel Fitzclarence's *Travels*, and some beautiful and correct views of them by Daniel. They are thought by some superior in magnificence, though in another way, to the Pyramids of Egypt.”

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE our last article under this head, the examining of witnesses in support of the charges against the Queen has been proceeded with before the House of Lords: and on September 7th, the Solicitor-General (the examination being concluded) summed up the evidence in a long speech. He maintained that the credit of the witnesses was unimpeached by any thing that had transpired in cross-examination—a sentiment we believe by no means entertained in the country—and that, unless her Majesty could adduce distinct direct testimony to rebut the statements made by these witnesses, the preamble of the bill must be considered as proved. He insisted that his friend, the Attorney-General, had not exaggerated the facts of their case in his opening speech, and concluded as follows:

It was impossible for him to sit down without alluding to what had been dragged into every cross-examination, and had been rung in their ears, not only from the beginning to the end of this case, but from the first moment any mention was made of the subject, and for the purpose of involving in reproach every individual who took any part in the proceedings. It was quite impossible for the persons at the head of his Majesty's government not to have established some mode of inquiry; it was quite impossible that they should not have inquired into reports in the highest degree derogatory to her Royal Highness, and in general circulation in most parts of Europe. He asked them whether it was not their duty to inquire if those reports were, or were not, true. There was only one mode of doing this: that mode was, to select persons eminent in point of character, of great character for integrity and knowledge, to make that inquiry. Accordingly, as judicious, as proper a selection as could be made, had been adopted. At the head was one known to be a man of the highest respectability—known to possess unimpeachable integrity, and of great skill and knowledge in the laws of his country. He had been at the head of the commission—if commission it was to be called—for the purpose of obtaining, not idle rumour, but evidence of facts, such as could alone be admitted in every court in this country. He asked if any fairer selection could have

been made than another gentleman, of whom mention had been made in course of the proceedings, who possessed great practice in the law. A third gentleman, Colonel Brown, he was not acquainted with; but he was told that his character stood as high as that of any of those who had dared to traduce him. Was he justified, then, in saying that it was a duty upon ministers to have instituted an inquiry into the reports circulated? And was he justified in saying that ministers had exercised a sound discretion, liable to no imputation whatever, in selecting persons to conduct the necessary inquiry? He begged pardon, if he had occupied their lordships' time too long. He hoped he had fairly stated the evidence in the case. He had been anxious not to have tortured or discoloured any fact or circumstance. If he had tortured or discoloured in any degree, he regretted it; for he had been desirous only to do his duty, and not to misrepresent; and he hoped he might be allowed, in conclusion, to say, and he said it from the bottom of his heart, and in the utmost sincerity; he sincerely and devoutly wished, not that the evidence should be confounded and perplexed, but his wish was, that it should be the result of this proceeding that her Royal Highness should establish to the satisfaction of their lordships, and every individual in the country, her full and unsullied innocence. Whether this was likely or not, it would be unbecoming in him to offer any opinion. He had only to say, that the preamble of the bill was proved, unless the proof should be impeached by evidence, clear, distinct, and satisfactory, on the part of her Majesty. [Hear, hear—order, order.]

The indecency of the *cheers* with which one of the counsel for the prosecution was greeted by their lordships (the judges), has been severely commented upon.

The counsel for the Crown (for so we suppose we may term them) in this case, had, before closing it, made application for further time, to enable them to bring forward some witnesses, who, when on their way to this country, became alarmed by the news of the rough treatment experienced by some of the Italians on their landing in England, and, in consequence, had returned home in

a hurry. They had since been reassured, it was stated; and were to be expected in four or five days. The Lords, however, refused this application.

A good deal of discussion took place in the House, in regard to the mode to be pursued by the Queen's counsel in their defence. By some questions put to Mr. Brougham, it was made out, that he was likely, after having replied to the speeches of the counsel for the prosecution, to have occasion to demand some suspension of the proceedings, in order to bring forward his proof. A warm debate took place in the Lords; in the course of which it was argued, that it would not be acting fairly towards her Majesty, to refuse her counsel permission to state immediately her defence against the double speeches of her accusers; seeing that any delay which might take place in adducing the proof to support that defence, could only be attributed to the decision of the House refusing the Queen a list of the witnesses against her. The House, however, after a debate, decided that Mr. Brougham should not be permitted to enter on the defence at all, until he was prepared to go on with, and to complete it; and it was finally ordered, that an adjournment should take place till Tuesday, the 3d of October. Lord Lansdowne's speech against the interference of the Lords with the plan to be pursued by the counsel for the defence, made considerable impression. He observed that

If any such interposition as that now before the House was thought necessary, with a view to the supposed interests of justice, it was incumbent on the House to have originated it before his Majesty's Solicitor-General had summed up the evidence on the other side. For what was the object of summing up by a counsel? Here, before he answered this question, he would observe, that his noble friend on the cross-bench (Lord Lauderdale), the noble earl opposite (Liverpool), and the learned lord on the woolsack, who had insisted on this particular course of proceeding, and recommended it by their votes, had all of them, with feelings which it was impossible that minds like theirs would not experience, expressed their earnest wish, hope, and belief, that the evidence adduced at the bar would not be allowed to make an impression on their lordships' minds. At

the same time the noble and learned lord, in justice and candour, found himself bound to admit, taking a proper view of human infirmity, that the publication of that evidence must produce a certain degree of impression. The learned lord viewed this circumstance as an evil, and expressed the greatest anxiety that the evidence should not be allowed so to operate; and yet he would ask their lordships what was the effect of the proceeding which was recommended? They had admitted the comments of the Solicitor-General on the pre-determination of adjourning the moment these comments were closed, which was described as the legal, the proper, and the natural mode of proceeding. But what was the wish of the learned Solicitor-General in making these comments? His design evidently was to give a bias to the case, to strengthen that impression which their lordships had deprecated, to point out those parts of the case that were strong, to pass over those that were weak, and to give that direction to the minds of those who heard his statements which would lead to a conviction that the bill was fully supported by the evidence. [Hear.] Their lordships feeling the necessity of adjourning, and wishing to keep clear of any bias or impression, should have selected an earlier period for that purpose. But now an adjournment was proposed when the Solicitor-General had closed his case, which must produce a considerable effect during the period of adjournment. Their lordships had allowed the Solicitor-General, who would have been as able to sum up at a future period as now—they had permitted him to make all his comments on the evidence, for the express purpose of creating an impression, if it did not exist before: and having heard all that he had to say, having heard every thing that could aggravate the circumstances of the case, they exclaimed "This is the proper moment for adjournment," before any observation whatever was made on the other side in consequence of those comments. [Hear, hear.] This was the course which, to his utter astonishment, accustomed as he was to the great candour and fine feeling of the noble earl (Liverpool), that he counselled them to pursue. This was what he termed the most equal balance of justice, this was the most proper moment, in his idea, for suspending proceedings in this case. [Cheers.] It was an equality of balance coming to this—"Hear all the evidence on oath on one side—hear the comments on that evidence—hear every thing that can be brought together to make against that side of the case; and at the very moment when the feeling intended to be raised is wrought up to the highest pitch, then declare that to be the best and the safest moment, in justice to both parties, for suspending the proceedings."

A very curious interference on the part of Lord Lonsdale took place in the midst of these proceedings. His Lordship, one of the staunchest supporters of the Government interest, took occasion to express his hopes, that the *provision of divorce* should be left out of the Bill against the Queen; of consequence implying, that the clause of degradation might be supported. The practical effect of this omission, as it is rumoured, would be, that the King's personal conduct could not be referred to in the course of the discussion; and this of course is very anxiously wished on one side. Many persons, of religious feeling, are understood to be shocked at the idea of effecting a divorce under the peculiar circumstances of the case: and to ease their scruples and gain their support, ministers would, no doubt, gladly sacrifice the clause in question. The impossibility, however, of altering the Bill, in the present stage of the proceedings, seemed generally admitted.

Earl Grey observed, that a more unseasonable proposition than that suggested by the noble lord, who first spoke on the other side, he had never heard. No answer that the noble earl (Liverpool) could have given could have had the effect of warranting such a proposition. (Hear, hear.) It seemed to him to be a proposition to restrain the counsel at the bar within certain limits in their defence. The clause alluded to in the bill could be considered only when the whole case was closed, and the bill came under consideration in a committee. Now it was impossible that any alteration whatever could be proposed or made. The defence was, therefore, to be directed against the whole of the bill, as it stood at present. It was not only a bill of pains and penalties, but a bill of divorce. That was the state of the bill now before their lordships; and to that extent it was the duty of the counsel to direct the evidence for the defence. Ultimately, without giving any opinion of the result of this proceeding, if the proceeding concluded so as that her Majesty should incur pains and penalties, degradation from her high and illustrious situation, he thought, must be the necessary consequence. If she should be degraded from the rank, character, and situation of Queen-consort, she ought not to remain the wife of the Sovereign. Not because it would be a personal relief to divorce, but because it was absurd in terms that one degraded from the rank of Queen should be the consort of the King. A bill degrading the Queen, who was to remain the wife of the

King, must be considered a bill degrading the King also. (Hear, hear.) This was not the time for discussing this subject; but if such a proposition should hereafter be made, he should state his objections to it. At present such a question could not be introduced for any useful purpose; it could lead to no practical conclusion; it could have no effect whatever on the character of the bill, but on the course to be pursued by counsel for the defence. He, therefore, must regret that the subject had been introduced on the present occasion.

On the 18th of Sept. the House of Commons met, after their adjournment. The object of the meeting was only understood to be, that, guided by the state of proceedings in the House of Lords, they might fix a day for their next assemblage. Mr. Keith Douglas expressed great regret at the state of the Public Press, and hoped Ministers would take measures to restrain its licentiousness. He referred to the superior ability with which the opposition part of the press was conducted; and hoped "Parliament would not separate without an understanding that his Majesty's Ministers had some measures in contemplation for correcting the licentiousness of the Press."

Mr. Hobhouse moved that "an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying him to prorogue Parliament, thereby to prevent the further progress of measures against his Queen."

Mr. Bennet seconded this motion: he observed that,

All men, he thought, must now feel, that day after day new and increasing dangers were impending over the country by persevering in this measure, and that there was no safety but in retreat. For years ministers had pursued the same system of bringing into odium and contempt the institutions of the country: their last effort was the bill before Parliament, and its introduction would be regretted, by all who loved their country, to the latest hour of their existence. When government found that it was not likely that they should accomplish their whole object, they relinquished the half of it; and the Prime Minister had been heard, in the House of Lords, to declare, that, though her Majesty might be too infamous to be Queen of this country, she was not too infamous to be wife to the King! (Much cheering.) Since the days of the Star-chamber—since the time when Bradshaw sat upon the life of the King—no proceeding, as monstrous and unjust as the present, had been heard of.

The evidence was heard—it was enforced in all its bearings, and then the case was stopped—stopped after the beastly, the disgusting, the loathsome evidence which the Attorney-General, to his own disgrace, had thought fit to produce, had been gone through with an odious particularity. Yet this testimony, bad as it was, did not at all come up to the charges, many of which the counsel for the prosecution had not attempted to prove, or even to ask a witness one question regarding them. (Cheers.) Of the allegorical personage who employed the Attorney-General the house knew nothing: who were their real clients was still kept a mystery; but, to their eternal disgrace, statements were made at which the blood boiled even in the recollection, and which, till the moment he (Mr. Bennet) had listened to them, he did not believe that an English gentleman would have been compelled to hear. Her Majesty was so placed as to have to defend herself against all the acts that could be raked up during six years of travelling in different parts of the world. When this charge was first introduced, from the confident manner in which it was brought forward, he thought it barely possible that some misconduct might be adduced against her. To be sure her Majesty's conduct was calculated to banish all notion of guilt even at the outset: the fearless way in which she laughed to scorn her accusers—the manner in which that heroic woman set her foot upon the shore of England, and, above all, the decisive tone in which she rejected all attempts at mediation between her and her accusers, conclusively satisfied his mind, at the time, of her complete innocence. (Hear, hear.)

The general opinion in the House, however, seemed to be, that the unfortunate business could not *now* be suffered to rest, without being brought to some conclusion.

Mr. Ellice observed, that the evidence against the illustrious person in question had gone forth to the public, accompanied by the statement, summing up, and comments of the law-officers of the crown. To him it appeared that it would be gross injustice not to allow her the opportunity of rebutting it, and of proving what had been asserted, that the charges were the offspring of a foul conspiracy. Upon these grounds he felt obliged to vote against the proposition for now putting an end to the enquiry, although it would give him extreme satisfaction to support any motion that could stop the further proceedings, if that measure was not at the same time an act of injustice towards the illustrious person accused. He would also state his determination, if the bill should unfortunately come down to that house, to oppose the first reading of it, on the principle that bills

of such a description ought never to be entertained except in cases where they were essential to the public safety.

The motion made by Mr. Hobhouse was negatived by 66 against 12.

The public mind still continues very much agitated on this matter. The Queen still receives addresses from all quarters; and one, carried up by an immense mob of sailors, attracted much attention. Her Majesty has presented her picture to the Corporation of the City of London,—and after some discussion it has been accepted, and the Lord Mayor (much against his will) has been ordered to go up with the Address of thanks. A good deal of notice has been directed to the *soldiery*, with reference to this affair; and their sentiments in regard to the Queen have been eagerly watched-for: some regiments, it is said, have shown manifestations of a disposition sufficient to give government uneasiness.

As a specimen of the *temper* and *good sense* with which the addresses to the Queen are got up, we may quote part of that from the inhabitants of Halifax:

The heart even of a Hottentot would have glowed with admiration at the wisdom, the heroism, and the magnanimity which you displayed.

Although the dearest interests of your Majesty, on your return, seem to be enveloped in gloom, and your royal person assailed with the same vindictive persecution which drove your Majesty to the Continent, and which followed you thither, and traced you, and hunted you, like a beast of prey—console yourself, illustrious Queen of a brave people, that you are in the bosom of a country that looks upon you as its pride, its ornament, and its glory.

Could we, the married females of Halifax, hope to escape the censure of the other sex, in daring to offer an opinion on a subject which seems to have puzzled them not a little, we imagine we could suggest a course to your Majesty more consonant with the national character of the English, more agreeable to the spirit of the times, and more in unison with the law of the land, than the bill of pains and penalties which is now pending in the House of Peers.

By her Majesty's presence being dispensed with in the palace, his Majesty has not only deprived himself of the pleasure of passing many sweet and happy hours in her Majes-

ty's company, but he is also deprived of counsel which possibly might add to the prosperity of the country, as well as tend to the stability of the throne, and the happiness of the people.

* * * * *

We beg most respectfully to record our highest possible opinion of your Majesty's strict integrity and untainted innocence; and we look upon it as the highest injustice to your Majesty to deny that *any act of your Majesty's life has not been such as to attract the admiration of the good, to call forth the love of the virtuous, and to engage the esteem, the homage, and the veneration of an admiring people!*

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow on the Hill, has made himself very notorious by a Letter to Mr. Whitbread, disapproving of meetings in favour of the Queen,—or, as he since explained his meaning,—disapproving of *female* meetings for this purpose. We regret that the clergy do not steer clear of political questions; and that their interference is so often on the side of their temporal interests.

In our next Number we shall have to record the proceedings of the defence.

Three of the persons recently convicted of high treason in Scotland (upwards of twenty in number), have been executed. At York, twenty-two were arraigned, on Monday, September 11th; but we are happy to state, that by an arrangement to which the crown consented, they were all, on expressing their wish so to do, permitted to plead *guilty*; on an understanding that the sentence of the law would not have effect.

From domestic politics we turn to foreign. Portugal has followed the example of Spain and Naples; but of the progress made by the revolution in the former country, we are not as yet well informed. The movement originated at Oporto. At day-break on the 23d of August, the event took place, as stated in the following private letter from Oporto, dated 25th August:

"Every thing having been privately arranged, on the 23d instant, between the civil and military authorities, yesterday, at half-past four, a. m., the castle at the mouth of the Douro announced, by a royal salute, the day destined to give liberty to Portugal.

"At day-break the troops of the line and militia assembled under arms, and the

officers proceeded to form a military council, which published two proclamations; at half-past eight they marched to the Prada Nova; and posted themselves in front of the public hall: the governors, bishop, and other authorities having arrived, the proclamations were read in their presence, and it was universally agreed on to establish a provisional government, with power to call the Cortes, for these to form a Constitution: this agreement was sworn to by all. The same was published to the people and troops, who welcomed the intelligence with loud and repeated shouts of 'Long live King John VI. ! Long live the Cortes and Constitution !' In the evening the authorities attended the National Theatre, and were greeted with the same acclamations. Every thing was conducted in the greatest harmony and good order. Not a drop of blood spilt, nor even a dissenting voice. All appear content; and every thing is going on as before. The government paper, which had risen to 27 per cent. discount, is now current at 25, and bids fair to go lower, as our cause cannot but prosper.

"The foreign officers in the Portuguese service were all placed under temporary arrest, but treated with the greatest politeness, and paid up to the day. General Blunt is at Ponte de Lima, and two officers have been sent to intimate his arrest to him.

"The oaths of fidelity to the Cortes are pouring in from all the towns and villages in these three provinces."

The exact state of affairs at Lisbon has not been ascertained at the moment of our writing: but the revolutionists, it is supposed, will be successful. The British troops in the Portuguese pay have not been ill-treated, as was reported; but their service has been dispensed with.

Sicily is maintaining a contest with Naples for national independence; but it is hoped that mediation may yet avert a long civil war. Austria, according to the latest accounts, does not mean to employ military aggression against the constitutional Neapolitan government; but she seems desirous to unite the powers of Europe with her, by manifestoes against these popular proceedings.

Some little interruption has been given to the political harmony at Madrid, by what some call the intemperate, and others the intrepid, conduct of General Riego. An order of the ministry had directed the troops under his command (chiefly instrumental in gaining the constitution) to be disbanded; and to the

execution of this order the General demurred,—coming to Madrid, to make representations on the subject to the King. A disturbance took place at the theatre, in consequence of a song said to have been prompted from his box, and the tranquillity of Madrid was endangered. General Riego has been exiled from the capital.

The French Peers are occupied with the preliminary proceedings against the conspirators recently arrested. By a royal ordinance, the King has disbanded the National Guard of Brest, and dismissed some of the public functionaries in that city, for their failure to support the magistrates, and to repress the outrages of the populace, on a late occasion. Several officers of the Legion of the Seine, forming part of the garrison of Cambray, had been implicated

in the plot for overthrowing the Bourbon government; and, being disappointed in their attempts to corrupt the soldiery, had betaken themselves to flight. One captain and two subalterns, however, were arrested, and were to appear before the Court of Peers.

The Abbé de Pradt, formerly archbishop of Malines, has been prosecuted before the Court of Assize for a seditious libel against the Government, written in defence of the old Election Law. The Abbé made a speech on the occasion, which, together with his condescension in submitting to the law of the land, was highly applauded by his own counsel, and more substantially recompensed by the verdict of the jury, who pronounced in favour of his reverence a verdict of not guilty.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURE.

From the 22d day of August last, to the end of that month, it rained incessantly throughout the greater part of this country, menacing the farmer with the utter destruction of his seed crops.—Providence, however, had otherwise ordained it. From the 1st of September to the date of this article, it has been almost invariably fine, and the consequences most propitious. In the northern districts the harvest began on the 28th ult. and it is supposed that more wheat has been better got in and stacked in the ensuing three weeks than has ever been known in the memory of the oldest agriculturist. In the midland counties complaints have been made of the mildew, but generally it is acknowledged that bread corn yields more than an average crop. Barley is abundant, and of good quality throughout, as are oats, and both getting in fast. Beans are much better than were expected; and even turnips, which in the absence of rain promised but indifferently, have, on the whole, improved. Fruit of all sorts never were more abundant, nor in the present times at so cheap a rate. Some exception, however, must be made in respect of the cyder apple, which is but a scanty crop in Hampshire, Worcestershire, and throughout the county of Gloucestershire.

Hops have turned out much better than was predicted, and the duty is laid at from 30 to 90,000*l*. It is somewhat singular, notwithstanding the opening of the ports for the importation of oats, that grain still averages from 22*s*. to 25*s*. the quarter, but then not a tenth part of the cargoes are arrived which have actually been purchased on the continent of Europe. Pasture is in general very short. At the great cattle fairs of the season a considerable diminution has taken place in the price of fat cattle and sheep; lean beasts, however, for stock, brought high prices.

In Scotland, notwithstanding that the mean temperature of the atmosphere during the month of August last, was full six degrees lower than that of August, 1819, still little or no injury has been sustained by the farmer, at least in the lowland districts. The rain which fell in August was 24 inches. In Perth, and the neighbouring counties, the wheats have been nearly gotten in, in good condition; and it is thought an average crop. Other grains, relatively with wheat, are later than usual. Oats have fallen very short. Barley has suffered in the Highlands from the frosts, as have potatoes severely. On the whole, however, we are happy to state, that every

report from that country corresponds in stating that, on the whole, the corn-grower has no just cause of complaint.

The accounts from Ireland are very flattering. Potatoes, the staple article of the poor man's subsistence, never promised fairer. New wheat of that country, far superior to any usually brought to the London market, sold last week (18th inst.) at 65s. the quarter. Much indignation prevails there on the opening the ports. Previously to the 15th of August last, great sales were made of Irish oats at Mark-lane. Since that period all importation of that grain from Ireland has been nearly at an end—a circumstance which falls cruelly upon a poor country where the rent is extravagantly high, and made for the most part by sales of that grain. Some relief, however, it is hoped, will be ex-

tended to the Irish agriculturist, by the permission at present afforded of importing Irish spirits to this country, free of duty, always provided that they are not of higher proof than that of British spirits distilled from corn.

Few prices are quoted for wool: it is stated, however, that it is generally considered to be upon the advance.

The beautiful phenomenon of the harvest moon, so beneficial to the farmer at a season when the reaping and gathering in the fruits of the earth is of such vital importance, is this year very propitious. This is the fifth year of a series of ten in which it is more resplendent than in the preceding term of nine years; that is to say, it is larger, and more brilliant from 1816 to 1825, inclusive. From astronomical laws it will be less so from 1826 to 1828, inclusive.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, September 23.)

In conformity with our original declaration we have, in our preliminary observations to our commercial articles, taken frequent occasion to advert to such occurrences in foreign countries as seemed likely to affect the trading interests of the United Kingdom. When we spoke in our last Number of the probable influence of liberal ideas in our commercial relations with Spain, we did not imagine that, while we held the pen, a revolution was at hand in the adjoining kingdom of Portugal, our manifold and most important relations with which cannot fail of being affected to a great extent, by such a change in the political state of that country as now seems to be inevitable. Whatever may be the result, we cannot help flattering ourselves that the time is not very remote, when all the great commercial nations of the world will be convinced of the advantage of adopting (gradually, of course) a more liberal system of mutual intercourse. The advocates of the prohibitory system, in Germany, are evidently losing ground before the unanswerable arguments of their opponents. We have seen the language of the Spanish government on the subject, with which the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons agrees, in declaring almost in the same words, that "every restriction on the freedom of trade is in itself, independently of all other considerations, an evil." With respect to France, we almost fear we must say with the poet, "*Aye, there's the rub.*"

Coffee.—There have been various fluctuations in the coffee market during the month that has elapsed since the date of our last report; the general result appears, however, to be an improvement of about 2s. per cwt. since August 25th in the West India consumptions. In the last week of Au-

gust the demand subsided, so that the prices about the 29th ran from 2s. to 3s. lower than the week preceding. The holders, however, did not much press sales, and the principal part of the coffee held on speculation being in the hands of great houses, it was not to be expected that any considerable decline could take place, especially as the deliveries for export, and the consequent reduction of the stock on hand, were unprecedentedly large. The first week of September the market improved considerably, both in the demand and prices; the advance being from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. A public sale of 294 casks, chiefly Jamaica, on the 5th, attracted much attention; the whole went off with spirit, and, with a few exceptions, at better prices. Some parcels of good middling at 142s., and fine middling, in considerable parcels, at 146s. and 147s. On the 8th there were two public sales of Jamaica: the whole sold with briskness, and the advance of 2s. a 3s. was fully maintained. Between this and the 15th so large a quantity was brought to sale that the market gave way 2s. a 3s. per cwt.; large parcels of St. Domingo being sold at 130s. 6d. The market recovered afterwards, and large parcels of St. Domingo and Brazil, with some Demerara and Berbice, brought forward in two public sales on the 15th, sold with great spirit: 132s. was offered and refused for St. Domingo: and after the sale 132s. 6d. was offered but also refused. The accounts from the Hanse Towns and Holland, especially the former, were so favourable: those from Hamburg stating a rise of 2s. a 3s. per cwt., and prices higher than they had been for many years with an increasing demand, that the public sale on the 19th was uncommonly well attended. It consisted of 318 casks and 35 bags, which went off so

as fully to recover from the preceding depression. Very large parcels of fine ordinary Jamaica sold at 132s.; fine ordinary and ordinary middling, 133s. a 135s.; middling, 138s.; and for good middling, 139s. was offered; and the whole of that description was then taken in at very high prices: good ordinary Jamaica sold at 128s., and a small parcel of good ordinary Demarara at 133s. 6d. India coffee brought to sale met with no offers; pale Java was withdrawn at 138s. a 139s.; ordinary Ceylon and Samarang, 127s. The demand and the prices of coffee have since again given way; the public sales this week have gone off without spirit, and a reduction of 1s. a 2s. per cwt. has been submitted to; very extensive parcels of St. Domingo (1600 bags) being sold at 129s. 6d., 130s. 6d., and 131s. 6d., chiefly at 130s. 6d.; good ordinary Jamaica sold at 126s. 6d. and 127s.; fine ordinary, 129s. and 130s. The public sale of yesterday consisted entirely of Jamaica descriptions, chiefly good ordinary; the whole sold with considerable spirit; good ordinary, 127s. and 127s. 6d.; fine ordinary, 129s. 6d. and 130s. After the public sale, it may be stated, there is much more demand, but the prices are without variation: there is, however, every appearance of a revival in the request, and we think there is decidedly more disposition amongst the buyers to purchase than during any day this week.

Sugar.—The sugar market has, on the whole, been very languid for this month past, and notwithstanding some fluctuations, the average has not reached the lowest statement of the four weeks' report in our last. The demand has been pretty steady, but not extensive. There has been some improvement latterly both in the request and the prices. The importers of sugar look with much interest to the extensive deliveries from the warehouse this year compared with last season, and the probability of a great deficiency in the supply at the end of the year. Several premature statements of the imports this year have been given, but they appear to be very incorrect.

The demand for Muscovados during the week has been considerable, and the prices may be quoted rather higher on account of the revival in the request; the market has however been, in some measure, checked by the declaration of large sales of sugar at the India House. There has been a steady and considerable demand for refined goods, and on account of the very limited supply, the holders are firm in their demands; the chief purchases are lumps.—Molasses are steady. By public sale on Wednesday, 500 chests Havannah sugar were advertised; but on account of the languid demand, they were withdrawn previous to the hour of sale. The request for foreign sugars appears to have subsided.

Average prices of raw sugar, by Gazette :

Aug. 26,	35s. 8½d.
Sept. 2,	35s. 11d.
9,	35s. 5½d.
16,	35s. 11d.
23,	35s. 5½d.

EAST-INDIA COMPANY'S SALES.

Indigo.—The sale at the India House began 29th August and finished 12th September, it consisted of 10,240 chests. The fine and good indigos sold from 1s. a 1s. 3d. per lb., the good middling and middling qualities about 9d. per lb., and the inferior from 6d. a 9d. per lb. lower than the last sale's prices. The whole quantity bought in by the proprietors does not exceed 800 to 1000 chests. The prices were :

Fine Blue and Violet	7s. 3d.	7s. 8d.
Fine Purple and Violet	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.
Good ditto	6s. 9d.	7s. 0d.
Fine and good Violet	6s. 6d.	6s. 9d.
Middling ditto	6s. 0d.	6s. 6d.
Fine and good Violet and		
Copper	6s. 0d.	6s. 3d.
Fine and good Copper	5s. 6d.	6s. 0d.
Good ordinary ditto	4s. 9d.	5s. 3d.
Ordinary and low	3s. 3d.	4s. 3d.
Fine Madrass	None.	
Good ditto	6s. 0d.	6s. 6d.
Ordinary ditto	4s. 6d.	5s. 6d.

No Manilla.

The decline in price was probably owing to the sale being much more considerable than was anticipated, an addition of 3000 chests having been declared but a short time before it commenced.

Tea.—At the tea sale, which began on 5th September, Bohea sold 1d. to 1½d. per lb. higher than at the preceding sales. Congou, common, nearly at the former rates; the fine sorts, 1d. to 2d. per lb. lower.

Spices, &c.—The demand for Spices has been very languid. Pimento has been sold at a reduction, very good quality only realising 9d. a 9½d. The India Company have declared another sale of Spices for the 13th November:—130,000lbs. Cinnamon; 50,000lbs. Cloves; 35,000lbs. Mace; 100,000lbs. Nutmegs; 1000lbs. Oil of Mace; 1000 tons Saltpetre.

Oils.—The accounts of the fisheries having been successively more and more favourable during this year, the prices of oil have gradually declined, but not so much as might have been anticipated. The produce of the fishery being nearly 16,000 tons of oil. The moderate price gives reason to expect a great trade, and the enquiries for Greenland oil are considerable, both for exportation and home consumption.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There is a very general enquiry for rum, particularly for export; the request has also been, in some measure, improved by the government contract for 100,000 gallons; the

purchases are rather extensive, the prices are without variation. The demand for brandy has subsided; few or no sales are reported.

Tobacco.—There has been very little doing in tobacco this month.

Baltic Produce—Tallow.—The demand for foreign tallow has been limited, and as the arrivals are very extensive, a further fall of 6d. a lb. per cwt. has taken place, and at the reduction there are few sales. The town market is to-day quoted 61s. 6d. which is the same as last week. The demand for *Hemp* has considerably revived, and the prices are full 10s. higher. This is partly owing to the general improvement of trade, and the heavy market which had continued so long, and partly, perhaps, to rumours of intended naval armaments, which have led to some speculation. In *Flax* little has been doing.

Corn.—We have no particular remarks to offer on the corn trade this month. The arrivals and averages will be found as usual in our Tables. In general, it appears that only the finest descriptions of grain maintain their prices; all others are declining. The reduction in the price of oats, though considerable, is, perhaps, not yet so great as was anticipated from the opening of the ports.

Cotton.—The cotton market has been in a very depressed state for some weeks. The purchases from 15th August to 19th September hardly exceeded 2500 bags. The following are the particulars of the

last 1500 bags previous to 19th September, viz. 100 Pernams, 15½d.; 200 Boweds, 12d. to 12½d.; 60 Berbice, fair quality, 13d. fine, 14½d.; 40 fair Carriacou, 13d.; 450 Carthagena, 10½d. to 10¾d., all duty paid: the following in bond; 160 Bengals, 6½d. to 6¾d.; and 460 Surats, 6½d. to 8¼d.: of the latter, the greater part was taken for exportation. The accounts from Liverpool have chiefly tended to check the demand, especially the news that a sale of 13,000 bags was advertised for Friday the 15th. The Liverpool market was of course still more affected. The accounts from Liverpool of the 16th state, however, that the public sales were very numerous attended, and went off very steadily, the prices of Boweds having recovered what they had previously lost. The sales for four weeks previous to the 16th amounted to nearly 24,000 bags, and the arrivals to 21,000 bags. The latest accounts state the market there to be very heavy. The market here still remains in a very depressed state; the demand, which was very limited, has entirely subsided, owing to a large sale declared by the East India Company. The purchases for the week ending yesterday are only, Bengals, 220 bags 6½d. a 7½d. Surats, 140 6½d. a 8½d.

In our Eighth Number we gave a comparative statement of the cotton-wool imported in the first six months of 1819, and of the same period of 1820; we here subjoin a statement for the first eight months of these two years.

Statement of Cotton-Wool in 1820, compared with first Eight Months in 1819.

From whence	1820	1819	Increase	Decrease
Brazil and Portugal	118199	85565	32634	—
East Indies	53073	147479	—	94406
North America	280589	182923	97666	—
West Indies and Spanish Colonies	9080	6202	2871	—
Demerara, Berbice, and Surinam	13255	14571	—	1316
France and Holland	1273	74	1199	—
Smyrna	765	658	107	—
Ireland	2031	216	1815	—
	478265	437668	136299	95722

Increase 136299

Decrease 95722

Total Increase 40577

The increase of importation has been proportionably greater in the two last months; those in the first six being about 25,000 bags, and 15,000 in the two last. We again have to notice the immense increase of importation from North America, and the Brazils, and the decrease from the East Indies. This decrease has almost arisen in the importation in the Port of London, which is 86,000 bags; and the increase has been in the importations into Liverpool and Glasgow, especially Liverpool.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, 11th August.—Linseed has been in great demand: the last price paid was 32 roubles, and it is now entirely cleared off. In other respects trade has been very dull; but as many ships have arrived within these few days we hope that business will soon become more brisk.

Riga, 25th August.—Flax much on demand; Cut Badstub and Risten are difficult to be had at the quotations. Marienburg crown 50 r.; ditto cut 45 r. Thiesenhansen and Drusiana Rakitzer, white 47½ r. to 48 r.; grey, 45 to 46 r.; cut Badstub, white, 42½ r.; grey, 39 r.; Ristenthreeband, 35½ r.; Tow, 15 r. *Hemp* main-

tains its prices. Clean Polish, 118 r.; ditto Ukraine, 106 r.; Polish outshot, 93 r.; Ukr. ditto, 80.; Pol. Pass. 83; Ukr. ditto, 69 r.; Torse, 48 to 49 r. *Hemp oil*, 118 r. asked, 115 offered.—*Seeds*, crushing linseed is held at 21 to 25 r.; but there is less doing than hitherto; 8 r. have been agreed to for new linseed to be delivered in the middle of September; but only 7½ r. are now offered on this condition.—*Corn*. The harvest seems not to be good in Courland, either in quantity or quality: the accounts from the interior of Russia are likewise such as not to favour the expectation of a good harvest: the wet having done much damage. Little, however, is doing in all kinds of grain. Among our imported articles coffee maintains its price, our supply having been but moderate; price, 41 to 47 copecks per lb., according to quality. Of sugars, especially raw, we have had large supplies, and more are expected; this has depressed the prices.

St. Petersburg, 25th August.—*Tallow*, yellow candle, 166 r.; white ditto, 158 r.; common soap, 150 r.—*Flax*, 12 head, 150 r.; 9 head, 128 to 130 r.—*Hemp*, clean, 88 to 92; outshot, 73 to 78 r. Other export articles dull of sale and declining in price.

Little business has been doing in colonial and other imported articles since the purchases for the fair have ended.

Danzig, 5th September.—*Corn*. The demand for wheat remains very limited, 400 fl. were lately paid for a parcel of high mixed. The prices of rye and barley cannot be stated as there is no demand whatever. Since the importation of oats is free in England several parcels have been purchased at 140 to 150 florins. Hamburg and English refined sugars have been bought for exportation at 17 fl. 18 fl. and 18 fl. 10; and fine ordinary coffee at 46 gr.

Copenhagen, 2d September.—Since the opening of the English ports for oats, this article has been in great demand here. Our stock is, at this moment, small, but we shall soon have a fresh supply, especially as the harvest in all Zealand is better than it has been in the memory of the oldest people.

Hamburg, 16th September.—*Coffee*. The demand extremely brisk, in consequence of orders from the interior; for fine and good ordinary St. Domingo, 14½ to 14¾; good ordinary Jamaica, 14½; good middling, 15, has been paid, but no more can be obtained at those prices. Cheribon in casks sold at 14¾, and 15 was asked for good qualities in bags: nothing done in the finer descriptions except a small parcel of Berbice, for which 16d. have been paid.—*Sugars*. The demand for raw sugars has become more brisk; white, especially fine and dry, even of good middling quality, is so far cleared off that the orders not yet executed are, with difficulty, completed,

and seldom in one parcel. Some sales of middling, and fine Brazil brown, have taken place at 8½ on an average; and several hundred chests of brown Havannah at 8¾ to 9; English lumps are more sought after, but not dearer; good middling may be had at 11d.; crushed without demand.—*Tea*. Fine Congo Souchong, Haysanchin, and Hyson, are in great request; young Hyson, or Utzim, is almost entirely cleared off.—*Cotton*. The chief demand is for Bengals and Surats. The market is well supplied.

Amsterdam, 12th Sept.—The failure of the houses of Justus de Bruyn and Co., and of J. H. Van Wolframsdorff, both of Dordrecht, whose chief business was in corn and rape oil; and the apprehension that these bankruptcies may be followed by others, both there and at Antwerp, have had a very injurious effect on our corn trade, and caused a general decline in the prices.

Genoa, 9th Sept.—There is very little doing in all the branches of trade.—*Sugars* sold merely for consumption, and with some facilities.—*Coffee* nearly the same, but, however, it is less neglected, and the prices keep up.—*Hides* in request; 2000 have been sold at 120 livres the cantaro.—*Corn* lower, our stock being considerable. The only considerable sale this week is a parcel of Odessa wheat at 21 livres per emine: it has been embarked ostensibly for Naples, but the real destination is probably Palermo, as also of two other cargoes.

Trieste, 8th Sept.—Little has been doing here lately, but it is probable that much business might be done if we had arrivals of coffee, cocoa, Brazil hides, Pimento, and clayed sugars, our stock being very small. The first arrivals may be expected to go off rapidly, and leave room for those which may come after, so as to keep up an activity in our market not common in autumn.—*Corn* may be expected to rise though little is doing; the best wheat 5½ fl.; Maize steady at 3½ fl.; oats and rye scarce, and above 3 fl. might be had for them.—*Oil* has fallen, and seems likely to fall still lower; Apulia, 34 fl.; Provence and Genoa, 41 fl., without request. An extraordinary storm of hail on the 1st inst. has done unexampled damage in all Frioul. The vines have suffered dreadfully, so that the produce is expected to be 70,000 milleroles less than it would have been: wine has risen in consequence from 15 to 20 per cent.

Odessa, 10th Aug.—The wheat harvest is said to be but indifferent in all the countries which supply our market, and the quality does not seem to be good; it is probable the evil is exaggerated. However, the orders from France and Italy contribute to raise the price; good wheat is difficult to be procured, and not to be had under 18½ r. to 18¾ r. per chetwert.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mrs. Hutton is preparing a second volume of "The Tour of Africa," which will embrace the Southern Portion: a third volume will complete the circuit.

Mr. Swainson is about to publish the first number of his Zoological Illustrations.

Dr. Sir A. B. Faulkner has in the press a Treatise on the Plague; with Observations on its Prevention, Character, and Treatment.

Archdeacon Pott is preparing a volume of Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England.

Mr. E. Morgan, surgeon, will soon publish, Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies and Diseases of the Skin, illustrated by several cases.

Sir R. K. Porter has in the press, Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. in 1817-18-19-20, with Engravings of Antiquities.

Mr. Edward Grainger, jun. is preparing a Concise System of Anatomy, for the Use of Medical Students.

The Rev. J. B. Hollingworth is printing Lectures on the Apostles' Creed, delivered in the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.

Traits and Trials, a Novel, in two volumes, will soon appear.

The Life of William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, compiled principally from original and scarce Documents, is preparing for publication.

Outlines of Midwifery: developing its Principles and Practice, with illustrative lithographic Engravings, in 1 vol. 12mo. principally designed for Students; by J. T. Conquest, M. D. F. L. S., will appear early in the present month.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow, has in the press a volume of Discourses on "The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life." 8vo.

Mr. Godwin will shortly publish a new work under the title—"Of Population; an Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind: being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that Subject."

Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, has in the press, Framingham, and its Agriculture; a Treatise designed to show the Utility of applying the New System of Agriculture to small Farms.

The Book of Nature Laid Open, in a popular Survey of the Phenomena and Constitution of the Universe, and the Appearances of Nature during each Month in the Year: by the Rev. W. Hutton, M.A., is now preparing for publication.

Mr. W. G. Rogers will publish, early in October, an Engraving of the Warwick Vase, in the Lithographic Manner.

Shortly will be published, the First Number of a Progressive Series of Ornamental Sketches, original and selected; drawn on Stone, by W. G. Rogers.

A new Edition of an Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, by Thomas H. Horne, M.A., in four large 8vo. volumes, is now in the press. As the *third* volume will consist principally of New matter, it is intended to print an extra number of that volume, for the accommodation of the purchasers of the former edition.

Mr. Ackerman announces for publication, by subscription, a Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea, embracing the greater part of Normandy, with twenty coloured engravings.

Mr. Ackerman has also in the press the Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife, with coloured Plates; uniform with the two former Tours of Dr. Syntax.

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tic chaplain to Lord Gwydir.—The Rev. John Thornhill, M.A. to the rectory of Middleton, in Teasdale, in the county of Durham.—The Rev. John Holmes, A.M. to the rectory of St. Nicholas with All Saints' annexed, in Southelmham, Suffolk.—The Rev. George Oliver, of Grimsby, has been appointed domestic Chaplain to Lord Kensington.—The Rev. T. F. Ford Bowes, of Foxhills, has been appointed Chaplain to the King.—The Rev. Henry Chaloner, B.A. chaplain to the Duke of Sussex, to the vicarage of Alne.—The Rev. Thomas Turner Roe, to the rectory of Benington, Lincolnshire.—The Hon. and Right Rev. George Pelham, D.D. late Bishop of Exeter, is elected Bishop of Lincoln, by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, agreeably to his Majesty's royal recommendation to them directed for that purpose.—The Rev. Henry Blunt, vicar of Clare, one of the chaplains of his Grace the Duke of Richmond.—Dr. Carey is to vacate the vicarage of Sutton on the Forest, and the Hon. Mr. Pellew, son of Lord Exmouth, is to be the new vicar. (York Gazette).—The Rev. Frederic Leathes, B.A. to the rectories of Great and Little Livermere, Suffolk.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Aug. 5.

Bird, Henry, Bristol, cheese-factor. Att. Dix, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Browne, Wm. Henry, late of London, but now of Bristol, broker. Atts. Price, Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Edwards, William, Battle, Sussex, toyman. Att. Benton, Union-street, Southwark. C.
 Greaves, Joseph, Birmingham, victualler. Att. Smith, 31, Basinghall-street, London. C.
 Harrison, Henry, and Bernard Cowvan, merchants, Lawrence-Pountney-lane, London. Atts. Tilson and Preton, 29, Coleman-street. T.
 Hilton, Christopher, Over Darwen, near Blackburn, Lancashire, whittster. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Metcalf, Chancery-lane. C.
 King, George, Norwich, brandy-merchant. Atts. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Moule, Benjamin, Stone, Staffordshire, innkeeper. Att. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
 Redhead, Tyras, Ulverston, Lancashire, mercer. Atts. Baxter and Bowker, 9, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Royle, John Few, Pall-mall, Middlesex, fancy-paper manufacturer. Atts. Tottie, Richardson, and Gaunt, Poultry, London, and at Leeds. T.
 Stevens, Richards, Banstead, Surrey, cordwainer, shopkeeper. Att. Reed, Mark-lane. T.
 Williams, Edward, Edmonton, Middlesex, grocer. Att. Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Gazette—Aug. 8.

Hully, Christopher, Lancaster, twine manufacturer. Atts. Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard, London. C.
 Ring, Sarah, Bristol, earthenware and glass dealer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Toller, Edward, Godmanchester, Huntingdonshire, corn merchant. Att. Clennell, Staple's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 12.

Machan, Luke, Sheffield, millwright. Att. Capes, 9, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 May, Edmund, and John May, Bristol, school-masters. Att. Williams, Red-Lion-square, London. C.
 Mills, Humphrey, parish of Collumpton, Devonshire, fellmonger. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Neal, Charles, Brimscombe, in Minchin Hamp-ton, Gloucestershire, engineer. Atts. Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
 Rollinson, William, Sutton-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, victualler. Att. Froggatt, 4, Hare-court, Temple, London. C.
 Taylor, John Thomas, Merton, Surrey, silk manufacturer. Att. Edmonds, 13, Skinner-street, Snow-hill. T.
 Wright, Charles, Hackney, Middlesex, victualler. Att. Pope, Old Be hlem. T.

Gazette—Aug. 15.

Armitage, Joseph, Birmingham, saw-maker. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, Bouvrie-street, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Coupland, Robert Wilsford, Bridlington-quay, Bridlington, Yorkshire, linen-draper. Att. Bat-tye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Faulkner, Thomas, Hayes-court, Leicester-square, Middlesex, straw-hat manufacturer. Atts. Cour-teen and Robinson, Walbrook, London. T.
 Goldsworthy, William, Sun Tavern-fields, Middle-sex, rope-maker. Att. Heard, Hooper's-square, Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields. T.
 Gunby, John, Birmingham, sword-maker. Atts. Sandys, Horton, Roarke, Sandys, and Sandys, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Jacobs, Isaac, Bristol, glass-manufacturer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Milthorp, John, Pot Ovens, Yorkshire, clothier. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, London. C.
 Newbold, James, Leamington Priors, Warwick-shire, butcher. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Rudd, Charles, Lawflat, Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. Att. Chippendale, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Smith, Richard Atkin, Sheffield, grocer. Att. Bat-tye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Taylor, Hugh, Manchester, and Edmund Taylor, Blackley, Lancashire, calico printers. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Wood, William, Holm Farm, Wetherby, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber. Att. Wiglesworth, 5, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 19.

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 Ellis, Charles, Birmingham, plater. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Fotheringham, Wm. Alex. Dewar, Plymouth-dock, merchant. Att. Makinson, Middle-Temple, London. C.
 Isaacs, Isaac, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Black-stock and Bunce, London. C.
 Sampson, Samuel, Size-lane, London, auctioneer. Atts. Tilson and Preston, 29, Coleman-street. T.
 Samson, Thomas, Lynn, Norfolk, coach-maker. Att. Robins, 36, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
 Warburton, Thomas, Northwich, Cheshire, and George Parsons, Liverpool, sail-makers. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Wroots, Robert, Sleaford, Lincolnshire, draper. Atts. Windle, Perkins, and Frampton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 22.

Bennet, James, Chester, druggist. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Cowl, Wm. Lark-hall, parish of Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire, dealer. Atts. Toone and Monk-house, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
 Eyes, Edward, Liverpool, dealer. Atts. Lowes and Cowburn, Temple, London. C.
 Payant, Wm. Manchester, wine-merchant. Atts. Appleby and Serjeant, Gray's-inn-square, Lon-don. C.
 Stott, Wm. Liverpool, linen-draper. Atts. Lowe, and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Warner, Sam. Ashford, Kent, ship-owner. Atts. Grimaldi and Stables, Copthall-court, London. T.

Gazette—Aug. 26.

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 Birch, Thomas, Broseley, Salop, ironmaster. Att. Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, Lon-don. T.
 Corfield, Charles Woolley, Norwich, currier. Att. Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, Lon-don. C.
 Garland, Matthew, Moses Magnus, and Benjamin Benjamin, Bunhill-row, Middlesex, merchants. Atts. Erit and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories, London. T.
 Hair, John, Sun-street, London, tobaccoist. Att. Gellibrand, 10, Austin-friars, London. T.
 Hutton, George, Birmingham, dealer in pictures. Att. James, Ely-place, Holborn, London. C.
 Jones, Richard Archard, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Nelson, 7, Bar-nard's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
 Jones, Wm. Holywell, Flintshire, tobaccoist. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Reid, David, Princes-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, silk manufacturer. Atts. Barrow and Vincents, Basinghall-street, London. T.
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 Weaver, George, Abchurch-lane, London, mer-chant. Att. Elye, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. T.

Gazette—Aug. 29.

Bolt, John, and George Jones, Bath, grocers. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, London. C.

Briggs, John, Lakenham, Norwich, victualler. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
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Gazette—Sept. 2.

Cruikshank, Wm. London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.
 Drummond, James Patrick, London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchants. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.
 Evans, Thos., Weamon-row, Birmingham, builder. Att. Smith, 31, Basinghall-street, London. C.
 Wilson, Wm. Charles, London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.

Gazette—Sept. 5.

Greaves, John, Nottingham, grocer. Att. Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Larham, Wm. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, coach-master. Att. Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Aug. 5 to Sept. 5.

Buchanan, Walter, flesher and cattle dealer, Glasgow.
 Hamilton, Daniel, and John Hamilton, brick-makers, Glasgow.
 Macdonald, Donald, grain and victual-dealer, at Monar.
 Macdougall, John, merchant, Glasgow.
 Moffatt, John, jun. hosier, Glasgow.
 Smith, Thomas, mason and builder, Glasgow.
 Collins, James, and Edward Collins, paper-manufacturers, Glasgow.
 Gould, Alexander, builder, Muthill, near Crieff.
 McGregor, James, cattle-dealer, Kinclaven.
 Carruthers, David, cattle-dealer, Raggiewhat, Dumfriesshire.
 Lawson, Alexander, merchant, Glasgow.
 Macvicar, Alexander, brick-maker, Glasgow.
 Ritchie, David, merchant, Arbroath.
 Brown, John, merchant, Leith, Robert Fellingall, merchant, Rotterdam, and William Ballingall, merchant, Glasgow.
 Oswald, William, and Robert Jackson, merchants, Leith.
 Wright, Malcolm, merchant, Paisley.
 Cunningham, George, merchant, Inverness.
 Geddes, George, merchant, Stromness.
 Bullock, John, lime-merchant, Campsie.
 Mackintosh, Wm. merchant, Glasgow.
 Pettigrew, John, merchant, Glasgow.
 Pringle, James, tanner, Haddington.
 Alves, James, merchant, Cupar, Fife.
 Turnbull, Thomas, carpet-manufacturer, Hawick.
 Menzies, James, fish-curer, Glasgow.
 Brown, Archibald, and Wm. Sommerville, curriers, Glasgow.
 Robertson, James, baker, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 20. At Apley Park, Somersetshire, the lady of T. Whitmore, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
 21. At Langley Farm, Kent, the hon. Mrs. Colville, a daughter.
 23. At White-place, Farnham, the lady of Charles Grant, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, the lady of Sir J. Gordon Sinclair, Bart. a son and heir.
 24. At Nun Monkton, the lady of the hon. Henry Butler, a daughter.

28. At his Lordship's house, in Piccadilly, the Countess of Roseberry, a daughter.
 29. At Framfield-place, the hon. Mrs. Donovan, a daughter.
 Sept. 2. At Brook-house, Chesham, the lady of J. H. Fysh, Esq. a daughter.
 6. At the seat of Sir H. Halford, Leicestershire, the lady of F. Coventry, Esq. a son.
 7. At Hendon, the lady of W. W. Prescott, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Twinstead-hall, Essex, the lady of Sir G. Denys, Bart. a daughter.
 8. At Waterstock, Oxfordshire, the lady of W. H. Ashhurst, Esq. a son.
 — In Montague-place, Russell-square, the lady of R. V. Richards, Esq. a daughter.
 11. At Sarratts, Herts, the lady of T. Tyringham Barnard, Esq. a daughter.
 13. At Upton-house, Essex, the lady of J. H. Pelly, Esq. a son.
 14. In Bath, the hon. lady Elizabeth Baker, a son.
 15. Mrs. Charles Winkfield, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, a daughter.
 — At South-lodge Canons, the lady of Wm. Buck, Esq. a daughter.
 16. In York-place, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. a son.
 19. At Great Hallingbury Parsonage, Essex, the lady of the Rev. C. Spencer Bouchier, twins.
 — The lady of R. Walmisley, Esq. of the Parliament office, a son, her ninth child.

IN SCOTLAND.

In Edinburgh, the hon. lady Ann Fraser, a son.
 — the lady of Capt. Houston Stewart, a son and heir.
 At Rockville, East Lothian, the lady of Sir T. Trowbridge, Bart. a daughter.
 At Leith Mount, the lady of J. Mackenzie, Esq. a son.
 At Thistle-court, Mrs. Wm. Henry Murray, a son.
 At Kilbryde Castle, lady Campbell, a son.
 In Edinburgh, Mrs. Adolphus Ross, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At the Glebe-house, Kiltormer, county of Galway, the lady of the Rev. E. Hartigan, a daughter.
 At Glentown, near Cork, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir T. Brisbane, K.C.B. a daughter.
 At Ballygiblin, the lady of W. W. Becher, Esq. M. P. a son; the child died the following day.
 In Dublin, the lady of Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq. Ballynahinch, county of Clare, a son and heir.
 At Fortland, county of Cavan, the lady of J. Courtney Cottingham, a son.
 At Tourin, the lady of R. Musgrave, Esq. High Sheriff of the county of Waterford, a son and heir.
 At Garrvunden, county of Carlow, the lady of Sir T. Butler, Bart. a son.
 At Heathfield, county of Limerick, the lady of E. Lloyd, Esq. a son and heir.
 In Drogheda, the lady of James German, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Lausanne, lady Georgiana Quin, a son.
 At Boulogne, the lady of H. Cowper, Esq. a son.
 At Calais, the lady of Robert Gunn, of Mount Kennedy, Ireland, a daughter.
 At Paris, the lady of W. R. Willis, of Wills Grove, county of Roscommon, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 21. At Aynho, Northamptonshire, the Rev. J. Drake, of North Church, Herts, to Lucy Ann, second daughter of the Rev. T. Fawcett, rector of Aynho and Greens Norton in that county.
 — At Deene Park, Northamptonshire, H. C. Sturt, Esq. of Critchell, Dorset, to lady Charlotte Penelope Brudenell, third daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.
 24. At Ripon, Charles Oxley, Esq. to Miss Waddilove, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon.
 25. At Camberwell, the Rev. J. A. Busfield, D.D. to Miss C. M. Jewin, of Park-place, Upper Baker-street.
 26. At Bishopwearmouth, J. W. O. Robinson, Esq. to Mrs. F. H. Berkeley, relict of Dr. G. J. Berkeley, and youngest daughter of the late Sir Jas. Pennyman, Bart. of Ormesby-hall.

- At Babworth, Nottinghamshire, the hon. and Rev. Henry Bridgeman, fourth son of the Earl of Bradford, to Louisa, second daughter of the hon. J. Bridgeman Simpson, of Babworth.
- At Lewisham, H. J. De Silva, Esq. of Devonshire-square, to Louisa, daughter of Chas. Pratt, Esq. of Lewisham Hill.
- 27. At Hastings, Capt. Willson to Miss Harrison of Montague-place, Montague-square; and at the same time and place, W. Henley, Esq. to Miss H. Harrison.
- The Rev. H. Randolph, vicar of Marcham, Berks, to Mary, second daughter of the late P. D. Burridge, Esq. of Stoke-house, Somerset.
- 28. Lieut.-Col. Halse, of Cossington, Leicestershire, to Frances, third daughter of the late J. Minyer, Esq. of Sison, Berks.
- 30. At Chelsea, H. Rush, Esq. of Heckfield, Hants, to Dame Eliz. D. Cope, widow of Sir D. Cope, Bart. of Bramshill, in the same county.
- Thomas Green, Esq. of Sylve and Cottenham, Lancashire, to Henrietta, third daughter of Sir H. Russel, Bart.
- 31. At Kenton, Devon, M. Francis, second son of D. Gordon, Esq. Dulwich-hill, to Caroline, fifth daughter of the Rev. J. Swete, of Oxtou-house, Devon.
- Sept. 2. Wm. Kershaw, Esq. of London, to Louisa, C. Durand, youngest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Guernsey.
- At Kendal, Wm. Westall, Esq. of the Royal Academy, to Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Sedgwick, of Dent.
- 3. At Christ Church, Surrey, Benj. Shaw, Esq. of Lower Brook-street, to Mrs. E. Lowe, of Albion-place, Blackfriars.
- 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Rear Admiral Sir C. Ogle, of Worthby, Hants, Bart. to Letitia, daughter of Sir Wm. Burroughs, Bart.
- At Quarles, Norfolk, E. Heagren Gibbs, Esq. to Miss Green, of Fakenham.
- 5. At Padworth, Berks, Alfred Smith, Esq. of Stanbridge house, Gloucestershire, to Harriet, fourth daughter of Wm. Stephens, Esq. of Padworth.
- At Allhallows, Barking, G. Pocock, Esq. of York-street, Portman-square, to Miss S. Kelley, first cousin of the Earl of Morley.
- 7. At Southampton, St. John Chiverton Charleton, Esq. of Apley Castle, Salop, to Jane Sophia, only daughter of T. Merrick, Esq. of Bush-hall, Pembroke-shire.
- At Heacham, Norfolk, J. MacGachen, Esq. to Ann, daughter of the late T. Dew, Esq. of Whitney Court, Herefordshire, and Portland-place, London.
- 9. At Great Malvern, E. Collingwood, Esq. of Desington-hall, Northumberland, to Miss Calcroft, only daughter and heiress of the late General Calcroft.
- 11. At Halstead, Essex, Wm. P. Honeywood, Esq. M. P. of Mark's-hall, to Priscilla, eldest daughter of C. Hanbury, Esq. of Sloe-farm, in that county.
- 12. The Rev. T. Arnold, M. A. of Laleham, Middlesex, to Mary, third daughter of the Rev. John Peurose, of Fledborough, Nottinghamshire.
- At Hampstead, Major A. Langton, youngest son of the late B. Langton, Esq. to Marianne Eliz. eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. Drewe, of Broadembury, Devonshire.
- 13. George Pocock, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Frances, daughter of the late C. Ashwell, Esq. of the Island of Grenada.
- 14. Charles Rugg, Esq. to Rebecca, third daughter of the Rev. J. Simons, LL.B. rector of Paul's Cray, Kent.
- 6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Fred. Campbell, to lady Mary Howther, second daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.
- At Hackney, Wm. Minthorpe, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. J. Minthorpe, late of Bolton-hall, Yorkshire, to Eliza, daughter of the late T. Pomeroy, Esq. of Hackney.
- At Islington, W. H. Poland, Esq. of Compton-terrace, to Sophia, daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Poland, Esq.
- 19. At St. George's, Mr. J. Nash, Surgeon, to Jane Amelia, daughter of Robert Stevens, Esq. of Edmondton.
- At Hordnet, Shropshire, A. Vincent Corbet, Esq. eldest son of Sir A. Corbet, of Acton Rey-

nolds, to Miss Hill, daughter of the late Col. Hill, and grand-daughter of Sir J. Hill, of Hawkstone, in the same county.

20. At Mitcham, the Rev. J. D. M. Mitchell, rector of Quinton, Northamptonshire, to Miss Mary Ann Sprigg, of Blandford.

21. At St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of Bangor, Wm. H. Magendie, Esq. his Lordship's eldest son, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Alex. Marsden, of Clifford-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Westerhall, in Annandale, Major Weyland, of the 16th Light Dragoons, and son of J. Weyland, Esq. of Wood Eaton, Oxfordshire, to lady Johnstone.

At Aberdeen, Alex. Dunlop, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh, to Margaret Clementina, youngest daughter of the late J. Gordon, Esq. Bamff.

At Teddle, in Perthshire, J. Graham, Esq. to Isabella, second daughter of the late Capt. Robert Campbell, of Rippendavie.

At Edinburgh, J. Jeffery, Esq. to Elizabeth Helen, eldest daughter of Dr. J. Hunter, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrew.

At Dailey-house, Edinburgh, J. Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, to Emma, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart.

At Flatt, Liddisdale, Roxburghshire, R. Elliott, Esq. of Redheugh and Tarras, to Jessie, eldest daughter of J. Elliott, Esq.

At Musselburgh, the Rev. J. Taylor.

At Edinburgh, J. Clark, M. D. to Barbara, only daughter of the late Rev. J. Stephen, LL.D. rector of Christ Church, New Providence.

At Hartfield-house, J. Macdonald, Esq. of Balranald, and younger of Lyndale, to Miss Jane Mackenzie, of Hartfield.

At the Manse of Tough, Wm. Scott, Esq. Campfield, to Miss Ann Urquhart.

IN IRELAND.

At Rathfarnham, G. E. Bevan, Esq. R. N. to Clarissa, daughter of J. Hozier, Esq. of Ballysallagh, county of Carlow, and grand-daughter of Lord Ventry.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Earl Poulett, to Charlotte, daughter of the hon. W. Portman, and niece of Lord Dornier. At Bagnères de Bigorre, South of France, R. Saver, Esq. to Frances, second daughter of G. H. Errington, late of Cotton-hall, Staffordshire.

At St. Christopher's, Charles Hamilton Mills, Esq. eldest son of G. Galway Mills, Esq. to Frances Jane, daughter of the hon. B. Brown Davis, Esq. of that Island.

At Bengal, Feb. 2, Lieut.-General Hogg, to Mary Ann, widow of Major Burton, and eldest daughter of Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, Professor of Oriental Languages at the College of Fort William.

At Guernsey, F. P. Hutchinson, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of Charles Le Merchant, Esq. of Beaumont-lodge, in that Island.

DIED.

21. Mr. John A. Newman, late Keeper of his Majesty's Goal of Newgate.

— At Bath, Major General Sir G. T. Calcraft.

22. At Wandsworth Common, aged 24, H. Goodbehere, Esquire, son and heir of the late Sam. Goodbehere, Esq. Alderman of London.

23. Suddenly, at his house in London, aged 72, Francis Pender, Esq. of Hardenhuish-House, Wilts, Vice-Admiral of the Red.

— At Castle Semple-house, John Harvey, Esq. formerly President of his Majesty's Council at Grenada, aged 66.

24. In Cadogan-place, aged 24, G. Stainforth, Esq. B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

— At Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, the Rev. R. Sutton, rector of that place, and of Great Cates, in that county; also Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Southwell.

10. In Gerrard-street, Soho, the Rev. S. Lyon, for many years Hebrew Teacher to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Eaton College.

— In Soho-square, C. Trelawney Brereton, Esq. aged 63, formerly M. P. for St. Michaels, and Lieut.-Col. of the Coldstream Guards.

25. Aged 64, the Rt. Hon. Lord Stowell. His Lordship was only son of the Rt. Hon. Henry Wilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in

1779, married Mary, second daughter of Viscount Curzon, and by her, who died in 1804, had a son, who died in his infancy, and one daughter, married to the present Lord Sherbourne. The title is extinct.

27. At Plymstock, in his 68th year, Rowley Bul-teel, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the White.

— At Carlisle, aged 65, Mr. Jollie, proprietor of the Carlisle Journal.

28. At Fulham Palace, G. Gordon Howley, youngest son of the Lord Bishop of London.

30. At Old, Northamptonshire, Mrs. Barclay Allardice, wife of Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, Kincardineshire.

31. At his house, Coker-court, Somerset, William Helyar, Esq.

— At Kentish Town, Major Edward Watkins, of his Majesty's 65th regt. of foot.

Sept. 1. At Castle Carey, Somerset, John Payto Verney Lord Willoughby de Broke, in his 59th year. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the Hon. Henry Verney.

2. At Stonehouse, Sam. Hood Lindzee, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Blue. He fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy and never spoke afterwards.

3. At Hastings, in his 72d year, Joseph Delafield, Esq. of Camden-hill, Kensington.

— At the Church-house, Leatherhead, the Hon. Charlotte Beauchamp, fourth daughter of the late Lord Henry Beauchamp.

4. At Peckham, Timothy Browne, Esq. formerly a banker. He dropped down suddenly whilst his servant was bringing him a change of apparel in which he was to go up with an Address to her Majesty.

— At Close-house, Northumberland, Miss Sotheran, daughter of the late Wm. Sotheran, Esq. of Darrington-hall, and sister of Adm. Sotheran, M. P.

5. At Stretton, the seat of Robert Marham, Esq. Sir Edward Bacon, of Ravenham in Norfolk, Premier Baronet of England.

— At Hackney, Mrs. Jesser, 83.

6. In Hamilton-place, the Rt. Hon. Sarah, Countess of Shannon.

— In St. James's-place, James Ferguson of Pit-four, Esq. M. P. for Aberdeenshire.

8. In his 39th year, Mr. Rae, late of Drury-lane Theatre. The preceding week Mr. Surgeon Bell performed a severe operation upon him, with his accustomed ability and success, and which was sustained by Mr. Rae with heroic fortitude. From previous long suffering and consequent debility, together with the violence of the operation, he sunk under it.

9. At his seat, Ketton near Darlington, aged 66, the Rev. Henry Hardinge, LL. B. rector of Stanhope, in that county, and father of Captain Hardinge, of the St. Florenzo Frigate, who gloriously fell in the hour of victory.

— At West-hill, Battersea-rise, in his 86th year, James Young, Esq.

— In Upper Queen's-buildings, Brompton, in his 72d year, John Holmes, Esq.

— At Baylis, near Windsor, in her 70th year, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond. Her ladyship was niece of the late celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds.

10. At Chichester, in his 80th year, John Quantock, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace, and a Deputy-Lieut. of the county of Sussex.

— At Goughall, Ireland, Gurney Barclay, Esq. of Tavistock-square, London.

11. At Cheltenham, Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham, K. C. B. He had but recently returned from his command on the Jamaica station, where he lost his daughter and his health. Few men had seen more service or displayed more talent.

— At his house, near Bolton, Lancashire, the Rev. James Folds, at the advanced age of 92 years.

— At Waltham-green, the Rev. Leonard Chappelow, of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, 75.

12. In Kentish-town, in his 85th year, Thomas Layton, Esq.

— In Grosvenor-square, Richard Thompson, Esq. of Eskrick, Yorkshire.

13. At Southampton, Sir Francis Holburne, Bart. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Harewood.

14. In Montague-place, Lady Massey.

16. At Gloucester-terrace, Hoxton, W. F. Eld, Esq. 68.

— At Edmonton, the Rev. Wm. Shaw, 68.

17. In Harley-street, Phillip Cipriani, Esq. one of the chief clerks in the Treasury.

19. At Plymouth, R. A. Nelson, Esq. Secretary of the Navy.

— At Great Berkhamstead, in his 67th year, Augustus Pechell, Esq. Receiver-General of his Majesty's Customs.

IN SCOTLAND.

Whilst on a tour between Edinburgh and Stirling, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Beaumont Desby, Dean of Rochester.

At Paisley, Hugh Thomas, Esq. a gentleman of piety and benevolence. Among other bequests, he has left 1000l. for public benevolent purposes. At Aberdeen, Mr. Thomas Power, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

At Moir-kirk, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Rutherford.

At Glasgow, Charles Wilson, Esq.

At Clova, Lady Niven Lumsden, of Auchindoir.

At Castle Semple-house, John Harvey, Esq. of Castle Semple, 66.

At the Manse of Kincardine, the Rev. Alex. M'Bean, Minister of that parish.

At Edinburgh, John Livingston Campbell, Esq. of Achalader.

— John Livingstone, of Shortridge-head, Esq.

At Lathrisk, Charles Maitland, Esq. one of his Majesty's Deputy-Lieut. for Fifeshire.

IN IRELAND.

At Glasnevin, Thomas Dix, Esq. Capt. in the 57th regt.

At Newtown Park avenue, Mrs. Griffith, widow of Richard Griffith, Esq. and daughter of the late Chief Baron Barch.

At Leiras, county of Cork, Philip Oliver Ellard, Esq.

At Carrick-on-Suir, the Rev. Wm. O'Brien.

At Waterford, Mrs. Ramsey, relict of Alderman Ramsey, 69.

At Ranelagh, Dublin, aged 23, Mrs. W. O'Rourke, formerly Miss Ford, of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street.

At Castle Biggs, county of Tipperary, William O'Meagher, Esq. Barrister-at-law, 27.

At Grange, county of Dublin, Mrs. Beggs, wife of Francis Beggs, Esq.

ABROAD.

At Baden, Aug. 14. John, eldest son of the Hon. John Spencer, and grandson of the late Duke of Marlborough.

In France, Georgiana Sarah, fourth daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Lechmere.

On his passage from Penang to Bombay, in his 48th year, the Rev. Richard Jackson, one of the Chaplains on that Establishment, and son of the late vicar of Christ-church, Hants.

At Brussels, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ewen Bailie, Bart. 77.—Major Gen. Sir Wm. Nicholson, Bart.

At Astrachan, aged 26, E. J. Peters, Esq. late of the 7th Hussars, and son of H. Peters, Esq. of Betchworth Castle.

At his Plantation, East Florida, L. Toddl, Esq.

In Tobago, James Seobey, Esq. Master of the Ordnance department.

At Trieste, Col. Simpson, of the Royal Imperial Marines.

In Fort William, aged 61, Major Gen. J. Garstin, commanding the corps of Engineers.

At Geneva, Capt. Stephen Gordon, of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

Henry, fourth son of James Du Pre, Esq. of Wilton Park, Bucks, aged 5 years and 7 months.

At Mons Sous Vaudery, near Geneva, Kean Osborne, Esq. of Upper Harley-street, and of Jamaica.

At Blackriver, David Hutchinson, Esq. of Coffee Grove, in the parish of Manchester, Jamaica.

At Paris, Wm. T. Sandford, Esq. formerly Major on the Bombay Establishment, and Aid-de-Camp to General Abercromby during the Mysore War.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Aug.						17	M. 66	29.346	74	SW	Showery
1	M. 64	29.323	67	SW	Fine		A. 67	29.332	70	WSW	Cloudy
	A. 71	29.375	57	SW	Fine	18	M. 60	29.400	65	NNE	Cloudy
2	M. 61	29.620	63	W by S	Fine		A. 67	29.393	53	SW	Fine
	A. 70	29.643	52	W by S	Fine	19	M. 58	29.268	62	NE	Fine
3	M. 66	29.533	72	SW	Cloudy		A. 69	29.264	62	W	Rain, thun.
	A. 68	29.500	70	SSW	Showery	20	M. 55	29.400	71	NW	Very fine
4	M. 64	29.286	90	SW by S	Showery		A. 60	29.409	56	Var.	Fine
	A. 70	29.389	65	W by S	Fine	21	M. 54	29.375	81	E by S	Rain
5	M. 60	29.368	68	W by S	Fine		A. 58	29.344	70	E	Showery
	A. 64	29.380	59	W by S	Showery	22	M. 55	29.329	64	NE	Cloudy
6	M. 59	29.252	91	SW by S	Rain		A. 60	29.357	55	NE	Cloudy
	A. 62	29.150	88	SSW	Rain	23	M. 53	29.674	66	N by E	Cloudy
7	M. 61	29.277	71	W by N	Cloudy		A. 59	29.653	58	NNE	Cloudy
	A. 63	29.373	68	WNW	Showery	24	M. —	29.700	62	SW	Fine
8	M. 57	29.528	77	SSW	Fine		A. —	—	—	—	—
	A. —	—	—	—	—	25	M. —	—	—	—	—
9	M. 61	29.500	65	WSW	Fine		A. —	—	—	—	—
	A. 69	29.568	50	W	Fine	26	M. —	—	—	—	—
10	M. 58	29.813	76	W	Fine		A. —	—	—	—	—
	A. 71	29.830	54	WNW	Fine	27	M. —	—	—	—	—
11	M. 62	29.838	73	N	Very fine		A. —	—	—	—	—
	A. 71	29.820	58	W by S	Fine	28	M. —	—	—	—	—
12	M. 62	29.740	68	WNW	Clear		A. —	—	—	—	—
	A. 68	29.736	54	Var.	Fine	29	M. 54	29.179	74	WSW	Fine
13	M. 60	29.664	63	NNE	Fine		A. 61	29.228	55	W by N	Fine
	A. 69	29.623	52	Var.	Very fine	30	M. 54	29.428	67	WNW	Clear
14	M. 62	29.540	66	WSW	Very fine		A. 62	29.454	52	Var.	Cloudy
	A. 72	29.508	47	SSW	Very fine	31	M. 54	29.600	74	NE by E	Fine
15	M. 69	29.430	73	SW by S	Cloudy		A. 55	29.604	84	NE	Hail, thun.
	A. 74	29.418	59	SW by W	Cloudy						
16	M. 65	29.340	75	SW	Rain						
	A. 71	29.347	61	W by S	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of August, and noon the 1st of September, 1.922 inch.
Evaporation, during the same period, 4.820 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 27 Sept.	Hamburg. 19 Sept.	Amsterdam 15 Sept.	Vienna. 6 Sept.	Genoa. 9 Sept.	Berlin. 12 Sept.	Naples. 24 Aug.	Leipsig. 11 Sept.	Bremen. 14 Sept.
London.....	25.55	36.9½	40.8	10	30.13	7	604	6.17½	623.24
Paris.....	—	25½	56½	117½	95½	81½	23.70	79	17½
Hamburg....	184½	—	35	146½	44½	152½	44	147½	135½
Amsterdam..	56½	105½	—	138½	90½	144½	50.20	139½	128½
Vienna	252	147½	14½	—	61½	103½	60.30	100½	—
Franckfort..	2½	148	55½	100½	—	103½	—	99½	109½
Augsburg....	251½	147½	35½	99½	60½	103½	59.70	99½	—
Genoa.....	477	81½	89½	61	—	—	19.65	—	—
Leipsig	—	147½	—	—	—	103½	—	—	109½
Lieghorn	509	87½	95½	57½	122½	—	121.75	—	—
Lisbon	573	36	39½	—	892	—	50.90	—	—
Cadiz.....	14.75	87½	95½	—	453	—	118	—	—
Naples	421	—	79	—	101½	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	14.80	87½	95½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.5	88½	96½	—	648	—	118.25	—	—
Porto.....	573	36	39½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Sept.	Nuremberg 14 Sept.	Christiania 4 Sept.	Petersburg. 25 Aug.	Riga. 28 Aug.	Stock- holm. 29 Aug.	Madrid. 10 Sept.	Lisbon. 28 Aug.
London.....	153	fl. 10.8	6 Sp. 68.6	10	10	12.16	36	50
Paris	79½	fr. 118½	30 Sp.	107½	—	23½	15	555
Hamburg....	147	147½	140	9½	9½	129	90½	37½
Amsterdam..	140	139½	130	10½	10½	121	98½	41
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	888

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Aug. 24 to Sept. 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-6	12-7
Ditto at sight	12-3	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-7	12-8
Antwerp	12-8	12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6	37-7
Altona, 2½ U	37-7	37-8
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70	25-80
Ditto, 2 U	26	26-10
Bordeaux	26	26-10
Frankfort on the Main }		156
Ex. M. }		
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-15	
Trieste ditto	10-15	
Madrid, effective	34½	34
Cadiz, effective	34½	34
Bilboa	34½	
Barcelona	33½	
Seville	33½	
Gibraltar	30	
Leghorn	46½	
Genoa	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	39-38	38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115	
Lisbon	49	48½
Oporto	49½	48½
Rio Janeiro	54	
Bahia	58	
Dublin	7	
Cork	8	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	6	3	16	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 5½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton. in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Champions	3	10	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Aug. 11 to Sept. 8.

	Aug. 11.	Aug. 25.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 8.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle...	31 6 to 39 0	32 9 to 39 6	30 6 to 41 0	34 3 to 41 0
Sunderland...	34 6 to 40 9	34 0 to 40 6	0 0 to 0 0	42 9 to 0 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Aug. 19.	Aug. 26.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 9.	Sept. 16.
Wheat	73 5	72 9	72 2	71 0	69 3
Rye	44 3	44 0	42 2	41 9	40 6
Barley	36 5	36 7	36 3	34 1	34 2
Oats	27 4	27 2	26 1	24 6	23 7
Beans	43 9	44 2	44 8	44 2	43 8
Peas	46 0	45 8	43 9	42 3	42 7

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Aug. 24. to Sept. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	26,237	4,040	44,630	74,907
Barley	4,304	1,524	750	6,578
Oats	21,503	5,885	132,461	159,949
Rye	109	—	—	109
Beans	3,025	—	440	3,465
Pease	3,846	—	—	3,846
Malt	8,718	Qrs.;	Flour 35,061	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 13,273 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	60s. to 74s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 80s.
Kent, New Pockets	74s. to 102s.
Sussex, ditto	70s. to 90s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	74s. to 90s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4 4	5 0 to 6 0	1 8 to 1 13
Whitechapel.		
3 10 to 4 3	5 0 to 6 15	1 8 to 1 14
St. James's.		
3 10 to 4 10	4 0 to 0 0	0 1 2 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—

Beef	3s. 2d. to 4s. 2d.
Mutton	3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
Veal	4s. 4d. to 6s. 4d.
Pork	4s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.
Lamb	4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.
Leadenhall.—	
Beef	3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.
Mutton	3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
Veal	4s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.
Pork	4s. 8d. to 7s. 4d.
Lamb	4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from July 23, to Aug. 24, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,690	2640	139,320	1,740

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Sept. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2512	100	—	Southwark.....	—
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	10 10	4443	40	—	Do. new.....	18
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall.....	18 10
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes.....	90
54,000l.	—	3	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo.....	5 10
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided).....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	28
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22 10
968	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	75	60,000l.	—	5	— Bonds.....	—
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.	
—	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35
500	100	44	Coventry.....	300	100	—		Commercial.....	103
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3 7 6	1000	100	5	— East-India	
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch.....	100
2060 1/2	100	3	Dudley.....	62				Great Dover Street.....	31
3575 1/4	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	70	492	100	1 15	Highgate Archway.....	6
—	100	58	Erewash.....	1000	2 33	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1207	100	20	Forth and Clyde.....	300	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	1000	—	1	Severn and Wye.....	30
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	53	3762	50	1	Water Works.	
11,815 1/4	100	9	Grand Junction.....	210				East London.....	59
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey.....	55	3800	100	—	Grand Junction.....	40 10
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	90	4500	50	1 5	Kent.....	25
2849 1/4	100	—	Grand Union.....	32	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
20,640l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	94	1500	—	2 10	South London.....	21
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex.....	44
749	150	7	Grantham.....	126	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	20
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.	
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon.....	18				Albion.....	40
11,029 1/4	—	1	Lancaster.....	27	2000	500	2 10	Atlas.....	4 12 6
2879 1/2	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	25,000	50	6	Bath.....	575
545	—	14	Leicester.....	225	—	40	25	Birmingham.....	350
1885	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	3	British.....	50
—	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	—	250	3	County.....	40
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray.....	—	4000	100	2 10	Eagle.....	2 12
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell.....	650	20,000	50	5	European.....	20
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire.....	147	50,000	20	1	Globe.....	116 10
43,526 1/2	100	5	Do. Debutures.....	92	1,00,000l.	100	6	Hope.....	3 5
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire.....	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial.....	25
247	—	25	Neath.....	350	2400	500	4 10	London Fire.....	19
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3900	25	1 4	London Ship.....	16 10
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	Provident.....	1 19
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	630	2500	100	14	Reek.....	229
2400	—	3	Peak Forest.....	66	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange.....	—
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	—	745,100l.	—	10	Sun Fire.....	23
12,294l.	—	—	Regent's.....	50	—	8 10	10	Sun Life.....	33
5631	100	2	Rochdale.....	40	4000	100	10	Union.....	
500	125	9	Shrewsbury.....	160	1500	200	1 3	Gas Lights.	
—	100	7 10	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	59 10
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares.....	27 10
100	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire.....	640	—	1 12	7	City Gas Light Company.....	25
300	145	10	Stourbridge.....	205	4000	50	3	Do. New.....	45
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon.....	17	1000	100	20	Bath Gas.....	32
—	—	22	Stroudwater.....	495	1000	100	2	Brighton Gas.....	32
533	100	12	Swansea.....	—	2500	20	2	Bristol.....	28
350	100	—	Tavistock.....	90	1500	20		Literary Institutions.	
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	25	1000	20		London.....	39
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1350				Russel.....	11 11
1000	100	—	Warwick and Birmingham.....	210	1000	75gs	—	Surrey.....	8
1000 1/2	50	—	Warwick and Napton.....	205	700	25gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
980	100	10 10	Wilts and Berks.....	7	700	30gs	—	Auction Mart.....	20
14,284	—	—	Wisbeach.....	60				British Copper Company.....	50
126	105	5	Worcester and Birmingham.....	23	1080	50	1 5	Golden Lane Brewery.....	8 10
6000	—	—	Docks.		1397	100	2 10	Do.....	5 10
—	—	—	Bristol.....		2290	80	—	London Commercial Sale	19
2209	146	—	Do. Notes.....	98	3447	50	—	Caruatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	71 10
31324	—	5	Commercial.....	60	2000	150	1	Do..... 2d. Class.....	61 10
450,000l.	100	3	East-India.....	164				City Bonds.....	98
1038	100	—	East Country.....	15					
3,114,000l.	—	4	London.....	88					
1,200,000l.	—	10	West-India.....	168 10					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 24th August to 23d September.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Aug.															
24	220	68½	67½	77	—	103	18½	—	—	216	—	—	—	5p	68
25	221	68½	68	77	87	103½	18½	67½	—	216	22	—	—	5	68
26	221	68½	67	77	87	103½	18½	—	—	—	22	—	67½	5	68
28	221	68½	68	77	87	103½	18½	—	1d	—	—	—	—	5	68
29	221	68½	67	76½	87	103½	18½	—	—	215½	22	—	—	5	68½
30	221	68½	67	77	87	103½	18½	67½	1½	—	22	—	—	5	68½
31	221	68½	67	76½	87	103½	18½	—	1½	—	22	—	—	5	68
Sep.															
1	221½	68½	67½	76½	87	103½	18½	67½	1½	—	22	74½	—	4	68½
2	Hol.														
4	222	68½	67	—	86½	103½	18½	—	—	—	22	—	—	4	68
5	221½	68½	67	77	86	103½	—	—	1½	216	22	74½	—	4	68½
6	Shut	Shut	67½	77½	Shut	103½	Shut	67½	—	—	22	75½	—	4	68½
7	—	—	67½	77	—	103½	—	67½	1½	—	20	—	—	3	68½
8	—	—	68½	77	—	103½	—	67½	1½	—	20	—	—	3	68½
9	—	—	67½	77½	—	103½	—	—	—	—	20	—	—	3	68½
11	—	—	67½	77	—	103½	—	67	1½	—	19	—	—	3	68
12	—	—	67½	76½	—	103½	—	66½	2½	214	19	—	67½	2	67½
13	—	—	67½	—	—	105½	—	66	2½	215	—	—	—	3	67½
14	—	—	67½	7 Shut	—	103½	—	—	2½	215	20	74½	—	3	67½
15	—	—	67½	6½	—	103	—	66	3½	214½	20	—	—	3	67½
16	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	214	20	—	—	5	67
18	—	—	66½	5½	—	102	—	—	4½	213	20	—	—	4	66½
19	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	4½	—	20	—	66½	4	66½
20	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	65½	3½	213½	21	—	—	5	66½
21	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	3½	—	21	—	—	5	66½
22	—	—	66	—	—	102½	—	—	3½	213½	21	—	—	5	66½
23	—	—	66	—	—	102	—	—	3	—	21	—	—	4	66½

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Shares.	Government De- benture 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.
Aug.											
31	205½	74½	74½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
Sep.											
4	—	74½	74½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	—
5	205½	74½	74½	—	80	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
7	205½	75	74½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
8	—	74½	74½	—	80½	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
11	205½	74½	74½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	97½
12	—	74½	74½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
14	—	74½	74	—	80	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
15	205	—	73½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—
18	—	73½	73	—	80½	101½	101½	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Aug. 21, to Sept. 19.

1820	5 per Cent. consols	Bank Shares.
Aug.	fr.	c.
21	77	90
24	78	75
28	78	55
Sep.		
2	77	55
4	77	60
9	74	15
12	74	20
19	75	40

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.	
	Aug. 29	Sept. 1	5	8	12	15	22	Aug. 9	15
7 per cent.	—	—	107	107	107	107	—	108½	108½
Bank Shares.	23-10	23-10	24-5	24—	24—	24—	24—	104½	104½
Louisiana.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	—
New 6 per cent.	106	106	104	106	104	106	106	107½	107½
3 per cent.	70	70	70	70	70	70	69½	70½	71
5 per cent.	103	103	103	103	103	102	101½	102	102

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.